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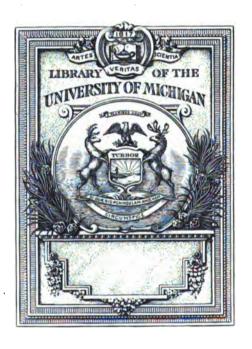
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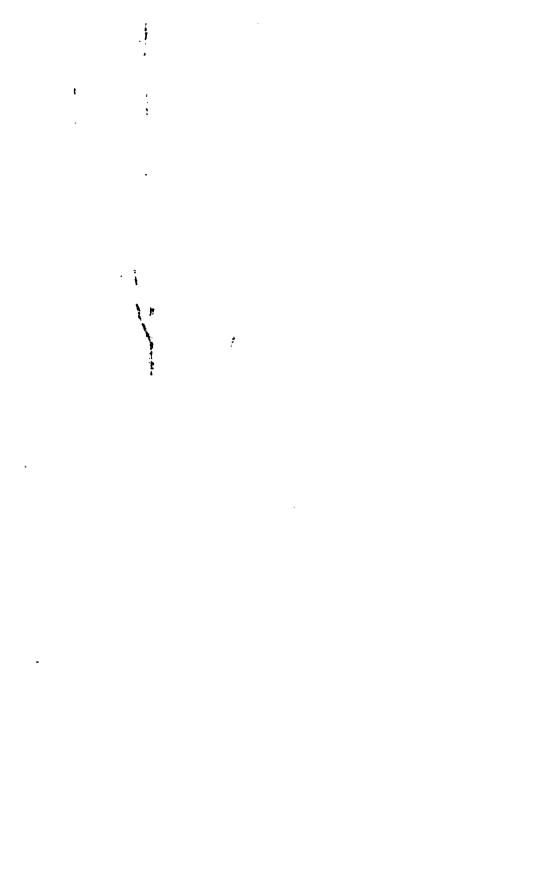
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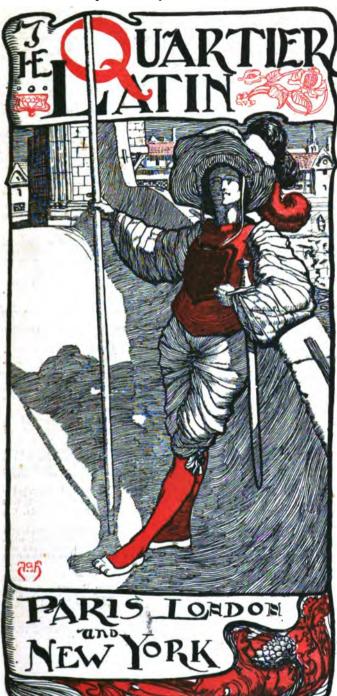
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THE PLOUGHMAN

Drawn by G. O. Onions

The Quartier Katin

Vol. V JUNE & JULY, 1898

No 23



IN THE PLACE CARROUSEL.

Proud arch, upreared to him of mankind first!
Thou clarion voice of Austerlitz's story!
Even like the sudden and the bright sunburst
That poured its splendour on his triumph gory—
On the red field—the fight—his foes dispersed—
Thou and the tale upon thy marble versed,
Daszle the heart. Till Time himself grows hoary
Here shall man's soul in wonderment immersed
Thrill at the record of his quick-winged glory.

About thee circle palaces—the fane
Of his Cæsarean line; and yonder looming
A nobler arch!—but built like thee in vain;
For, hark! the guns of Waterloo are booming;
And on Sedan thy foiled Mars sinks again;
(After the conqueror's crown the captive's chain!)
These are thy Nemesis—and disgrace thee, dooming
Thy stones to front yon shaft of shame, where rain
A people's tears to mock at thine assuming.

T. W.

A WHITE FLY.

An old Neapolitan proverb reads, "Good men are as rare as white flies."

HOLMONDELEY dubbed his picture of her "The Model of the Year," and received a Honourable Mention in consequence thereof. He said she deserved the reward; that a woman "who could hold her own as she had for a whole year in Bohemia by right of beauty deserved the property of others." He had painted her as Spring, only a twist of rose silk about her supple loins; a rose of deeper hue was stuck daringly among its folds. Her head was thrown back as though drinking its fill of the sunshine above, which fell in great yellow flecks about her hair, and down one side of her lissome body until the ray slanted off into the grass and was there lost to view. Such a subject! Such life! One could almost hear it throbbing in her veins. Such warmth of tint—the deepest shades in a Guido Reni! She was symmetry itself. Other models possessed a pretty turn of the ear, perhaps; or a line of beauty in the torse; or a suggestion of grace in the curve of the nostril. But her beauty lay in every feature, and was, like Cleopatra's, infinitely various.

We all agreed, quite ignorantly, to paint her from our individual point of view—and thus each tell her story

after his own fashion.

Raymond's version of her I remember. He named it "A Child of Nature." It represented her as she seemed the night we had made her acquaintance. Duval had brought her down to the Bullier, protesting and molesting, fighting savagely against his arms; and had triumphantly thrown her into our midst after the high-handed manner that obtains in Boul' Mich' society.

We had, then and there, gathered about her, and gradually evolved from the mass of quaint rags in which she was enveloped a head, and face, and finally a form

which made us draw our breath!

We were merciless. She meant art to us. Alas! the heart falls out too often in these matters! The fact of her being a woman was no consideration to our unruly souls, except as a means to our end. Had we stopped to think at all we would have argued that boisterous admiration and rough interest were little short of insult and cruelty to this friendless child.

Raymond had painted her against a background positively sinful in its impotence to frame her as she

deserved. A few glaring gas lamps; boards for a floor; a raised platform for musicians; the student world in a little cluster at the back, looking on. In their midst, the girl: warm, glowing, vicious; her eyes blazing; her tiny, pearly teeth showing; her perfect arms raised in a gesture of menace. Alive, so vividly, vitally alive that we shouted for joy!

Then and there, at the Bullier, she had danced for us. She was straight from the Pyrenees, we learned later, and as ardent a child of blood and sinew as the sun ever warmed into womanhood. I remember that night, her supple body turned and tossed before us like a leaf before

a storm.

When she had finished, perhaps our eager young faces had startled her; she stopped, suddenly, with a little,

low moan, and covered her face with her hands.

Sturgis stood on one side during the dance. I had seen him start as she entered, as though he could not believe in her perfection; then his head had sunk on his chest a little, and he had, at a distance, devoured her with his eyes. But when she lifted her little hands like that, the colour rushed in a purple flood to his face, the veins in his forehead swelled up, and he strode forward and dispersed us like a band of young vultures. "Wretches," he had muttered, angrily. "Get out of this! Can't you see she's only a child?"

And Sturgis never painted her. She had run wild in the Quarter, the *enfant gâtée* of the year; as noted for her escapades as for her wild grace, and her ardent young spirits. She was at the head of the wildest freaks, the arbiter of our youthful destinies for the time being, and she governed us by right of her matchless young beauty

like the siren that she was.

: **)**

To-night, however, she was in a strange mood. We had halted after a night spent in drinking, and carousing, at the Vachette, and she was leaning forward on the table, her lips wan, her eyes hollow, her slender, supple hands stretched out before her.

Sturgis, who somehow always managed to be about where she was, albeit he seldom accosted her, sat with his chair tilted up against the dirty wall, his hat fallen over his eyes, apparently quite asleep. He was a man of gigantic frame, with a lion's head and genius of the first order, but so morose that we all rather feared than liked him; although we ranked his approval as a thing worth working for.

Raymond sat with a toothpick between his teeth, reading a Quarter paper, La Plume; two or three Italians, a Spaniard, and four Greeks were playing baccarat at the end of the room—the talkative Greeks explaining why their countrymen had not taken Con-

stantinople in the recent war.

Suddenly the girl broke the silence with a low sigh. I looked at her and started, she looked so ill. Her parlance was a picturesque mixture of Italian, Spanish, and French, halting and disconnected enough; at times she would drop into broken English mixed with argot which made us nearly die of laughter. She had a wonderful knack for languages, and could chat fluently with any foreigner in the Quarter.

"Dites !" she said to me, leaning forward suddenly, with a swift glance across her shoulder at Sturgis, and then around the room, and then back again to me, "I

like to know wat ees a perfec' zing?"

The question seemed so odd, coming from her, that although aware of her sudden change of manner, and filled with an absolutely ungovernable apprehension in regard to her which I could not define, I laughed.

She frowned darkly. "You laff," she sneered, bitterly, her splendid eyes measuring me contemptuously, "mais avec ça! Réponds to me my question," imperiously. She was accustomed to my obeying her.

"You've put a pretty difficult problem," I argued.

"Yes," she assented, idly; then feverishly, "Answer me queek."

"What makes you ask?" I demanded.

She seemed to recognise at once that until she complied with my peremptory demand I would not give her satisfaction. She seized, like all her race, a hint on the instant.

Again she turned and cast a wary glance over her shoulder. There was no doubt Sturgis slept. Cholmondeley had joined the baccarat table. Raymond was laughing uproariously over some tale of Duval's.

Her face paled still more as once again she turned towards me, and shoved her chair a little nearer mine.

"He," she muttered, suddenly, pointing to Sturgis, "wy spiks he nevair to me? Wy has he nevair paint me? Instead he waits toujours, like zis." In an instant she had lowered her head, folded her arms, and was looking at me with Sturgis's morose, heavy gaze.

"Oh, he," I retorted, lightly, "he scarcely can be said to be one of us. He will be a great painter some day, sure and lasting. He is studying you, that's all. You should consider yourself highly honoured."

As if she had not heard me, she returned teasingly to her former question; moving close to me this time, and laying her hand upon my knee. Her breath was warm and fragrant, like hot spices. The dusk of her hair, lying along her cheek, reminded me of velvet against satin. The radiant youth in her permeated my artistic senses until everything she was throbbed in my unruly veins like a sledge-hammer. She stirred us all that way. We never tired lauding her manifold perfections, while she looked on and laughed her mischievous, childish peal of bells.

"Wat ees eet?" she murmured, peevishly, "tell me" with a push—"a perfec' zing?"
"But, why do you ask?"

"Écoutes / To-day I go to zee Galerie des Champs Élysées to see my portrait. Michel tell me zay write of eet een zee papairs. I had see eet à l'atelier-Cholmondeley's. I desire to see eet along zee galerie wall. J'entre. I never see so much peeps; nevair so much reech women, comme des fleurs; an' mens, comme du vin du bon! Zee trees outside wair all over wite wit blossom. L'air était doux, doux. J'en étais ivre . . . et une foule assomante. My head reel. I climb an escalier. Splendide! I push tro'. It seem to me I walk des kilomètres. Tout à coup my eyes seize mon portrait. The salle was étouffante. The ceiling? C'était glass. Zee sun shined févoce on eet like zee sun wich shine ovair my mountains at 'ome. Quelle chalour!" She checked herself suddenly. A grey pallor spread from the roots of her hair to her chin.

I pushed a bock across to her. She refused it, pettishly, apparently fearful I should interrupt her flow

of thought.

"Zay stand before me," she continued, "all zat grand crowd. I leesten to wat zay say. J'en avais le cœur gros! Ugh! Zay tell heestories of me. 'Ow I run wile een zee Quarter. Zen a beauteeful lady comes een a wonderful silk robe. Zair wair crowds of mens about her-flaneurs-boulevardiers, comme j'en connais trop. Zee listen to zair blague, to leurs protestations comme si tout cela était vrai! J'aurais pu lui dire le contraire. Zee wair pétite, mais douce-douce comme le muguet aux halles un matin du printemps. When zee come before my portrait zee stand much time, and look. Zen zee cry, 'Ow fair and beauteeful a chile, Freycinet. Who

"Freycinet he laff a leetle. 'Romanesque as ees usual, Germaine.' He mock at me. 'Zat ees zee model of zee year. A paragon, no doubt. Qu'est-ce-que cela veut dire—a paragon?" wistfully, "Her eyes wair blue comme des violettes. He 'ad mocking ones. She gaze at 'im. J'ai vu un agneau donner un coup d'œil pareil de sa mort," reflectively. "'How you scoff, zee zay, 'air you nevair done wid laffing at ze world, Raoul? Oh, if zis beauteeful leetle chile could only be here in wicked Paris, zat pearl of great price, a perfec' zing?" But Raoul he turn to talk wid some ozzer person. Her hand hang by her zide. Je l'ai saisie et keesed eet zen, monsieur. I could not 'elp eet. I zay très sérieusement, staring up at her, 'Oh madame, tell me wat ees zat, a perfec' zing?"

"Zee start. Zee look eento my face. Zee stroke my hair. Zee smile so sweet, so kind, I tink zee sweetest

smile au monde entier.

"'Wy not you, chile,' zee wheespair. Zen zee ask my name. I could but ansair, 'I am zee model of zee year.' I say, slowly, and very clear, 'in zee Quartier zay call me Phryné."

"Zee start back zen, monsieur, and such a look grow een her face of pain and grief! I stoop to kees her hand once more. It seem to me je lui avais fait bien du mal;

I knew not 'ow.

"Encore zee lay her hand upon my hair. 'And you would know wat eet ees—a perfec' zing,' zee say.

'Pauvre enfant!'

"We stand an' talk zair bien du temps. Tout à coup zee group nous approchait. Men comme des princes, so tall, so grand, rings on zair fingairs and chains à travers zair breasts.

"'Go, chile," zee wheespair. Zee push me from her. Zee force a card eento my hand. Zee say, 'Come to me to-morrow.' Weel zee tell me, croyes vous, what ees

a perfec' zing?'

But I did not answer. I had fallen into a brown study. I was asking myself, bitterly, why this woman of fashion, to gratify a momentary whim, sought to stir this child's conscience? A woman's trick, I thought, angrily, to suppose a soul where none exists. After a little I roused myself. I lifted my gaze, and fastened it again, a little curiously, on the girl before me. Never before had I searched for the woman in her as I did to-night. We had taken her young animalism for granted. I could not tell why, unless by force of environment. One searches no more for soul in the Latin Quarter than for a diamond in a dunghill. (So thought I then in my assuming ignorance.) I shook myself finally, and rose. "Then you go

to her to-morrow?" I questioned. To my intense astonishment I found myself awaiting anxiously her response.

**Demain," she replied, firmly, as though registering a vow. I think her will and her purpose were born that

night

I never learned the upshot of that famous interview. She never told it to me. I only knew she changed from that on. She was no longer the reckless thing we had known, but a listless, half-ill child, with a tired smile, and sad eyes. The beautiful face grew thin and peaked; she startled us now and then with the most unexpected queries. We tried to chaff her out of them to no purpose.

The only vivid feature that remained of her former

fascinating personality was pain.

One day she stood with Sturgis and me on the Quai Voltaire watching the boats steam up and down the Seine. It was bitter cold, and those little pleasure houses were stormily cutting their trembling way through the ice.

Sturgis and I were playing off for an hour: ostensibly for rest; in reality to see if we could not rouse the girl into some of her accustomed frolicsomeness. So much of her sweetness had been like the gambolling of an inconsequent kitten full of little pranks that it gave us real sorrow to see her so changed.

Sturgis had a mainspring to his work—his mother, a winsome little lady with a sad, cameo-like profile, and gentle manners. She had never relaxed a wholesome hold upon her boy—a hold which, no matter how selfish and personal the devotion his comrades yielded to art, still was the stamina of Sturgis's inspired achievement.

To him she was the one noblest being on earth; the wise friend to be consulted; the dread critic to be corred or appeased; the omnipotent guide and shield against that dire enemy of art—self-indulgence. She took long trips in the East, and returned to Paris at intervals laden down with spoils, which she showered upon her boy. So wrapt was she in him that I feel convinced that his pictures were often as much the interpretation of her character and moods as of his own strong individuality. She had the purest eyes I ever saw in any human face. When she was not with Sturgis in person she was in sweetest memory. He was fond of saying he was "half a pair of scissors without her."

At the time of this story Mrs. Sturgis was abroad. Her quaint sayings and picturesque mannerisms none the less were part and parcel or our daily lives, and we missed her sadly. She was as rare a quantity in the

Latin Quarter as a mountain ash in a jungle.

Sturgis was painting like mad that winter. I never until now had suspected him of being able to do half so well. A strange conception, his picture; and powerful as strange—the legitimate school, however. There was more of that sort in those days than there is now, when every Hottentot, with his little idea, plunges ir and seeks to float up stream, to win the réclame of individualism in art.

Sturgis had named his painting, before it was finished,

"'Twixt Fire and Sea."

A ship, a graceful hulk such as one sees in ancient naval battles in Venetian waters. One side of it was all afire. The sea was dashing high over the other. all wondered which element would predominate; how Sturgis would consummate it. Curiously enough, he seemed at war with the idea himself. There are no words to describe the colour in it, nor the incomparable The ship itself appeared a maestria it displayed. vital thing, battling almost hopelessly with two terrible We could not tell what torture was adversaries. storming it out of old Sturgis. One day the canvas would be red as blood, the ship-seen through the flame—but a vague shadow of its former self. The next the sea would have dashed its white-crested green over the canvas, and all but put out the fire, the ship tossing like a frightened gull of gigantic size in the water's embrace.

Our studios stood side by side. One entrance served for the two. I knew every shade and grade of my neighbour's character, I thought in my egotistical young vanity: I learned later that living side by side with a

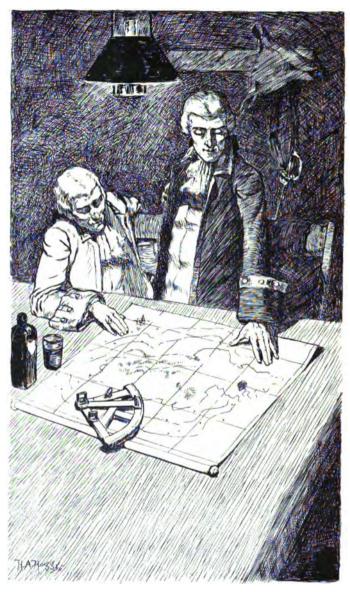
man does not always invite soul exposure.

Sturgis's hair silvered rapidly about the temples that winter, albeit he had barely turned five and thirty. Sometimes I perceived lines about his eyes which had never struck me before. He smoked and wrote many a night until dawn; when day broke he would dash down his pen, only to seize his brush again, with the first hint of the morning light that painters so cherish when they adore their work as did this enthusiast.

The girl saw all this too (somehow I felt it), but she said nothing. She regarded him silently, often with a deep, questioning gaze I could not understand. "Après tout, art ees zee perfec' zing," she said to me one day,

to my great amazement.





THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FIGHT

Drawn by H. A. Hogg

As we stood lounging against the Quai (under the shadow of the Institute of France), endeavouring to catch our breaths, after a sharp encounter with the rain—which swished round the corner of the little crooked rue de Seine—some gaily dressed women passed us with fair, bright faces and soft, foreign voices. They glanced askance at her; I wondered were they conscious of the intense beauty and illimitable pathos of her face? At times the latter struck me so forcibly it almost made me cry out.

As they passed she drew a long, tired breath, and said, very simply and slowly, as though offering an explanation for their rude stare, "They are een zee vrai: tu

sais."

Sturgis turned instantly and looked into her face.

"In the 'vrai' what?" he demanded.

"Zee tell me," answered the girl, dreamily, her lips paling a little after a fashion of hers when she was very much in earnest, "Zee tell me zair are two kind of women—zee women who are in see vrai, and zee women like me."

The last was so low we were obliged to bend our heads

forward to hear.

"Child," began Sturgis, his face furiously indignant.

But she checked him, and continued:

"Zee tell me more," she said. "Oh, don't blame her. Zee open zee way to much zat was beautiful; to all I nevair see before. Zee tell me I nevair feel zee real love if I cannot see zat zee love like mine weel nevair 'elp a man to do hees best. Only women like zose who pass us zair do zat."

"She told you that?"

But again she stopped him, this time by laying a gentle hand upon his wrist—"Not zat zee mens air always wort' zee loving. Zee say, oh, so sadly—c'était triste à mourir, tu sais—'Mais when zee mens air wort' zee loving, my chile, zair ees zee one perfec' zing een life: to love zem well enough to leave zem eef eet must be. Sometimes zat ees zee only zing wich makes mens great."

For a moment she paused and shivered. She drew her thin shawl more closely about her. She went on, her voice like a low, monotonous wail, "I ask 'er, 'Air zair zen so few good mens?' Zee ansair, 'Zair ees an old Neapolitan provairb, "Good mens air rare as wite flies"—comme des mouches blanches—tu écoutes.' Zen zee lay her hand on my hair, and tole me to remembair eet.'"

"What utter nonsense," cried Sturgis, ironically,

"you could have taught her more of life in an hour than she could preach to you in a week." He bit his lip,

however, and frowned heavily.

But the girl continued as though she had not heard him. "I ask her 'ow I tell when a man is wort' loving? Zee ansair, 'When he fights for fame, mon enfant. Fame means more zan name. It means wat ze workair puts à coté een ordair to arrive à se perfectionner.'

That night she came to his studio as he and I sat smoking our pipes before a meagre fire.

She dropped in on us without warning to bid us

"adios."

Her tiny packet was in her hand. About her pretty

dark head was knotted a soft, yellow, silk handkerchief. How we laughed at her. We used every means in our power to induce her to alter her decision. We coaxed, and teased, and commanded, and implored by turns, but she was firm. Sturgis grew pale and set about the lips, and his eyes were like pools of burning lava. He caught her little hands in his, but she snatched them away.

She was her old, vivacious self that night, with a wild, almost unearthly, beauty in her vivid cheeks and lips. Her voice was sweeter than I had ever known it. Her supple, untamed grace had never been so apparent. More than ever she looked like a wild flower torn from its roots,

and set in among our grey dingy walls. Suddenly she lifted the cloth from his canvas.

It was all aflame! He must have painted like a raging demon since our return home from our walk of that afternoon; when we had left it the predominating colour was of the sea; the fire had been almost totally in abeyance. What did it mean to her untutored mind! She turned to him and smiled; then burying her face in her hands, burst into tears.

Sturgis had leaped forward and was gazing at her

as though he could not believe his senses.
"The child is mad?" he muttered between his teeth,

but in his eyes lay a fierce, ungovernable joy.

"Zee lady tell me," cried the girl, her face now white as driven snow, and lifted as though in an ecstasy of remembrance, "zair are deux choses for wich the world calls women mad—'zee love of love for love's sake, or zee hatred of gold.'" Then very softly, she added, as if to herself, "I mus' be mad." Sturgis stood as though turned to stone, his eyes devouring every line of her matchless figure and face.

The door opened. A little old lady drifted into the room quite simply—one of those events which we take for granted in supreme moments, and wonder over, and name the "ingenuity of fate" later.

Sturgis started forward as she entered, pity, protest, passion, power, working in his features. The new comer

raised her hand.

"She has said it all—the little one," vouchsafed this remarkable specimen of social propriety. She had caught the last words of the girl. Then, with a very pitiful look in the girl's direction, she held out her arms to Sturgis.

He stumbled forward, and fell on his knees at her feet.

Like a child at prayers he hid his face in her dress.

"Sturgis, I trust," she murmured, "that your mother's precepts—your birth—your name—your fortune will not

permit you to

The girl had stood spellbound until now, a great peace upon her beautiful face. Suddenly a vivid, palpitating horror grew in it as she took in the import of the words concerning her.

With a loud, uncontrollable sob she cried, sharply,

"Elle ne comprend pas. Oh, mon Dieu!"

Then with tear-stained cheeks, but with a forced and conscious pride in her walk, she crossed the room; seized her little packet in her trembling hands; and was gone.

Sturgis had lifted his head and was gazing at her with a dull stare. As the door closed behind her he gave vent to a hoarse cry, reached his arms out vaguely, and fell

like a log to the floor.

His picture caused tremendous comment. It was the beginning of his ultimate fame. He altered the title of the painting, when, after three months' illness, in which he had raved like a maniac, and it had taken all our united strength to nurse him and bear with his moods, he was well enough to set to work again. On the walls of the Salon it bore the title: "Through Fire and Sea."

A stately ship, its sails frayed and burned, its timbers scorched as though from contact with a fire; great waves rolling mountains high behind it in the open; ahead, a splendid city, its spires glistening in the sunlight; the ship itself lying peacefully at anchor in placid waters—safe in harbour.

Sturgis never married. He stands to-day at the head of his profession as fine a specimen of conscientious effort, of utter self-abnegation in the cause of his life

work as any arrive that lives.

He carries two women in his heart: his mother in behalf of whom he made his most gigantic sacrifice, without her knowledge; and the woman who, figuratively, laid down her life to save his.

To broad and world-worn Sturgis, they one and each

are perfect things.

JENNIE BULLARD WATERBURY.

SONNET.

I loved thee once unto idolatry,
And still I love, but in a different fashion;
Small comfort is it now, when thou art nigh,
That changed in many growths is my love's passion;
For, with a love as woman's for her lord,
Undoubting, never asking reasons why;
Or of fair mistress for a prince adored,
Who in her love the lovelier grows thereby,
So loved I, till experience of ill
Made me distrust all virtue—woe is me!
And my poor heart disturbing doubts did fill,
That till life's close shall scarcely cease to be.
Still, whether trusting then, or doubting now,
I'm linked with thee, but cannot tell thee how.

WALTER F. SMITH.

THE FAREWELL.

(A.D. 1789.)

O sweet indeed thy charms may be,
Thine eyes than none less bright,
And o'er thy brow the mantling glow
Of love my kiss invite;
But I must scorn thy witchery,
My fair Suzanne, to-night.

Unwind thy soft arm from my breast;
My captive hand release;
Thou dost not reck what dangers beck
Me from such bonds as these;
And ask not, little maiden, lest
The words I speak displease.

Suzanne, Suzanne, thy kisses stir
My blood to madness—no,
I must not stay—away! away!
Unhand me—let me go!
I do not love thee—Jupiter!—
Thou know'st how well I do.

Yet I must from thy presence fly (Sweet love must yield to pride!) My steed awaits hard by my gates, My bark is on the tide; Good bye, my little one, good bye! And God with thee abide!

A moment—well, and see here is
My farewell gift to thee;
And now we part, O sweetest heart,
So rise up from my knee;
Ha, but thy violence is amiss!
Suzanne, what may this be?

Thou triflest with my love, until
Thou'dst seal thy lover's fate;
Hear'st thou you shout of rage without?
You curses winged with hate?
Why smil'st thou thus—why stay'st me still—
Thou mock'st me, wench—too late!

They come, and still thy tightening grasp
Is round my throat—O now
I see thy wiles—I know the smiles
That wreathe thy harlot brow;
Thus do I rend thy coils—thou asp!—
And trample thee below.

Too late! ye hated rabble, here
Behold your traitress slain;
Now take my blood, O base-born brood,
And see 'tis quickly ta'en,
For by St. Paul, the sword I wear
Shall not be drawn in vain.

Down, slave!—à toi/—well hit, I say;
And Jean!—pray, is this well?
See here where lies with staring eyes
Thy daughter? Can'st thou tell
How long 'twill take thy soul (touché!)
To follow her to hell?

But zounds—ye press me closer—what!
I'm wounded. On my life,
A butcher struck the blow. Ah luck,
To die in this base strife,
Slashed, slaughtered—I, the Comte d'Enfrotte,
By a cursed butcher knife.

W.

FANTAISIE ALLEGORIQUE.

PHE eyes of the sleepy little Breton village were winking and blinking, and the coif-like roofs of the houses gleamed white in the moonlight, almost seeming to flutter as they were lazily fanned by the warm summer breeze. Out of the shadow came the figures of a man and girl, who sauntered by slowly and reluctantly, for they were taking their last walk before parting, perhaps, for ever. She rested lightly on his arm as he said, looking down on her with a grave smile, "Are you accustomed to take what does not belong to you—tell me, Margery?" He pressed her hand a little closer to his side, while his thoughts flew far away to a distant land—to one who was waiting for him-who was not accustomed to take what was not her own. With a pang he realised that the memory he had once cherished in his heart so fondly had grown dim and pale, and that the dainty summer girl at his side had in some subtle and mysterious way become dangerously dear to him. How had it happened?

She, too, thought of the girl-wife far away. she mused on the happy summer they had spent together—the pleasant hours, the walks and talks. Her heart beat fast, and she caught her breath as she said to herself, "Am I taking what does not belong to me? Am I robbing her?"

Slowly they walked on in the moonlight, the dark hillside, fringed with tell trees, rising silhouetted against the sky, while the gleaming, glistening river rippled at their feet. After some moments she looked up at him timidly, and said, "In a garden watched over by a loving heart and tender hands grew a beautiful rose. A happy voice cried, 'It is mine. It blooms for me. Its roots are growing in my garden, and its petals unfold one by one only for me. But an artist coming that way saw the nodding rose's head bending over the wall, and with his deft pencil caught its wild grace and glowing colours, imprisoning it for ever on his canvas, saying, 'It is mine; it grows for me.' Then, in like manner," she continued, "a dusty bee, buzzing lazily in the sunshine, hummed, 'The rose is mine; it blossoms for me,' and tumbled right into its blood-red heart, powdering its legs with gold, and finding there that which neither the maiden nor the artist saw nor cared for. And the maiden was not robbed."

"Ah, yes," he said, "I must commend your pretty thought! But don't say a rose, nothing so exquisite as that! Call me a weed or a creeper. Yes, that's it, a creeper, whose roots are planted in a garden, but whose branches have strayed away over the wall, and are hanging with their red blossoms tossing idly in the wind. The soil in the garden, perhaps, is too rich, too well tended, and the wild vine in consequence grows rank; and its long branches seek the untrammelled freedom outside the wall. You know," he went on, "it is the nature of some vines to wander away from the hooks and bands that endeavour to confine them, and to freely fling about their blossoms, courting thus the kiss of the breeze, and the visits of the butterflies and bees." He longed to say, "Take the gold from my heart, it is all yours. I live only for you," but he dared not, for he remembered how that the vine was still nourished in the garden, and thought of the loving heart that was still watching over it, and he suspected also that the artist and the bee, as are their natures, often hie off, spoilladen, to other beauties and other flowers, forgetful of the charm they have used and robbed. So he only sighed, and touched her fair, young cheek with his hand—but, O, so lightly. "Yes, your thought is very beautiful, quite up to date. But a literary girl like yourself, Margery, must be full of such sweet fancies."

KATHARINE A. SMITH.



By G. O.

A ROMANCE OF BAYREUTH.

"ICH GLAUBE NUR GOTT VERSTEHT UNSER MUSIK."

ERMANN proposed we should finish up the evening at the jovial brasserie, where the Master once took his daily bock. After three years of separation we had come across each other in the street, drawn by mere accident and by our mutual love of Wagner to Bayreuth for the same occasion.

In old days we had been hand and glove; over our art we had raved together, argued together, practised together, and struggled together—over our frivolities we had also been at one; we had "frivolled" copiously together, and to our mutual satisfaction. But for three years our paths had lain apart. American dollars had tempted him away from Paris, and something more romantic had lured me back to London. It was to this something that Hermann alluded when we had ensonced ourselves in a comfortable corner. Among the crowded tables we found a privacy nearing on solitude; for the atmosphere was veiled with dense clouds of tobaccosmoke, and the sound of our voices was lost in the clatter of beer mugs and the peals of laughter which greeted the sallies of the younger customers, or the smart repartees of the buxom Hebe, who plied her way among the gallant and thirsty throng.

"I heard of your marriage, old man," Hermann said—
"and marvelled—I expected to see you again as a sober old naterfamilias with oney hair!"

old paterfamilias with grey hair!"
"It's all off," I said, draining my mug to check the

conversation.

"What! The hair? You've got a stunning crop still!"

"Don't joke, man—the thing's too serious."

Hermann's face fell at sight of mine. I saw he was burning with curiosity, and that he expected to be enlightened; but when you've lost sight of a fellow and lived through the three worst years of your life without meeting him, it's hard to lay hold on the first meshes that led to the tangle in your affairs.

"I'd like to tell you all about it. It would be a relief to me—but I can't. I can't, because, to explain matters, I must either seem to lay the blame on Fauvelle or on myself. But the long and the short of it is, we are separated. We separated after six months, and we've learnt to 'gang our ain gait,' as the Scots say, and very comfortably—yes, for the last two years." Had we really, I wondered. Had I known an hour, a moment of real comfort since the accursed day when Fauvelle had betaken herself to her mother's house? And was she happy? Might she not, after all, have found her husband, bad as she thought him, to be better than the petty saintlings of her polite world, where vice and virtue are too shallow for a dive either way? I think Hermann must have read the disturbance of my thoughts, for he said:

"We can always persuade ourselves we are comfortable in any circumstances, if we try long enough. We all can drop into the hog instinct of contentment, but it's more difficult to rise to a divine discontent, and insist on having something better. Just think where we artists would be if we were without that divine discontent? Why, directly I'm inclined to be pleased with myself, I know I'm mentally going to pot. If, therefore, you're contented to part with a pretty wife—she's pretty, I'll be bound!—I'll bet there's something rotten in the State of Denmark."

"Well, if you will have it so—I will confess—I'm not content; not a bit content. I've written her letters—heaps of letters, raving, cursing, cringing—oh! I've travelled from the Commination Service to Swinburne, made myself thoroughly ridiculous on paper, but she hasn't read a word. Returned everything unopened. She'll have none of me!"

"A woman at the bottom of it, of course?" said Hermann.

"No new one. You remember Thelalia? You know she threw me over for Mings, the fat stockbroker, and married him? Well, she took it into her head to write to me as if I was incurably in love with her still. I hadn't seen her since my marriage; and she must have done it out of sheer cussedness."

"You could have explained that stupid little episode."

"So you would think; but you don't know Fauvelle; you don't know Fauvelle! She is all life and fire and emotion, a bubbling fount of sentiment and poetry; I can't make it clear to you because you must know the individual to understand. If you could see her you'd believe how readily art, with her for its priestess, could become a religion to a man. To describe the serene depth of her eyes, one would need all the eloquence of your Muse. Has it ever struck you how crude are literature and painting in comparison to music? They both set as their highest task the imitation, the reproduction of what is before us in nature, the

faithful repetition of only the real and the existing, while music is absolutely creative; it gives birth to the unspoken, the untranslatable, the uncopyable. Music conjures up the vibrating thrill of a blush, the choking throb of a tear—you can't put them down in black and white any more than you can put in words, before the one you love, the essence of your soul's sincerity. I met her once; I might have spoken to her, but it was just this—the failure of words to express my desolation. Words froze on my tongue, for she seemed suddenly to have become——"

"Pride, pride, pride," broke in Hermann, "and

misconception."

"Her lack of faith!" I retorted, hotly.

"Faith may move mountains, but it doesn't gild the idol's clay feet," said Hermann, lapsing into his old habit of argument, as though we had parted but yesterday in

the Latin Quarter.

"It does," I affirmed; "or, if not, it accepts them, at least, as symbolical that nothing here below can be completely Godlike and golden. You remember the boy who was gilded all over to represent Cupid and died in consequence of choked pores? Well, I always think that humanity, when it gets entirely hidden with an artificial coating of excellence will share the same fate as the Cupid."

Hermann laughed. And here the closing of the

brasseris was announced.

"I'm afraid it won't be in our time," he said, rising and preceding me into the moonlight while he discoursed in his half merry, half cynical fashion till we reached my hotel.

The next day when he joined me at the midday table d'hôts he did not again mention the sore subject of my marriage, and, in the broad daylight, I was glad to forget

my annoyances.

There was something soothing to my fretted soul, not only in the sleepy charm of the quaint town as it dozed amongst the picturesque hills, but in the mysterious tranquillity of the atmosphere. The simple tomb of grey granite, the garden and its bushes of lilac and arbutus, which mark the resting place of the Master, on these a holy calm seemed to brood, and it pervaded every corner of the locality. I felt as if the spirit of the great Dead floated wide-winged over the whole region. To my ear, as we wound our uphill way to the Opera House, even the rustle of the leaves of the chestnut trees sounded more harmonious and musical in their gentle whisperings

because of the hallowed influence that prevailed. expression of these sentiments some might scoff, but that Hermann echoed them in his heart I felt convinced without asking. For us the illusion was not even dispelled by the murmurs and animation of the concourse of German, French, English, and Italian pilgrims that was also mounting to the great shrine, on foot and in ramshackle vehicles of divers sizes and shapes. Observing and listening, we proceeded in a dreamy mood in which reverence and romance were wedded. We decided to prolong our walk in the open air as long as possible, for our seats at the Opera, taken at different periods, and months in advance, were situated far apart; and Hermann, immediately after the performance, was going off by night train, and might not come across my path for years. was in speaking of his future engagements that he again made reference to my misfortunes.

"I hope when we do meet I shall find you all right again. Fixed up somewhere, you know, with—with——"

"Never!" I affirmed, decisively.

"Why don't you get someone to patch it up—some intermediary who'll make madame listen to reason."

"It would be worse than useless. I'm fairly eloquent when put to it, but if I can't trust myself to speak to her, I can't trust my case in the hands of any third person. You see poor Fauvelle was brought up in a convent, and she expected to find me——"

"Yes, I know. It is that expectation that makes some

girls so adorable."

"She doesn't understand that love, like taste, must be satisfied with the commonplace till it discovers the refined. She will not believe—oh! Hermann, it's no use explaining, for you wouldn't appreciate unless you could see her, that it would be impossible for a fellow to talk of another woman in the same breath with her!"

Just then from the corner of the great porch the trumpets pealed out, calling the faithful to their worship of the prophet. The vast crowds filed into the building while Hermann and I, not without a touch of melancholy, lingered over a few parting words. He was the first soul to whom I had revealed my troubles since these days of my second bachelorhood had been forced upon me, and now I felt the advantage of having unpacked my conscience; and a certain satisfaction in having wrung the hand of a friend who knew the worst of me, and did not think me half such a brute as I had grown to think myself.

While we were thus lingering, Hermann was accosted



THE BEGGAR

Drawn by Gilbert James

by a Frenchman, a notable one, with whose face I was familiar, owing to its continual reappearance in illustrated journals. I stood aside, then walked backward and forward, waiting till he should go, but longing to listen, for the Frenchman excited my curiosity. He was making some remarks about the opera, and it was the tone of these that caught my ear as I passed and attracted me. There was in his voice the devout note which is to be found in the voice of the true musician when he mentions his art, a note that was infinitely soft, though clearly to be distinguished among the polyglot chatterings of the crowd.

"He holds the four winds of the Emotions in the hollow of his hand," he was saying. "Though the pen of the litterateur should fail, though the voice of the preacher shall fall on deaf ears, there will yet be Wagner to speak to the immortal soul, and teach it of what quality it is."

Hermann, quoting Goethe somewhat sententiously,

said, "Where language ends, music begins, eh?"

But the Frenchman interrupted him: "Ah! I think your poet meant that music will begin to speak to your veins, to intoxicate your blood, or soothe the frenzy of your passion, but, for me, I should say it is music that gives illumination to our psychical darkness,

calls aloud to the Unknown that dwells in the corners and the depths of our soul, and it is by the answer of that Unknown we prove ourselves to be the Sons of

God!'

I passed the Frenchman, nodded to Hermann, and withdrew. I was in no mood for a controversy. In other circumstances I should have hailed with joy a debate on the ethical element in abstract music; but ethics and philosophy had lost their interest now that I had perceived their powerlessness to impart peace and gladness into the dismal prospect of my disappointed life.

My loitering had made me a little late, and I hurried into my seat just a moment before the doors were closed, and while there was light enough to mark in my score one or two bars which I wished particularly to study. Then the huge building was reduced to silence, and

darkness prevailed.

There was a wondrous hush-solemn, almost breathless, as when a high priest at an altar kneels alone and prays. It seemed as though in the awful stillness the unseen presence of the Master rose up majestically in act to speak.

The music began, floating out from the concealed

orchestra, like the incantations of a magician. Then the crimson curtains opened wide and disclosed the first act of Tristan and Isolde. A rustle of silk from my neighbour on the right was somewhat disturbing, but presently even that ceased, or it ceased to worry me, so spellbound did I become in music, and story, and singing. But at the end of the first scene, in spite of my interest in the music, a strange unrest seized me, and I could not resist attempting some sideway glances at the neighbour whose personality roused my curiosity. A strange presentiment unnerved me. I longed to turn quite around, but this action towards one so immediately at my elbow savoured of the brusque, the impertinent. Instead, my eyes fell on the small, ungloved hand that lay on the young woman's lap, and with a strange thrill of emotion I observed on the third finger, over a wedding circlet, a ring faced with two little hearts in diamonds, the facsimile of one which had been presented by me to Fauvelle The little emblem—the design, on our engagement. I believe, is common enough — fascinated me, and I watched for a movement of the fingers to see if the nails were opal-pink, fine-pointed, and of Parisian delicacy and daintiness. Yes, in a few moments, after some tremulous, lynx-eyed glances, I recognised the hand to be the hand of my wife—I knew for a certainty that close beside me, almost behind my shoulder, must be the fair face of the woman so dear to me and who should have been mine but for a foolish and desperate misunderstanding.

How the scenes of the opera proceeded I scarcely

knew.

The music and the drama inseparably wedded flowed subtly on, while I almost lost count of my own identity, almost believed that in a dream I found myself seated again by the side of my beloved, taking my position for granted, as one in a dream is apt to do. It seemed a glorious delusion that I longed might never be broken, a delusion that took stronger and stronger possession of me as the familiar scent of lilac, her favourite perfume, mingled with my senses and carried me back nearer and nearer to the time when there had been no rift between us.

Everyone knows the story of Tristan and Isolde. How Isolde invites Tristan to drink the cup of atonement for the sin of having slain her betrothed, and how, when he obeys, she resolves to share his fate, and snatching the cup from him drains it to the dregs. Then they stand gazing at each other mutely—stonily—while in the

music and in their brains the horror of death contends with the exultation of martyrdom. They go on thus gazing and gazing till slowly, gradually, the passionate defiance of dissolution changes, expands to the fiercer passion of love. For a love filter has unwittingly been substituted for the draught of death! What has happened, they themselves know not. Mutely they press burning hands to their reeling brains, to their throbbing hearts. Is it intoxication? Is it delirium? Are they passing through the terrific depths of Hades, or entering on the divine heights of Elysium? What mystery and marvel is this? The music bursts on, swelling, swaying, throbbing like pulses quickening, and leaping with enchanted fires, till every fibre of being seems to thrill, to cry aloud with rapture at a glorious awakening. We breathe!—we love!

Spellbound by Wagner's enchantment, scarce daring to draw breath, I made a slight movement of my right hand. There was a response. Without surprise, with only a quick-drawn gasp of joy and thanksgiving, I felt the touch of warm fingers on mine—clasping them with a soft, downward pressure, the pressure of trembling

trust-of trust, imploring, hoping, pleading.

* * *

I can remember little more of that wondrous moment of mental exaltation and reconciliatory soul-communion. It was a moment of rapture that has no parallel—and if recollection should serve, language still would fail me utterly. I only know that later on, as we strolled arm in arm under the avenue of chestnut trees, speechlessly staring out at the glow-worm lights of the little town, and thrilling in an ecstasy of unspeakable happiness, we came upon Hermann hurrying to his train.

He stopped abruptly, amazement graven in every

feature of his face.

I left her for a moment and drew him aside.

"That is Fauvelle," I only said.

"What! Have you had an explanation?"

" No!"

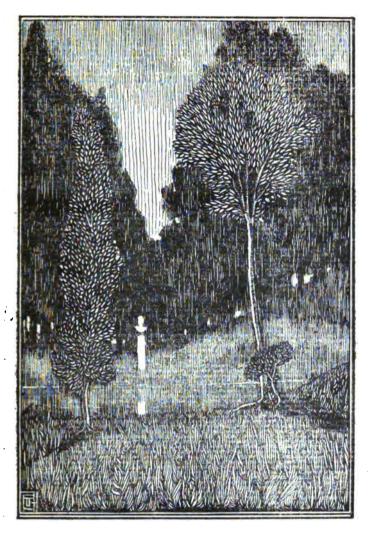
"Then, how the deuce did you-"

"Ask your Frenchman!" I said, laughing from sheer exuberance of joy.

And we left Hermann standing stock still in the road,

an ungainly figure of bewilderment.

LOUIS CRESWICKE.



ARCADIE

Drawn by J. J. Guthrie

A LOVE IDYLL.

Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove, We are sure to find something blissful and dear, And that, when we're far from the lips we love, We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

PENCER was an omnivorous reader. It did not take him long to devour "Squaw Élouise, "Told in the Hills," "Boots and Saddles," an any other literature he could lay hands on, bearing, however remotely, upon the country through which he had passed on his way West, or upon the region where he was now resting. But his heart was heavy. Neither the reading of books nor the study of nature served as a sufficient antidote to arouse his drooping spirits. He was desperately in love. Quite true, he had been in love many a time before, but never in his life did he experience such an overwhelming sense of sadness as in those summer days when he tried to make holiday while the girl of his heart was four thousand miles away. So oppressed was he with love of the absent one, that he sought a short forgetfulness in the smiles of some of the frank, sweet girls who grow up with the loud, resounding music of the Pacific in their ears. He was not insensible to the lack of loyalty which this implied, but his utter loneliness made him desperate, and he tried to find some justification in Tom Moore's thought as to what makes life blissful and dear.

Never before had Spencer seen so much rude health and wild sweetness among the women of America as he saw in the stately beauties of the West Coast. Hitherto he had believed that the blue-black tresses of the Irish maiden were far beyond compare, that the delicately tinted cheeks of the English girl were not to be surpassed, that the vivacious grace of the French mademoiselle was matchless, that the burning black eyes of the Spanish senorita were the only ones which made men sleepless; and that the luxuriant lips of the Italian maid brought more joy and wee to man than those But here on this far-off coast of the of any other land. American continent nature seemed to have surpassed itself, and to have selected all that is admirable in the fair ones of foreign lands and condensed it with all that is exquisite in these American girls. Kathleen was fit to be a court beauty in any land, Ione's Grecian face did not belie her Athenian name, Ada's chic was captivating, the hue of Rosalind's faultlessly curved cheek, unmarred even by the faintest quiver, was the nearest possible approach to the tint of the wild rose, and so varied and complicated were the charms of Amelia that it were easier to describe in words the cathedral of Milan.

II.

"Far away! there is no far. Nor days nor distance e'er can bar My spirit from your spirit—nay, Farewell may waft a far away."

Apart altogether from the fact that Spencer's far-off sweetheart was always ravishingly gowned, Clara Constans would attract attention anywhere. She was very tall and very dark, so much so that her friends used to say she was black. Her abundant hair, richly waving over an agreeably low forehead, was not quite as dark as midnight, for it was of Spanish rather than of Irish hue. Her rich, warm lips were ripe and red. Her well-arched neck, her generously displayed bust, her faultless figure, her coal-black eyes, her luxuriant mouth, her marblemoulded hands, her rounded arms, and her Hogarthian cheek, would appeal to any except such as have hearts as cruel as St. Kevin or St. Anthony.

Clara's charms were developed almost to matronly proportions. Though still young she no longer formed the clinging friendships of her early girlhood, and preferred rather to look for a thrill. She exacted the most implicit obedience from those who attempted to pay court to her, and she ruled her admirers with a rod more despotic than any ever wielded by a Russian Tzar over his wretched serfs. In spite of a certain apparently cold stateliness of demeanour when she was in repose, her love was a fire, her jealousy a poison, her hatred a whirlwind, her vanities tyrannies, and her fancies passions.

Almost every day brought a burning letter from Clara to the lovelorn Spencer. Amélie Rives writes of a hero whose "heart gives a hot leap along his breast to his throat, leaving a fiery track behind it as of sparks"; and of another whose "eyes went so deep into those of the heroine that she almost felt the warmth of that loving gaze." Yet this Virginian heat of the fair Amélie's style is hardly fit to be compared to the perfervid glow of Clara Constans's letters, so freighted were they with love. It seemed as though they bore some mesmeric power to steep Spencer's soul in overwhelming rapture. What to

him were the great glories of cloudless western sky and sparkling sea, of haunted glen and of leafy dale; what cared he for the swish of the waters or the splash of the trout, or the warble of the wildbird, compared with the all-consuming delight to be derived from one of Clara's languishing letters? She wrote to him to come back to her:

"Come, Sidney, come back to me even if you can stay only a few days. These happy hours will be to me like sunbeams caught and imprisoned. You make me ache with longing. Do come, Mahomet. Come, 'tis the loveliest time of the year here, full of inherent possibilities, of hope, of promise, of sweet suggestiveness. Come, and let our love ripen with the season.

"I am writing this in the semi-light of evening while the sky has begun to make its tollet for the night by drawing over the earth a cloak of grey with a crimson

border!

"Every night since you went away I have cried myself to sleep. You have something with which to occupy your mind, but for me there is nothing to fill the void caused by our separation. I have so many things to tell you, all of which will be begun and ended with the phrase, 'I love you.'"

Every day the look of far-off fixedness in Spencer's eyes became more decided. Under the fiery influence of Clara's volcanic letters he coldly turned away from the bright gaze of the beautiful girls of the coast country, and he now felt that, for weal or woe, his heart was Willingly would he obey Clara's unalterably another's. command to come back could he make any valid excuse, but he had bade adieu to his friends for a two months' absence, and he feared the terrible ordeal of the chaffing of the clubmen if he returned before. In spite of the unspeakable melancholy which oppressed him, he still had literary sense enough left, as Clara's letters poured in, to see the splendid force of the remark of him who wrote that if you want really good literature, break the mail boxes and read the love-letters of the ladies. He felt that if writers could only bring such warm enthusiasm to their work the golden age of literature might be restored.

Clara's imperious nature still further asserted itself, and her letters became more and more urgent. She wrote: "I do not mean to be fretful and selfish, but. oh! I want you so. I do not think you have caught more than a glimpse of that inland red of tenderness which lies so deep in my heart for you. Those first

nights after you had gone away I sat out in the silvery wonder of the moonlight till very late, and I knew your spirit would come back to me, for my soul almost swooned in its hopeless longing to be with you. The clasp of your hand is more to me than all the pleasures of earth, for earth would hold no happiness for me if I thought that I should not again feel your caress. My love for you cannot be out of tune, for it ever sings to me with the sweetest harmony. You have asked me to write to you my every thought; I have not done so lest I should startle you by my very intensity. I CANNOT GO TO YOU NOW. YOU MUST COME TO ME. In the past when I wanted to see you I went, though not always. But whenever the misery of separation had become so great that I could no longer bear it, then 'I wandered back again.'"

Other letters came pouring in, from which the following

are culled:

"I have your photograph in a beautiful jewelled frame on my dresser, and I keep flowers always before it, deep blood-red roses which you love so well. Thus I make you my divinity. I must be very heavily charged with humanity, else the flame-winged love I bear you would lift me to the clouds. And yet I am not satisfied with the word 'love.' It does not appear to me to express my feelings towards you sufficiently well. They used to tell me at school that words are the vehicles of our thoughts, the means of externating our ideas. I never knew before how wholly inadequate words are to tell the way I feel towards you. I want a word which will express an emotion the tenderest, the warmest, the truest, the dearest, the sweetest that ever a girl's heart experienced."

"I always long to read your letters to some friend, sacred as they are to me. They are such masterpieces, it is a pity to destroy them; I would as soon think of destroying a beautiful painting. If I should fall into the realm of eternal sleep, I wish you to see to it that all these letters are buried with me; I want their ashes to mingle with mine."

"Do not accuse me of studied formalism. If there has been any such it is because of the rebound of my overwhelming affection for you. The first moment I met you in the hollow of the hill, under the beautiful

shade-trees, I surrendered to discretion, or, more accurately speaking, without any discretion. I did not even attempt to defend my assaulted affections. I have but one kind of love for you, the old love. It is the kind of love that rushed to you when first I saw you. You and you alone are my being. Within your embrace lies the kingdom of my heart. Such as I have I give you—a heart overflowing with devotion and a boundless yearning."

"Come back to me. I want to put my arms around your neck and tell you how I adore you, how everything is heaven when in the sunlight of your presence, and chaos when you are absent. Oh, I am yours now and for ever! Come back and lavish the wealth of your beautiful nature upon me. It will receive measure for measure. 'Tis true I have seen much of life, more than falls to the lot of most girls of my age, and this is why I love you so. Mine is not the vapid love of a school-girl. It is the outpouring of a woman's heart pulsating with burning intensity. When you return, nothing but death shall ever again separate us, and then only for a short time. For whoever goes first will call the other; that will be all-sufficient, and then we shall love on and on through endless scons."

III.

"Oh, woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure;
And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
When he held you were but materials of pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your sphere.

By your heart, when the fond, sighing lover can win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid;
But, oh, while he's blest, let him die at the minute—
If he live but a day he'll be surely betray'd."

The fiery phrases of Clara's correspondence burned their way into Spencer's soul. The thrilling incidents recalled by his chats with Princess Angeline, daughter of the Indian Chief Seattle, no longer had any attraction for him; the matchless scenery of the coast country was lost upon him; even the ponderous music of the Pacific grated upon ears now deaf to everything save the silvery tones of Clara's far-off voice. Unable to bear the melancholy of separation longer, he made some professional excuse to his friends of the Far West and

returned at once. On the way back he tried to while away the time with Robert Louis Stevenson's "Across the Continent." The gentle philosopher's plea for consideration for the Chinese because their ancestors the Continent." studied the stars when his own British forbears herded pigs was entirely lost upon Spencer, whose highest mental effort under existing circumstances could not rise beyond some soft, spoony, school-girl verses. Upon reaching his own city, he hastened at once to the Press Club to ascertain whether or not any letters had arrived in his absence. In the billiard room his eye fell accidentally upon a crumpled sheet of paper. He recognised Clara's clear caligraphy at once. Quickly reading the fragment of what had evidently been a long letter, he saw that it was written to a rich acquaintance of his, and that it was in the same strain as the passionately voluptuous letters which she had sent to himself, and under whose intoxicating influence he had hastened to return. A fierce flush of indignation mantled his brow as he recognised the same lubricity of words, the same reckless use of adjectives, the same Oriental phrases. To her newly-found sweetheart she wrote in the following fashion:

"The surface emotion others are capable of exciting in me evaporate when I think of you, and every nook and cranny of my heart (which I explore to tell you its secret) whispers only one name with sweet monotony. There is but one image in my heart; I have but one love, and I cannot change. We meet every requirement of each other's nature. I have many things to tell you, all of which will be begun and ended with the phrase 'I love you.' Truly 'there's no one beside thee and no one above thee.' I am much more of a plebeian than you are. I am jealous, horribly, insanely jealous, of every woman who even looks at you. Do not hurt me by doubt or by pride. Some women might feel proud of awakening such feelings in one like you—I do not, for I worship you too much to cause you even the slightest pang. What right has fortune to give me so bounteously of her gifts, and yet to deny me, even for a short time, the one whom I love so fondly, the one I must have, the one for whom my soul starves?"

IV.

"And do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
When surely there's nothing in nature more common?
She vows to be true, and while vowing she leaves me—
But could I expect any more from a woman?"

Spencer was cured. His first impulse was to commit suicide. Then he decided that this was too vulgar. Besides, he did not relish the idea of giving an opportunity to young Dymond, on Sporting Life, of making copy out of him. The bare thought of self-destruction perished within his brain. He might have sought surcease of sorrow in the flowing bowl, but this likewise was too vulgar. He turned finally to philosophy and his meerschaum. He resolved to be a stoic, and to forget. For this purpose—or perhaps to test his nerves—he re-read Clara's pile of letters. Rash deed—for on the instant they stirred up all the old feeling—which, like a deluge, came rushing upon him, and he was all but lost again in the whirlpools. Thoroughly frightened he tied the dangerous letters together in a red string and set them by—and allowed his emotions to subside.

* * *

Clara cried, protested her innocence, made a scene, and wrote more fervid letters, but to no end, for Spencer had grown to distrust.

J. J. CONWAY.



By G. O. Onions.



THE TOILET

Drawn by A. Campbell Cross

TWO WIGS AND AN ORGAN.

N the morning of a cool day of March, two strange figures issued cautiously from a small house in the West Central district of London. pair the man was swarthy-complexioned, with a dark moustache, and long curling black hair which reached his shoulders; he wore a shabby suit hanging in folds about him; the coat was open and disclosed a dingy flannel shirt and coloured muffler. The woman with him was of the same dark-hued complexion and straggling black hair, but in strange contrast had large blue eyes. She wore a red handkerchief tied round her head, a blue blouse with an old velvet zouave, and a short skirt covered with a soiled apron. (In real life the man was a rising but blase young doctor, fair and of aristocratic feature, and the woman was the writer.)

People regarded us curiously, as though half-suspecting our make-up, as we strolled to a photographer's and were "taken," and later, on a 'bus, the driver chaffed us about our appearance. As we walked in the direction of the Italian quarter to hire a piano-organ, cries of "Git yer 'air cut" greeted my companion, and this line with its well-known air followed us all day. It was a delightful sensation for once to cast conventionality to the winds—to be able to run about the streets and eat apples. A moment later we were greatly amused by the sarcastic comment of a bystander, "You're in luck, Bill," as we hailed an astonished cabman. In the cab I laughed as Dr. B., regardless of the amazement of the tram passengers alongside, to whom he doubtless seemed a fugitive criminal effecting a hasty disguise, put a few more discreet touches of brown paint to his face.

In the centre of the squalid quarter where the Italians—dirty and poorly clad—loitered, we descended from the cab, in itself a suspicious proceeding on the part of two would-be organ-grinders. A swarthy man addressed us in Italian; Dr. B. answered in French; and I explained our wishes in broken English. We felt that things were not going quite smoothly when several bystanders stared, and followed us to the organ firm, and our fears were not altogether groundless, for the man in charge looked us over rather dubiously, and finally asked, "Where you come from?" and Dr. B.'s hesitating answer, "I am half French," did not appear to satisfy him. He led the way, however, to a small

office, and there asked us how long we wanted the organ, why for one day only, had we been out before, etc.? At last, in desperation, I suggested leaving a deposit, which seemed to find favour in the eyes of our interlocutor. Six shillings as a sign of good faith, and two shillings for hire, was the outcome of our negotiations, and we were off, pulling after us an immense organ, like a cottage piano on wheels, through some steep and narrow streets, while evil-looking men and women whispered together, but lent no helping hand. The Italian professionals do not like English imitators, and I was relieved when we emerged into the

main thoroughfare.

Our first halt was outside Dr. B.'s pension, where several of his friends greeted us liberally with coppers. Dr. B. made a graceful bow (acquired in Paris), while I kissed my hands in professional style. I heard afterwards that his friends thought for the moment that I had taken fright and bolted, because I darted along the street to greet my friend, the artist Cynicus, and his sister. Like true-hearted Bohemians, this pair did not refuse to acknowledge my greeting, but stood chatting, and contributed liberally to our exchequer Our next move was to the residence of a lady friend. I rang at the door. "What do you want, please?" came in a rough voice from the area. "I want to see Mrs. P.," said I, meekly. The maid took in my card, requesting me to wait on the doorstep; in a moment she reappeared with altered demeanour, and asked me to "come this way, please, miss." My entrance created a small sensation, but after introducing Dr. B., and explaining our mission, I was treated politely, and departed with good wishes and an apple. To my amusement, I heard later that the landlady, the usual type of Bloomsbury landlady—adequate description to those who know her—had protested, styled it "very shocking," and stated that "not even a Gaiety girl would do such a thing!"

Two other amusing incidents occurred in this district. Dr. B. wrote on one of his cards, "For heaven's sake give me a copper or a whiskey and soda—we are waiting outside," and handed it to a reluctant servant at a house where he thought friends lived. But no answer came to this pathetic appeal, save some unknown, amused faces at the window, nor would the maid admit us. Only later my friend discovered he had mistaken the house.

In Great Russell Street, as I turned the handle, a

flower-girl came to me and said, pointing to Dr. B., "He your brother?" and, as I affected not to understand, asked him, "She your sister?"

I had not noticed that we were just outside the British Museum, and was startled when a policeman told us to move on. "Why?" said I, sulkily. "Why—indeed!" snapped he. "Never heard such cheek—because I tell yer to, that's why!" And so we "moved."

From Bloomsbury to Harley Street the stately houses frowned severely upon us, and no ring of falling money greeted our ears; so not, I admit, without a slight twinge of that rudimentary article which serves me as a conscience, I looked beseechingly at a kind-faced lady who passed, and was rewarded by a copper dropped in my sooty, outstretched hand.

Thence, as day declined, we went on to St. John's Wood, stopping once to play in the Edgware Road, where several children commenced dancing in the street, while others, to their great delight, were allowed to turn the handle. Here Dr. B. ordered a whiskey at a public-house where he had a few minutes previously begged for a penny. And so won everybody's contempt.

About five o'clock we stood and played outside the house of Mr. —— well, he has asked me not to mention his name, but I may say that he is a well-known poet, and a whilom inhabitant of the Quartier Latin.

As no one appeared, Dr. B. rang and sent up his card, which was taken rather hesitatingly by the man. After a few minutes, the poet himself came down, and asked us to follow him upstairs. Here we were introduced to his charming wife, who, in spite of our disreputable appearance, was exceedingly kind, and revived our flagging spirits with tea. I am the first lady, except, of course, his wife, who has entered the poet's sanctum, and I am very proud of the honour. When we left the cheery room, we found hung in the hall the key of our neglected organ. The latter we were told had almost been arrested by a policeman for refusing to move on. It was excused, however, when the owners were described by the servant as "friends of Mr. ——." I fear the poet's local reputation has suffered.

In Edgware Road on our way back I smoked a cigarette, but being taken for Italian, was little remarked, much to my disappointment. In Park Lane, solely for our own enjoyment, we devised a new mode of playing, namely, one of us ran alongside and played in order that the other who pulled might be inspirited by the strains. In the same select neighbourhood, no doubt from pure cussedness, Dr. B. climbed up a lamp-post, to the amazement of bystanders, and lit his cigarette (an economical habit acquired in the Latin Quarter). Our next halt was before the house of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. Though I had heard him utter dire and murderous threats against the musical fraternity of the street, I thought we might risk it; and I commenced to play. I scribbled on my card, meaning to write, "Please come out a moment, we are organ-grinders," but, dropping unconsciously into the spirit of the man I was addressing, found I had written, "We are organisms."

Hardly had the first semi-quavers of discord melted on the misty air, when the door opened, and a familiar figure stood in the stream of light which shone from the

"Will you please go away at once? You will wake

up the baby," was her greeting.

"Good evening," said I, advancing, "don't you know me?" Mrs. Jerome eyed me in dignified surprise. "No; I do not." "Oh, but I think you do," said I, lamely, somewhat taken aback, for I had not imagined my disguise so effective, and was, for a moment, assailed by the thought that she purposely would not know me in my disreputable garb.

"I am sure I do not," repeated Mrs. Jerome, taking slowly the card I held out. After looking at it, she regarded me a moment incredulously, and said, "Is it really you? But why do you do it? I was really a little atraid, and had it not been for your voice, which I thought sounded incongruous, I would not have looked at

your card."

After introducing Dr. B. and asking Mrs. Jerome to regard the matter in the journalistic spirit, which does not regard as *infra dig* any *bond-fide* investigation, we left, Mrs. Jerome begging me to come and see her as soon as possible in my ordinary dress, that she might banish from her mind the awful impression I had made upon it.

Up Piccadilly, through the greasy mud and heavy traffic, amid sarcastic remarks from cabmen who were compelled to make way for us, we dragged the organ. At last we reached Arundel Street, rang for the lift at Howard House, and I bade the outraged attendant take my card to Mr. Jerome. A little crowd was looking in through the doorway, and Mr. Jerome wisely sent down word that "he could not consider the matter just then."

Next came a visit to some friends at an imposing

mansion in Westminster. Hopeful sign of progress, that my friends were liberal-minded enough, regardless of possible comments, to receive us, bid the porter watch the organ, and take us into their elegant drawing-room.

Reluctantly we left for our final destination, Drury Lane, where we intended to visit Cynicus. It was just nine o'clock, and at my suggestion, we stopped before a publichouse for a final jaunt. In a moment a crowd had gathered, and I was implored, "Let's 'ave a turn, missus," to which I replied, "Turn away," and relinquished the handle, for which a free fight ensued, the big girls roughly shoving the little ones aside and monopolising the coveted privilege. In the meantime, several couples had begun dancing jigs and waltzing in the roadway, and I could no longer resist. "Can you waltz?" said I to a girl, a typical Drury Lane girl of about eighteen, who stood next me. "Yes, come along," she answered, whirling me round. The crowd became denser; organ-grinders who gave up their instrument to the mob, while they danced instead of collecting money, were no doubt a novelty.

But we could stay no longer, and, in spite of entreaties, moved on towards Cynicus's studio. To our dismay, we had some fifty little friends following us, and the climax was reached when we found the handle missing. Fortunately, it was returned to us, and, as we were so late, we decided to stop outside the studio, and commenced to play, sternly refusing to allow the handle to be touched. Before our friends had time to come out, hoarse voices whispered, "Look out, 'ere comes the copper," and, indeed, he did come, and in an autocratic manner requested us to move. "Ask the crowd to move, we are doing nothing," we protested, but it was useless, and, not having made arrangements to spend the night at the police-station, though, obviously, it would have been the most appropriate and dramatic ending to our day, we trudged off. Then Cynicus's brother came out and explained matters to the policeman, who, though greatly interested, said that had we not moved the crowd might possibly in its excitement have smashed the organ. By this time we were both longing for the easy-chairs and coffee, which we felt we fully deserved, and which we knew were awaiting us at the studio, but the difficulty was where to tie up our organ. Some little girls from Drury Lane still followed us, offering "a i'penny if yer give us one more tune; if yer don't, we'll foller yer the 'ole time." But Dr. B. and I sat down on the damp kerbstone—it was a luxury to sit

down anywhere—while Cynicus's brother obtained the address of a neighbouring warehouse where we might succeed in procuring an hour's rest for our instrument. Alas! the woman who peeped cautiously through the slightly opened door peremptorily refused to store it, hinting that our story sounded queer, and that perhaps our organ was a stolen one! At last, it was decided that my two companions should take it back to Clerkenwell, and that I should go to the studio and wait there till they returned. Still followed by some children, I reached the haven at last and related our adventures, and when Dr. B. returned, he told us that the owner of the organ had implored the favour of our custom, should we decide to go barrelling again.

After a most welcome supper, we shared profits (9d. each), and here, in justice to the profession, I should mention that there is a good living to be made at it, and that our failure was due to our using our time for visits,

and not doing the thing in a business-like way.

We reached home about ten p.m., having walked at least twelve miles with that heavy load, hastily doffed our wigs, and covering our costumes with coats, we drove to a restaurant. Ah, never has dinner tasted as sweet to a tired labourer as our chop and claret did to us that evening.

SWANHILDE BULAU.

NOTES.

M. H. Mott-Smith, to the regret of his many friends, has left Paris again for America. His departure made vacant the place of Vice-President of the American Art Association, to which position Mr. T. A. Lescher has been elected. Mr. Lescher's elevation to the Vice-Presidency caused a vacancy in the office of Librarian. Mr. T. A. Breuer was elected his successor. This created a vacancy on the Board of Directors, and Mr. S. L. Landeau (recently returned to Paris) at present fills it.

Mr. Stephen Wirts has been appointed Vice-Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Association, and preparations are under way for the 4th of July celebration. Meantime a dance will be given.

Mucha, the famous master of decorative art, has established a school of design in Paris yelept the "Atelier Mucha"—and this title should prove, we think, a splendid advertisement. A course of composition d'art décoratif will be held all the year, except during the period of "vacances," August 1st to October 1st.

The Third Annual Exhibition of Posters, Designs, and Show Cards, held by Messrs. Hare & Co., Ltd., in Bride Lane, Ludgate Circus, London, is well worth visiting. The various work displayed is representative not only of the British school—but of the French and American as well. The most attractive contributions to this exhibition are from the brush and pen of Miss Ethel Burgess. Her two large designs—No. 7 and No. 50—are full of refined sentiment and artistic colouring. The former, in subdued greys, is almost too delicate and quiet for a poster, though by way of contrast and real merit it might strike an effective note on a flashy hoarding. The latter in yellow and salmon—representing a girl near a line of blowing clothes—is the more "postery"—yet lacks nothing in beauty as a purely artistic production. Her pen-and-inks show the same skill—the simpler and less crowded of the designs being the best—full of masterly charm. Mr. A. S. Forrest hangs a number of designs. No. 16, a shepherd near a brook, and 111, a soldier of the last century smoking (the rings of smoke being effectively used as the only white in the design), and No. 54, a girl in riding habit, are all excellent. Mr. J. P. Pemberton, of Paris, is represented by four designs—two of which are very attractive. No. 76, a girl in dull red, seated on a greensward sprinkled with white daisies, and 75, a negrees, clothed in many but decorative colours, and bearing a tray, are successful both from the artistic and commercial standpoint. Misti

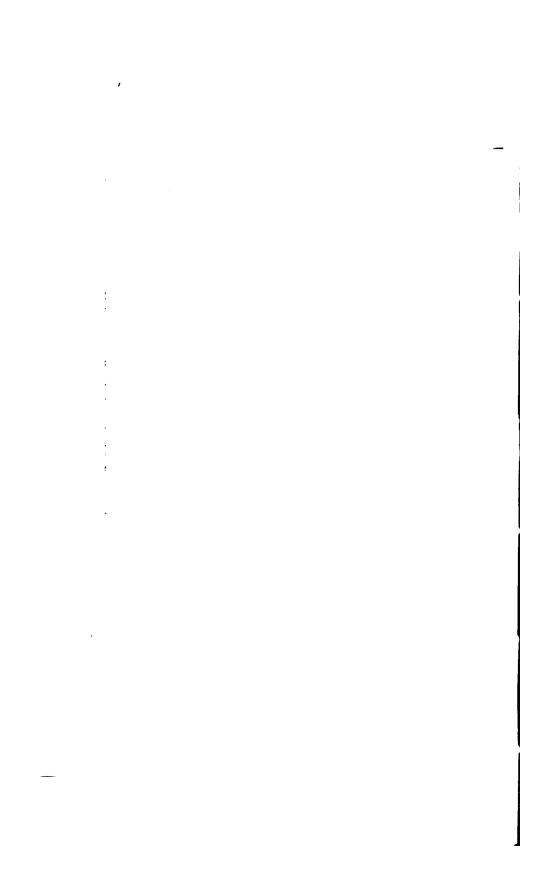
(French) displays an excellent cycle ad.—a girl en bicyclette in full career on her wheel. "I soothes'em"—a "Somebody's" food advertisement—by Charles Robinson, is good. A Beef Fluid advertisement by Mr. Maurice Clifford is charming in colour, and Mr. Lewis Bauner exhibits several aristocratic poster girls in big hats. A design, in red and black, by Mr. Hassell for the Draper's Record is very effective, and Hilda Cowan shows us the usual interesting children with spider legs. A characteristic "cat" to the right bespeaks the handicraft of Mr. Wain. A number of the drawings that have appeared in our pages as advertisement designs are on view.

We have received from the Bowyer Press a very handsome volume of poems, "In the Wake of Spring," by Richard C. Jackson. The book, long and narrow in shape, with cover of mingled and subdued tints, and yellow silk binding ribbons, is artistically printed on imitation deckle-edge Holland paper, and does the greatest credit to the press that issues it. It includes some seventy songs of spring—in many of which an original personal note is struck. Throughout the author testifies to his great admiration for the poet Dante, to whom he also devotes a portion of the notes that follow on the poems. This volume inspired by Spring is naturally (and befittingly) dedicated to Eros—whose praises are hymned on every other page. Long and heroic pieces are omitted, the author filling his pages with a collection of short verses, light erotics, etc.—a form of poetic compilation so successfully employed by Horace in his odes, and Moore in his lyrics. To the honour of Mr. Jackson it must be said that his amatory verses—though lacking nothing in fervour and passion—are not blemished by undue licence. The grossness of the Latin and voluptuousness of the Irish bard are happily absent from his lines.

As to L'Œuvre—founded some months since in the Latin Quarter! It is a "revue internationale artistique et littéraire publiée en français, allemand, espagnol, italien, anglais, etc." The "etc." stands for other and various tongues—and makes one rather uneasy. Cosmopolis has been out-polyglotted! The Tower-of-Babel is rebuilding! And, without referring to the fate of the earlier Tower, we wish to say that the editor, or editors, of L'Œuvre have pledged themselves to a mighty task indeed, and (we whisper it under our breath) they credit the dull old public with greater learning and linguistic ability than it really has. Even in dual languages periodicals have, as a rule, a hard road to travel. Will L'Œuvre stand forth where others have fallen? The numbers issued so far, we are pleased to note, are full of interest and good literary matter (or, at least, that part of them written in the seven languages we can read), and everything augurs long life and success—which the Quartier Latin, for one, sincerely hopes to see her enjoy.



Drawn by Ernest Haskell



The season tickets of the Compagnie du Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest are composed of three coupons; two of them devoted to advertisements, and one to the ticket proper. The company has made it impossible (without invalidating the ticket) to detach any portion of the extra coupons while the ticket is in use. And thereby hangs a tale. For the French barrister, M. Adrien Oudin, took his season ticket, together with the company that issued it, into the law courts. He desired to find out why he should be forced by the company to carry about the two extra pages of ads, which is a tyranny, he exclaimed, that may assume colossal proportions. The learned judge of the 8th Arrondissement of Paris evidently took the same view of the matter, and condemned the company to present M. Oudin with a new (and valid) ticket innocent of all advertisement matter. While testifying, M. Oudin, with some heat, expressed his determination not to be transformed into "un homme-sandwich." This expression was new to the judge, who, wishing, however, to understand the case in all its lights and bearings, sent for a dictionary. definition he found against the word "sandwich" led to still further complications. But, in the end, everything was cleared up—with the result already noted.

The recent adventure of a burglar in Paris has a decidedly Poesque flavour of tragic horror about it. It seems that for a number of years there has been living in the Observatory district an ex-captain of the merchant marine in company with an ourang-outang, captured by him in Borneo. The strange pet had grown much attached to his master, who allowed it to roam unchained through his rooms. But, to prevent any mischief to his neighbours, or outbreak of savageness on the part of the beast, the owner always kept the doors of his residence securely fastened. Now, a burglar, who had just served out his term, broke one night into the ex-captain's residence. Through want of time or carelessness he had evidently failed to make the usual professional enquiries regarding the inmates of the house he was to pillage. Scarcely had he crept into the place, when he found himself in the shaggy embrace of the monster, which proceeded at once to mangle him in the most terrible manner, tearing his clothes to tatters, wounding his body, and laying open his left jaw. The burglar yelled lustily for the police, who arrived in time to save his life. His wounds were attended to, and he was at once removed to the depôt infirmary. As a consequence of his adventure, the burglar is now a raving lunstic.

The Annual Competitive Exhibition at the American Art Association of Paris, announced for July 4, has been post-poned to the autumn.



Cab-sland in Paris

By J. P. Pamberton

ASTONISHED!

Marvellous, sirs, to the last degree, To an alien-born from over the sea Is this same city of gay Paree!

Everything seems so exceedingly droll To my simple American, home-bred soul; Methods and manners and morals appear So very uncommonly quaintly queer.

H. S. BUTTERFIELD.

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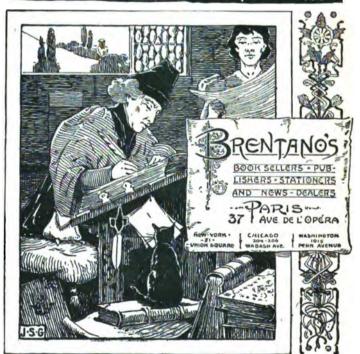
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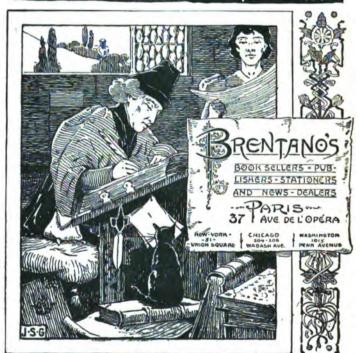
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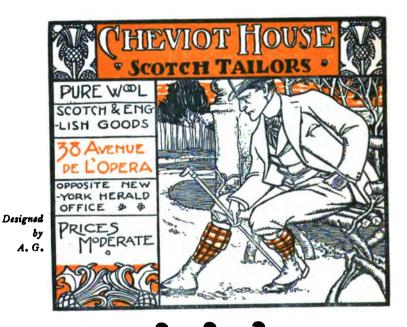
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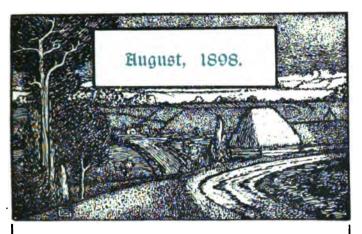
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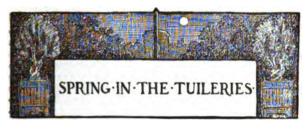
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The Quartier Katin

Vol. V

AUGUST, 1898

No 24



Designed by Clarence Rowe

I.

The Queen of May frequents once more
Her stately Tuileries.
Spring days have never seemed before
So exquisite as these.

Acacia trees are flowering, for winter time is past; Oh, let me be your first love, and you will be my last!

II.

Two moons are shining; one above,
One in the troubled Seine.
A tiny bird is telling of
Its ecstasy and pain.

The daisies join the violets, for winter time is past; Oh, let me be your first love, and you will be my last!

WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.

May, 1898.

A RENUNCIATION.

oLF UNDERWOOD hailed a hansom, and directed the driver to St. James's Hall. He would at least do the thing in style this time. He lit a cigarette, readjusted to his left breast pocket the scrap of red silk that was to look the part of handkerchief, and scrutinised once more a carefully watered pen'orth of violets, bought from a little lad in Shepherd's Bush—because he loved stray children better than the plump, costerly flower-girls of the town. Behind these sentiments he had the saving grace of laughter for his own vanities. He chuckled at the spectacle of himself—reporter, leader-writer, musical and dramatic critic and general factorum of an obscure suburban paper, enjoying the dummy handkerchief, the rare cab, and the slightly overblown violets.

His arrival was well-timed for the crush. His hansom must take its turn with a dozen others, from which came other young men, pale, square-jawed, smooth-haired; far smarter than himself, but neither interesting nor enthusiastic. His healthy skin and quick brown eyes had not yet taken the London look. He realised, as he watched the rapidly swelling stream in the vestibule, his own absurd contrast to these sleek habitus, and the fatuity of trying to play the fashionable man. Still laughing at himself, he pulled out his complimentary ticket, and raised his soft felt hat to a trio of ladies in fluttering crépons and heavy patterned veils who chanced

to pass in at the same moment.

"How d'ye do, Miss Armitage?—how d'ye do, Miss West? Awfully full, apparently. Looks like a good programme, doesn't it?—hope they'll all turn up. She's immensely popular, isn't she? Lovely singer too."

"Oh, lovely," one of them answered him in a high-pitched monotone, plaintive and slow. "But her voice is absolutely nothing to what it was. Of course, you know she's giving up singing altogether. Terribly sad for her, isn't it? But, you know, she's had the most frightful laryngitis, and all sorts of things. Her throat is a perfect wreck. Volkheimer didn't want her to do this even—it's such a risk; but she said she must have some sort of farewell." The group dispersed. Rolf found a vacant place, and sat uneasily, waiting for a form, a voice, a recognition. He scanned the programme: "Madame Edith Stanbury's Farewell Recital . . . assisted by "—then followed a dozen names of the best

artistes in town. He had heard all of them, and was

weary. When would she appear?

A clatter of applause—perfectly well-bred Regent Street applause-rose from gloved hands and sunshades at a little white-clad figure coming up the steps; colourless, save for the sunny yellow of her hair; white bouqueted, pale, but radiant; a snow-vision good to look at in the broiling afternoon.

She bowed with quiet self-possession, and turned her eyes at once to the accompanist, and to the shadowed space beyond him under the balcony, where Rolf happened to be. The recognition he wanted flashed from her lips and eyes, and ceased as it shot from them.

Her square little shoulders slowly heaved to sing.

Then the voice came—the surprising voice, so unwarranted by the almost girlish figure, and the frank and simple face; so mature, so strong it sounded; so passionate and compulsive, so admirably controlled!

O for a day of spring!

Her opening phrase rang down the hot room, and a rapt silence followed it. Those who knew her well smiled and nodded gently, whispering, "Ah! Is she not as we said?" The new admirers sighed regrets. "Is this indeed her last appearance? Why have we never heard her before?" The old men listened delightedly, for her voice had that strange reminiscent quality about it, so rare in a soprano—the thrill, the challenge, that seems to well up like perpetual lamentation out of the past, charged with the memories of things lost, or never attained to. And to the young, in whom the consciousness of the past is sometimes exquisitely keen—the more poignant perhaps because their own share in it is yet so little—to these Edith Stanbury's singing seemed the utterance of all their unordered worship and desires; making eloquent for them the sorrow of growth, the mystery of change, the inmost pain and pathos of the

And now this passionate love-song thrown on the warm May air, over the scent of early roses, seemed like the cry of one starved in the midst of plenty; stricken down amid the joys she might not share. The singer stood with folded hands—a slip of paper ignored between them—looking straight down the hall. deep and steady breathing, reflected in the rise and drop of the white gown from toe to bosom, alone gave motion

to the severe outline of her form.

O for a day of love,
A day with you and pleasure!

Her voice caressed the very words, filling them with sweetness. Her face was delicately fair, and its small, clear-cut features gleamed in the heavy half-light. Only those near to her could see the beginnings of age upon it—the slightly drawn look about the mouth and temples; a sort of wistful weariness in the eyelids. And they that saw this heard more; heard the cry of the desolate for her mate, and the barren for her children; while she that had been beautiful mourned a beauty but just gone by; she that had surely been beloved called upon love for penitence and pity; she that had known youth and passion—would Time never stay his hand?

O for a day of days—
Of love in all its ways,
And life in all its measure!

Rolf Underwood leaned his arms upon the padded bench before him, and sat forward, his young heart at strife with its first passion. When the song was done, he leaned back again without applauding, his eyes unmoved from the place where she had stood. She declined gravely the proffered encore; was twice recalled, and still refused it. Another performer followed—a violoncellist, shaggy of aureole, but excellent in art; then a stout amiable tenor from a popular church choir, declaiming militant chivalry in C major; then reciters, pianists, duettists from the Italian Opera; a frail contralto, fresh from a sick bed, to assist at her colleague's Then came an interval for scrutiny of the farewell. audience by one another; then again a round of miscellaneous soloists. Rolf knew many of them and their histories—how the violoncellist had tuned pianos at the amiable tenor's shop—how the frail contralto drudged away at teaching to keep her husband and child (she passed his door every Tuesday and Friday—he supposed Edith Stanbury would have to give lessons now)—Edith Stanbury: why had he not known her before? he not heard his sisters rave about her singing when she was a little board school pupil teacher twelve years ago? Evidently she was not surprised to see him here. Might he, on the strength of a week's acquaintance, go round and speak to her afterwards? Surely, she would at least shake hands.

Ah! how tired she looked. The weird afternoon shadows in the crowded ante-room emphasised this, and revealed, at the same time, the alertness of her spirit by the quick play of emotion in her face. Surely it was but temporary weariness, not the so different fatigue of age, that showed on her! Singing, she had looked past thirty. Now with the animation of her greetings, she might pass for twenty-five.

"How kind of you to come." She gave him her small hand, dry and cold, and the warmer solace of her eyes. "I saw you in your dark corner, and hoped you'd come round. Are you writing me up for the Mercury!"
"No," he said, shortly. "The dad's here. I came to

enjoy myself."

She was not disconcerted by her blunder. father," she said, "was kind enough to give me some good notices in his paper when I was a very young amateur, before I dreamed of anything higher than the Lansdowne Assembly Rooms for a show of my own! Have you anyone else with you?" she added, softly—"are you going home?"

He lowered his voice. "Not if I may come and see you—but you'll be so tired; no, it's a shame—hadn't I

better not?"

"I'm all right—do come, if you're not busy! Will you be at my rooms in half-an-hour's time? I must get rid of all these people—excuse me!"

She vanished; and Rolf made his way slowly to the

Baker Street flats.

"I was afraid you would have a whole crowd here," he said, frankly, his brown eyes bright with pleasure, as she greeted him alone in her quiet room.

"No; I told them I was positively too tired to entertain anyone. But you see you're nobody, so you don't

matter.

Her face was flushed now, and she had washed it hurriedly, bringing down bright threads of hair about her forehead. She had set her flowers to revive in water, while she herself in her white gown looked fresh and at ease. The dress, for all its elegance of fit, was so simple of form and texture that she might have picked buttercups and daisies in it without harm. She had that rare gift of bodily daintiness which speeds a woman through a grimy world with sure feet and unruffled garments.

Rolf tried to pass some trite congratulations on the concert, and condolences on her retirement. She waived

them a little sadly.

"I don't think anyone but a singer can quite understand," she said, apologetically, "what it means to me to give up my career. It's not mere vanity on my part, you know that; it's not admiration and flattery that I want; it's the sense of dealing directly with one's own public—doing one's work in their presence and running the risk—I mean, of being in bad voice sometimes, and yet succeeding, or, at least, giving the best results of one's private work openly. I love big audiences; I can't sing to a mere roomful—I want space and chance. So if I can't have great triumphs any more, I will, at least, retire with dignity, and nail my diplomas to my door."

She sat down with him near the open window, where the faint town lilecs were sweet to smell, and the late hawthorn sparkled, white and red. The sight of beauty sickened her for more beauty, and for the fulness of the spring's delight. In both of them the same words echoed, with their perpetual challenge and revolt:

O for a day of spring, A day of strength and passion!

At last Rolf gave them utterance.

"This is a day of days," he said, softly, looking out to the May sun, that blazed redly behind the hawthorn. "Will you sing that again—can you?" Her eyes had followed his towards the sky, bright with clouds drifting, fleecy and illumined. Now they moved to meet his, and the blue of them seemed like the image of the heavens.

The piano was open; her little music-case lay on it just as she had brought it home. Rolf rose to fetch it, and took out the song. But she shook her head. "Do you think I don't know it by heart?" she said, sitting

down to the keys.

Rolf drew back to watch and listen. In her own room the spring light was kind. The lines it showed in her face were tender and generous; strong, too, but never hard or sour. The betraying kiss of Time had been upon her; could not Love wipe it out, so there had been no bitterness in the imprint? Faint seals of care and pain—could he not melt and scatter them for ever?

"I can't sing it now," she faltered, conscious of his expectation. Yet, bowing her head a little, she set

herself to begin.

O for a day of youth!

(How young he looked! One could enjoy and suffer most at twenty-five.)

I would not leave untasted One glory while it lasted!

(Time enough for him: All life before him to taste and conquer.)

Win me that day from sorrow, And let me die to-morrow!

(O, the long drudgery of teaching, day by day! No more pretty evening gowns and bouquets; never again the sound of applause in her ears, never again her own voice superb, dominant, under a great roof, echoing and returning.)

The pure notes wavered a little, the blue eyes drooped, the delicate hands pursued the music tremblingly. Something was changed in her singing—was the cry more hopeless and submissive?—or was it that the answer was too near her?

* * *

Music gave place to speech, broken and hushed, pleading and resistant.

"Dear girl, let me win that day for you! Try to forget the sorrow—can't you let me, Edith?"

Rolf's eager face was warm against her own; his brown eyes shone with promise, with radiant hope.

But she turned upon him with tender indignation.
"What!—let you sacrifice yourself to make me a

spring day, dearie?"
All the warmth of June was in her voice, wooing him

while she bade him away from her.

"There's no sacrifice, except on your side," he whispered, seeking her hands.

She answered him with such a smile as the dying use

to quench a vain suggestion of recovery.

"Rolf, Rolf, don't tempt me, old boy. I ought not to have sung it to you, but I never meant this." (The eternal lie of the successful wooer came instinctively, even from those honest lips.) He kissed her in protest and denial, taking her face in his hands. The softness of her hair seemed to caress his fingers. She looked up from them in tender shame and terror.

"Dear lad," she cried, "you must go away; I was wrong to let you come like this. I love you too dearly—far too dearly—to take you at your word. See now, I

don't want to banish you altogether—you shall come another day, dear, and we will be wiser."

Again he silenced her with kisses. The cup of love was at her lips; must she indeed thrust it away for ever? Her day of spring had dawned, sweet, shining, passionate. But close behind it autumn loomed severe. Looking beyond this day of days, she saw others throng up, dull and sterile for him who sought life and that abundantly; already she seemed to see him languish under her in the long drought of middle age, gone past the healing of tears. So Time and Love strove with each other till night fell. . . . The scent of London lilacs and May blossom grew sweeter in the air. The dusk was warm; the fire died out unnoticed. The dull roar of the traffic was hushed, or somehow seemed more far away, and for one brief spring hour Love had the victory.

But Time was stronger. Wisdom waited on his footsteps, and Love himself turned traitor against Love. The heart still young and passionate within her mocked itself with the echo of her own words: "If I must have no more triumphs, I will at least retire with dignity." Come to her aid then, Dignity, thou phantom friend, and

lead the tired singer from her last platform!

Next noon brought Rolf this note from Edith Stanbury: "Rolf, my beloved, you must let me go. I was very wrong to take advantage of your pity and tenderness. I was weak, selfish, and contemptible; and now I am ashamed. Forgive me, and remember always that you gave me back one spring day out of eternity.

I bless God and you for the joy of it.

"I have accepted a teaching appointment in Leipzig, and shall leave London the day after to-morrow. I will send you my address. You will be perfectly free, and welcome, to write to me, or to see me again at any future time, if you think you can do so with less pain than pleasure. I put no barriers between us, save one. That one is demanded by your own honour and happiness, and therefore, as I love you, it is final and absolute.

"If you can bear it, I would very much rather you would not come to say good-bye. Let the memory of our last good-bye be with us-it was such a happy one. When the day comes that you can thank me for this,



"THE SISTERS"
Alfred Tompson

Drawn by A. Campbell Cross

you will know, too, how much I need your forgiveness."

Rolf stuffed the letter into his pocket and started out

post-haste for Baker Street.

Yesterday's sunshine was lost in rain; cold, gusty, and persistent. The sky, which then had shone so pearly-blue behind the hawthorn and lilac, was now a dead monotony of grey. All that was left of last night's glory was the faint fragrance of drenched flowers. The sense of some implacable fate, roused suddenly against him, stirred his blood. He fought against it with the arguments of desperation. Surely she had not already taken back the gift so briefly given! Surely she would listen to him—he would prove to her that he was serious—that he had loved her—oh, interminably!

He reached the gate of Marlborough Mansions, and hurried in, noticing without curiosity a brougham

waiting in the street.

"Is Mrs. Stanbury at home?" How the title of wifehood and widowhood seemed to encumber her name!

"Mrs. Stanbury is very ill, sir," said the maid. Rolf started, and stood blankly, waiting for more.

"If you'd like to leave your card, sir—she's too ill to

be told of anyone calling."

"Thanks—I—I'm very sorry. It must have been sudden," he faltered, questioningly. "Has she any friends with her?"

"We've telegraphed for her sister," said the girl, "and a nurse. The doctor's with her now. Would you like to wait and speak to him?—it's Mr. Underwood, isn't it?"

A slight half-sympathetic recognition had crossed the girl's face, as if remembering his visit the evening before.

Rolf went into the little sitting-room. Could it be the same? A great stillness had fallen upon it, to which even the dull noise of traffic came as a welcome relief. The clock had stopped. He shuddered to see the piano closed, the music primly ranged in heaps beside it. The coldness of the place appalled him; the neatness of an uninhabited dwelling, swept and garnished for fresh uses, which calamity delayed. Behind this loomed the sense of a closed door, an unattainable presence, a joy remote, which yesterday was warm at his breast.

Then the doctor entered, surprised, but imperturbable,

resentful of intrusion.

"Mrs. Stanbury's condition is very critical," he said.
"I have seldom seen a case of laryngitis develop so rapidly. And there are heart complications which make

fever very dangerous to her. I'm afraid that is all I can tell you. I need hardly add that if she should recover she will be quite unable to see anyone at present."

The doctor bowed him out firmly.

Rolf crept away, he cared not whither; anywhere to be alone, and to get away from the spring—the hateful, treacherous spring with its bitter winds and pitiless rain. Flower-girls with violets pestered him in the street. He turned into Regent's Park. But there he found even less seclusion. Every wayfarer, in the pelting downfall, seemed to observe him as he passed. The swelling water rushed loudly down the gutters. He crossed over and found a higher road, between wet pastures. The sounds of wheels grew duller and more mournful. With them, in his fancy, mingled another sound, the sound of yesterday's music:

Win me that day from sorrow, And let me die to-morrow!

Yes, he had won that for her—she said so, didn't she? He took the letter from his pocket and read it over and over. "Remember always that you gave me back one spring day out of eternity." And now—to let her die! No! No: it was absurd. The doctor was fooling him. People didn't die like that, without a long illness—at least, young people didn't. Young—young—how old did they say she was?

Some new sound—perhaps the shrill chirp of a robin in the tree—altered the current of his thought, and his mood with it. A rush of hope and gladness came over him. This illness, at all events, would give him another chance to woo her. It was better than if she had gone off to Leipzig in a day or two. Surely by the end of the week he would be allowed to see her! And then there would be the convalescence. He would go every day and take her flowers. And he would work for her—ah, how he would work! He could earn money; he must earn it. She should not have to drudge at teaching now.

So he walked on with aimless feet, that ached at last with the wet and weariness. Then he dropped into a seat and stared at the inscrutable horizon. Towards nightfall the drenched shadow of himself came back, with fearsome footsteps, to her door.

A piece of white paper was stuck with three drawing pins on one of the upper panels. He counted the pins: it wanted another at that corner. The door was green, newly painted. The beading of the panels caught the rain. He lowered his eyes as if to avert a stroke that threatened them. There were confused brown marks of many footprints on the step, as if the door had been besieged with callers. Rolf remembered that it was her day at home.

Then he faced it and read. Dazed and undone he struggled vainly to make some other sense out of the

brief, cold words.

As he moved, the maid, red-eyed and dishevelled, came hurriedly to the window and pulled down the blind.

ESTHER WOOD.

T. ----

Twin violets with the morning dewdrop bright, These are her eyes;

Clear as the star that first lends heaven its light When daylight dies.

A sound of summer woods when day first breaks,
This is her voice;

Sweet as the chime of golden bells, it makes My soul rejoice.

A stricken deer that lies and gasps for breath, This is my heart;

For she regards me not, and only death Can ease its smart.

J. H. BENTINCK.

ART FROM A MATERIAL POINT OF VIEW.

O matter how ethereal or beautiful an idea may be, once brought within the region of actuality it is bound to have its prosaic side. Art, we know, is by no means free from this reproach, if reproach it be, for our most cherished and beautiful possessions, gifts from the children of genius to all other children of the world, are bartered and sold as so much merchandise in the auction and sales room; "knocked down" in the majority of instances, not to the art lover, who wishes to be enabled to contemplate their beauty at will, but to the speculator generally, who sees in them a safe investment, and a good return.

Another question, apart from that of actual filthy lucre, which the painter, howsoever he be absorbed in lofty and idyllic dreams, is forced to contemplate, is the question of the material mediums and accessories of his craft. No artist can afford to leave the ordering of such details to subordinates as beneath his notice. His dream of immortality will be signally defeated if he ventures to do so. In one of the well-known picture galleries of the world there are to be seen several examples of a celebrated painter actually fading and vanishing before our sight, and this is due simply to the fearful extent to which the adulteration of the cheaper colours was at one time carried.

So that these chefs d'œuvre, which should have remained "a joy for ever," will be but so in name or memory to our unfortunate posterity, so unhappily deprived of them. The artists of the Middle Ages—to particularise, during the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries—did not disdain to grind and mix their colours with their own hands, by this means giving and guaranteeing to their works a beauty which time can never blemish.

But I desire to go back still further, to begin at the very beginning, to take, for example, the earliest efforts of art, the most elementary of pictorial representations—those of our primitive ancestors, in that period of forgotten and uninscribed history we call "Paleolithic."

At that time the artist's cloth or paper of our day was replaced by flint, and as this useful, though apparently unvielding, material sufficed for all his simple needs, and was almost the only substance of which he availed himself, it is not surprising to learn that his tools came from the same storehouse—an outfit before which some of our strongest (I use this term advisedly) might well feel discouraged. Not so Primitive Man of the Stone Age; he set to work undauntedly, and has left us some very remarkable specimens of his skill. But (and though I feel here that I am wandering from my subject) perhaps I may be allowed to remark that I see no reason why we should pin our faith so absolutely to his sincerity of purpose as to imagine that his representations of megalosauri, ichthyosauri, megalonyxes, and so on, were true to nature, and positively uninfluenced by fancy (or a bad light). Can we consider imagination as only a modern evolution that its possession or exercise by the Stone Man be strenuously denied? We know that it is one of the earliest manifestations of intellect that wakes in the child. If a Stone Man, crediting his posterity with no imagination, chanced to awake and find himself in a gallery of modern impressionist paintings, he could hardly refrain from concluding that Nineteenth Century folk had developed an extraordinarily attenuated and angular habit of body, with blue, mauve, and green hair, not to catalogue other equally interesting and abnormal features.

But to return, or rather, to come forward at a bound, the earliest Indian and Egyptian artists, economically inclined, utilised the interior walls of religious grottoes and sepulchres as canvases, where are found some of their best handicraft; the enduring nature of the masonry being perhaps accountable for the preservation of their pictorial achievements rather than any special exertions on the part of their admirers. The lurking fancy of artists for converting various walls into wall-paper, so to speak, culminated in the achievements of Michael Angelo and Raphael. When other "musketeers of the brush" were first revelling in the liberty and delights of oil, they remained faithful to their mortar and distemper, and have been rewarded by the gratitude of every nation but their own, to whom they have caused a great expense for restoring and preserving their frescoes in order to conceal their inappreciation from the eyes of enthusiastic foreign critics.

Frescoes should not, by the way, be confounded with the encaustic paintings of the ancients. These were posed on a wall prepared by a coating of oil and resinous substances. Afterwards this was covered with a coat of wax, white or tinted. The colours employed were also mixed with wax and resin, and the painting being finished, it was covered with a thick coat of varnish.

So at least legend has it, but the true process has long perished, and is forgotten. Schnorr endeavoured to revive it at Munich, but his *Schnorring* was unsuccessful, and the work remains a mute testimony to his failure.

Many of the most ancient churches, notably those of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and St. Mark at Venice, are almost entirely covered with examples of the painter's skill. The only objection to be raised against this method of procedure, which has at the same time much to recommend it, is that it is quite impossible to borrow all or any of such work for foreign exhibition purposes, and the same insuperable argument may be urged against the marvellous mosaic work of the Jews and Egyptians, which reached the height of its development under the Greeks. Notwithstanding the fact that such specimens of art were not executed with a brush, they constitute a remarkable series of pictures and designs, as none who have ever seen or studied the Sylla mosaics found at Palestine would be inclined The materials of these old masters consisted of slips of variously coloured marbles, or enamelled glass.

Before the introduction of cloth, when the picture as a movable accessory had gained in popularity, wood carefully prepared with chalk was most frequently used, but its tendency to become worm-eaten and rotten was always a serious drawback. It was also liable to split, and however that might intensify the humour of a portrait, one could not fail to observe that it was not included in the original design.

Paintings on metals have been popular from the earliest times downwards, copper being, perhaps, the favourite material on account of the beautiful, polished surface it presents to work on. A background of gold or blue enamel was as a rule affected by those who selected this medium, notably by the Byzantines.

I must not omit the paintings on glass, though I have necessarily omitted to notice countless other materials. This, another lost art, reached its height in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. Jan Van Eyck, Albert Dürer, and Lucas van Leyden all arrived at some remarkable and astonishingly beautiful results by their works in

this direction. The earlier workers on glass built up their pictures by means of little coloured slips held together by lead pipings. Their attempts as regards design and composition were, generally speaking, pitiable, but their colours have certainly never been excelled, if equalled. Jan Van Eyck, who was a bit of a chemist as well as an artist, invented several vitrifiable paints, and in later days much has been done in the hope of reviving interest in this beautiful application of the painter's art.

Materials of to-day, narrowing again the scope of my remarks to painting proper, are too well known to need reference. To-day the student or worker "swims in a sea of doubt and uncertainty" as to selection, the choice being so wide and varied. So much has been done for him that following the general law of ingratitude it is not surprising to find him grumbling that his aids are insufficient. Nevertheless, when we hear of a painter photographing his model on to his canvas in order to dispense with possibly unskilful drawing, one is apt to consider that material aid has gone quite far enough. If we ever achieve the not impossibility of photographing in colours, gentlemen of the type last mentioned will certainly sink to "retouchers." Art, however, is as strong as our love for her, and that being (let us believe) an integral part of human nature, it follows that in whatever form or substance we may best appreciate her, she will not lack expression while present civilisation endures. And that is a species of extreme unction, which it will be found truly comforting to lay to heart.

LEAR ANSON.

THE ENTOMBMENT.

(After the picture by Nicolas Poussin.)

In the great darkness o'er His Holy Land
Stark lies the murdered God of Galilee!
The world has stopped! Wan men can hear Death's sea

Roar on the reefs where ends Life's surgy strand!

The dead are in the glooms—a grisly band!

Rapt in pale dreams the Rabbi on his knee

Swathes his dear Lord for sleep, long sleep, that He

May know Love's touch through Death, and understand.

O red-eyed mourner, was he man, and dead?

O women three, by agonies of tears

Hope ye to rouse the regal wounded head?

Or sees your Faith across these swamps of fears

Stern soldiers sleeping, tenantless His bed,

And mild-eyed Christs enhaloed in the years?

WALTER REA RALEIGH.





THE HAG

Drawn by John P. Pemberton

"EN MENAGE."

HE "clique" numbered seven—all good men and true. There were Travers of Boston, Brown of the School of Architecture, and little Johnny Hardstone, M.D., Dumoulin of the Collège de France, and Dawson of the Beaux Arts, to say nothing of Alison, the nouveau from Julian's, who, with the characteristic impertinence of youth, had assumed the chair at the top of the table.

Never since the "clique" took to dining at Madame's had dinner proved such a dull and miserable failure, and when Martin, just back from Milwaukee and his sister's wedding, came in along with the coffee and cordials, the gloom increased till the atmosphere was absolutely oppressive. Shaking hands all around the new comer dropped in a chair by Brown, his fidus Achates, and called for drinks. "I've counted noses, and can't make it out," he said, with a puzzled air, as he raised his glass. "As usual, 'we are seven,' like the wonderful family in the objectionable poem, yet, somehow, I don't see Bill."
"I'm only newly elected," chirped the nouveau.

"One of us in the churchyard lies," misquoted the

little doctor, mournfully.

1

"And I'll stake my chances of the Eternal," drawled Travers, with his abominable down-east accent, "that one has gone to heaven."

"What's that you're hinting at, you chaps?" queried

Martin, uneasily; "not that Bill—?"
"That's about the size of it," growled Brown.

"Ah, pauvre Beel!" squeaked Dumoulin in his queer, high-pitched voice.

But, see here," gasped Martin. "You don't mean t say Bill's dead!"

"It's true, poor boy!" said Alison, who was old for

- his years, being just eighteen.
 "Good Lord, it's too horrible. Why didn't you write or tell me? Poor old Bill, dear old chap!" and Martin broke down.
- "Time enough to tell you now you're here," drawled

"When did it happen, and how?" asked Martin.
"I should call it a general breakdown," suggested Hardstone, with a grave professional air that at another time would have sent them all into fits of laughter.

"Too much work," added Brown, carefully flicking

the ash from his cigarette.

"Poor old chap," muttered Travers under his breath, "he was simply tired of life, and had the courage to quit it."

"Ah. cher Beel!" came plaintively from the corner

where Dumoulin sat.

"He wasn't to blame," blundered Alison; "poor

fellow, his mind was upset."

Martin looked round the table from face to face. "We are all old friends," he said, sternly; "tell me the truth; was it suicide?"

"We're afraid it was," growled Dawson, with a suspicious quiver in his usually rough voice.

"Tell me all?" begged Martin once more. A party of Americans who had strayed into the Rougerie by chance sat giggling at the opposite table, and shouting to the waiter in villainous French. "I can't tell you here," Brown said, with a disgusted look at the unconscious tourists; "it would be nothing short of desceration to attempt it. Let's settle the score and go round to Bill's old diggings. They're mine now," he added: "and you'll find nothing changed for I took added; "and you'll find nothing changed, for I took things over at a valuation.

"It all dates back to the night of the Julian ball," Brown resumed, when he'd lighted the studio lamps and seen that his guests all had seats and plenty of matches and smoking things. "It all dates back to the ball and the stiff-necked and unrighteous propriety of that Dolliber

girl from Chicago."

"Then it had nothing to do with Angelique?" said

Martin, with a curious tightening of his lips.

"It had all to do with Angelique," answered Alison from his perch on the box that had once served Bill for a model throne.

Brown stilled the talkative nouveau with a wave of his hand. "I can see now," he said, slowly blowing a great wreath of smoke upwards into the air. "I can see now clearly that I was partly to blame, because I invited the women. You know," he explained, "a lot of them wanted to see my 'get up,' and Dawson's and Alison's, too, so I told my sister and one or two of the girls to call in early the night of the ball, and feast their eyes on us and our toggery.

"And of course they came," chimed in Alison the

irrepressible.

"Of course," admitted Brown, "and Bill, who didn't know they were expected, came too, and brought Angél' for a look at our war paint."

"Yes, yes, go on," urged Martin, impatiently.

"And by some ill chance," said Brown, "my sister brought the Dolliber girl."

"And you know she was awfully in love with Bill,"

interrupted Dawson.

"It was splendid to see him rise to the occasion," drawled Travers. "Of course it was horribly awkward. but he introduced Angélique to each in turn as 'my wife, Madame Swift.' The girls behaved like thorough-breds, although they knew the truth—all but that beast of a Dolliber girl."

"And she?" asked Martin, expectantly.

"Turned on her heel and tossed her head, declining the intended honour in the most significant and sarcastic way," said Alison, and he mimicked both words and manner.

"And Angélique, little Angélique!" cried Martin.

"How did she stand such an insult, poor child?"

"She turned very white, and caught at Dawson's arm. At the time I thought she was only angry, but it seems she misunderstood, and fancied she'd got poor Bill into trouble."

"She was horribly jealous," insisted Alison.

"Go on," said Martin, unheeding the interruption.

"She slipped out of the room while Swift was squaring himself with the girls, and I was trying to appease the outraged feelings of the immaculate young lady from Chicago. Bill was so angry he gave up the ball, but, of course, the rest of us went. Next day Bill came to my place to inform me that Angélique could nowhere be found. I soothed him as best I could, for he was terribly cut up, I could see. We searched everywhere, but without avail. Three weeks after they discovered what had once been Angel' afloat in the little cross current below the Cité."

"Dead," groaned Martin, in a voice that was almost a sob, "dead, my little Angél'."

The others sat silent before this sudden, unexpected self-betrayal; even the thoughtless nouveau had the grace to hold his tongue. After a bit Martin raised his head, and turned wearily to Brown, "And Bill?" he

"What of poor old Bill?" asked, hoarsely.

Brown shook his head and looked at Dawson, who, with obvious unwillingness, went on with the story. "Poor old chap, he took to unlimited absinthe after the funeral, and refused to eat. Then?—well—one morning when the concierge carried up the letters she saw him, as she supposed, lying fast asleep; later in the day Alison, there, went in and found him dead, with an empty chloral



Designed by J. J. Guthrie



Designed by J. J. Guthrie

bottle on the table, and a letter beside it addressed to Brown. Like the wise boy he is he pocketed the letter before he aroused the house, and the verdict in consequence was 'Accidental.' It came a lot easier on his people like that, you know, and they don't suspect; for, of course, we held our tongues, and the Chicago girl had, fortunately, done for herself, and was muzzled."
"How?" asked Martin, speaking like a man but

half awake.

"I'll tell you the scandal later," growled Dawson; and it was a scandal," he added, with evident relish. "Nine times out of ten it's the natural end of your

ultra-prudish sort.

"They're not all like that," young Alison was protest-ing when the studio door creaked uneasily on its hinges, and a woman came into the room. She looked in surprise at the stupefied faces turned to hers. "Beel, where is Beel?" she asked, impatiently. "It is I, Angélique, and I ask you where is Beel?"

For a moment no sound nor movement was madethe little group were held spellbound and rigid in utter

astonishment.

Brown, recovering first, arose and pushed her gently into a chair. "Poor Bill is dead," he said, sorrowfully. "And we thought you, too, were dead," said Travers,

nervously taking her hand.

Angélique looked from one to another in a dazed manner, but her colour did not lessen-for the matter of that, perhaps it was artificial and couldn't-nor did she seem greatly shocked by the news. "Beel is dead." she remarked indifferently, as she patted the gleaming coil of hair in the nape of her shapely neck. you say is dead, and from what?"

Patiently and tenderly Brown tried to explain till Angélique interrupted him with a flood of broken English. "An' I, you tink me one fool to drown for zat leetle cat of an Américaine. Mais, now," she said, with a careless snap of her finger, "I care not zat for what she say. Mon Dieu, Angélique Dubois hav' not live twenty-tree

an' in zis quartier to die like one crassy." Martin rose from his seat and stood before her. "Why

did you go away?" he demanded, sternly.

"Pout, I go for ze change, an' because Philippe Armand, my ver' good fren', have need for one modele. I make ze petite voyage, an' I make ze return-voilà

The men looked uneasily at Martin while Angelique went flippantly on. "Behol', I hav' return, an' zere is no welcome, no Beel, no *ménage*, not even one drink. You stan' like a crod of ghos'. You are no more my fren's, an' I hav' not a sou."

"I—I think I'm cured," Martin whispered brokenly to Brown. "Let us give her some money and tell her to go." On which advice Brown straightway acted.

Last week at the Bullier, however, Angélique, in a bright-flowered silk, danced gaily with Martin, while the rest of the "clique," grown accustomed to the new ménage in their midst, looked on with indifference as they chatted and sipped their coffee.

CONSTANCE COMPTON MARSTON.

"I HAVE SAID, YE ARE GODS!"

Streaming from dingy alleys of the town,
A motley rabble, grimy and unkempt,
At sultry eve with hurried steps come down
The pebbled beach, to where cool waters tempt.
They stand in sombre phalanx at the verge—
A squalid host—and chide the lagging hour
That frees for them the waves' inviting surge;
And waiting hear it vibrate from the tower.

Now from mean raiment springs each youthful form,
And flashes like the morn from cloudy fold;
All—radiant—glorious—bathed with sunlight warm,
In native beauty, man of primal mould:
Untrammelled, as when first the earth he trod
In innocence—the image of his God!

A. STANLEY COOKE.

A ROMAN PAINTER.

PAINTER and his pupil were together in the garden of Villa Borghese one April morning. She was sitting under a tree on a camp stool with her easel before her; a pale, small girl, with amazingly large, lustrous, black eyes. The painter, a tall, spare man with a countenance alternately intent and dreamy, stood watching. She desisted a moment, and looked up at him.

" Is it right?" she asked,

He paused before he replied; and then he lookednot at the painting, but at her.

" Too right, Donna Olimpia."

In the look, and in the tone also, was a strange mixture of deference and pity. She seemed startled.
"How, too right?"

"Too right for a princess. You should dispose of your genius to my poor little model, who has to earn her bread."

"I wish I could change with her, and have nothing else to do but paint all day, instead of spending half my time in wearisome receptions."

The painter sighed. He dared not say how much

he wished so too.

"Let us forget everything but nature for a little while," he said, and "let us leave off trying to imitate it, but sit here and merely enjoy it."

His pupil threw herself on the grass. She was a simple, natural girl, although she went out in the most

corrupt society in Europe.

The master stood and gazed—at the blue Italian sky. at the graceful trees with their new foliage, at the brilliant carpet of grass, in which every weed was a flower, at the fragments of statues and pillars strewn amongst them with studied negligence; at the cows grazing, and the ragged children playing. The birds, the humming and buzzing insects—all seemed to share in the spirit of happiness. It was, as he looked upon it, an innocent world. Pain seemed to have no part in it.

The painter stretched himself on the grass near his pupil, and they talked, not wisely, not learnedly, but naturally; expressing the thoughts suggested by the scene around them. They were primitively simple thoughts, and expressed with simplicity, and they were all good

and pure.

Suddenly Donna Olimpia started up exclaiming:



GIRL IN WHITE

Drawn by C. H. Pepper

"Here comes the carriage, and I must go!"

She gathered up her painting materials, and the master carried them for her to the carriage, in which the "dame de compagnie" had been taking a little tour round the gardens for the exercise of the horses and her own delectation.

The painter long followed with his eyes the little figure in the white gown and the straw hat, who, turning and

smiling brightly, waved a last farewell to him.

"Ah, if she were not a princess!" he sighed. "So simple, so natural, so sweet; and with all an artist's soul, but weak! Alas, she is doomed. If I were but a prince! For the first time in my life I wish that I belonged to her set. I could save her then; but as it is, how dare I now?" Giulio Gennaro usually was known by the designation of "that painter of the Princess Santamarina's." The great lady employed him as decorator of her palace; as drawing master for her daughter; asked him to breakfast and to dinner occasionally, and would have made him her tame cat had he submitted -but for some unaccountable reason he would not. He seemed content to perform his work faithfully, and to get his pay regularly—no more, no less. Duty done and requited, he would make his bow and depart. The Princess was not accustomed to this sort of behaviour from a person of his low station in life. She was astonished and hurt and indignant.

"Why, I asked the man to breakfast and he begged to be excused! What does he mean by it?" Worse still when her particular friend, the Duchess of Martorelli, thought she would like a few drawing lessons to amuse her mornings, he actually told her that she had no talent, and that he only took pupils who were worth teaching. In short, the Princess's lion was untamable. The Roman aristocracy was piqued. All its daughters were conducted to his studio, and were, with but few exceptions, declared ineligible—and whenever he accepted one for a pupil there was, as a consequence, great rejoicing on her own family's part. The rejected ones, on the other hand, were obliged to content themselves with that cringing little Caprioli. Caprioli had, until recently, been all the rage because he assured the girls that they were geniuses, and executed all their drawings for them whilst they talked together; and these performances were afterwards exhibited in their mamma's drawing-This was very convenient; and rooms as their own. Caprioli had had a great success as drawing master until the Princess Santamarina chose to discover Gennaro.

She was a clever woman, and she knew what art was. Gennaro taught her daughter how to draw and paint, and the other girls began to be a little ashamed of their productions—even those corrected by Caprioli himself, when they came to be compared with Olimpia di Santa-So by and by it came to be a great honour marina's. to be accepted as a pupil by Gennaro, but some demurred to the society which their daughters met in the other students taught by this "originale." He was requested to keep his studio more select, but even to this moderate request he would not accede. His studio should be open to all who had talent, he said, of every sort and degree, and he would not send away the former model who now sought to earn her living in a more noble fashion as an artist. This lost him some of his good pupils, and Caprioli now began to hold his own against him; but Gennaro did not seem to worry over that. Nobody could make him out a bit. Some of his acquaintances were of opinion that his behaviour proceeded from infantile simplicity; while others credited him with Machiavelian astuteness. That he was merely an honest man, who tried to do his duty, was a possibility that had not occurred to anybody. It was perhaps as well; it would have made him exceedingly unpopular, and swept away the remaining patronage he enjoyed, had the fact gotten abroad and he never proclaimed it.

* * *

The Princess di Santamarina gave a great ball at the end of the season to celebrate the betrothal of her daughter to Don Leone Delfinoro, future head of one of the greatest Roman families. That capable woman had done very well for Olimpia, and was immensely pleased with herself. Olimpia felt rather like one in a dream. Only a year before she had been a little schoolgirl, and in a few weeks she was to be a great lady, envied, courted, deferred to.

Don Leone was handsome and amiable. She had no objection to try and fall in love with him, and altogether it was a pleasant state of bewilderment. The painter Gennaro was actually present at this ball, quite a condescension, as the Princess ironically remarked. He went up to Olimpia, like all the rest, with his congratulations. "So it seems that I am to lose my best pupil," he said, and his lips quivered a little. Olimpia noticed his agitation.

"Are you sorry?" she asked.

He paused some seconds before he could reply.

"I shall try not to be, if you are happy."

"And if I should not be happy?" A new light was dawning in her eyes.

"Then I shall allow myself to be very sorry, very

sorry indeed."

She looked at him again, and then blushed crimson from brow to chin. Don Leone, who came to claim her for the dance, saw the rich colour mounting in his bride's cheek, and smiled with great self-satisfaction. The painter bowed and retreated, and Donna Olimpia took the arm of her betrothed. But all of a sudden the world had changed to her. The ballroom was no longer a scene of enchantment, Leone no longer a fairy prince, but only a very commonplace young man. Congratulations no longer pleased but sickened her. Yet her pulses were beating with a fearful joy, and her brain reeling with the new discovery-

"My master loves me! me! me! poor little me!"

It was the last lesson in Villa Borghese; but the pupil was not painting. There had been little attempt at it. A few last touches to the picture, and then the easel was folded up, and the paints put by in the box, and master and pupil wandered amongst the trees talking.

"It is time to go back," said the master, "for our lesson is over, and we are here under false pretences. I hope you will keep up your painting after you are married.

It will be a resource and comfort to you."

He had so long been used to school his face and his voice that he felt sure that he now betrayed nothing, but the girl looked at him with those blazing eyes of hers in a way that made him tremble.

"You are going to be very happy," he continued. Then she burst forth: "Happy! This will be my last day of happiness, and you know it, Giulio Gennaro. For once let us speak the truth together-for once."

He tried to stop her.

"Come! come! you like this young man. I saw you at your mother's ball. You seemed happy—it rejoiced

my heart."
"I was a vain fool, and my head was turned by flattery. No, I don't love 'this young man.' I love you, and you love me. Why try to hide it? You can't deceive me. I can't deceive myself, and though I am a poor weak thing, I would brave the world with you, my dear, dear master! Oh, save, save me before it is too late, before I get wicked, as I know that so many of us do who marry without love." She threw herself at his feet, sobbing, in an abandonment of despair. The painter groaned, but he did not say one word to comfort her. On the contrary, he bade her, almost harshly, to rise and dry her tears. "It must not be! Get up and dry your eyes, Donna Olimpia! We will go and look for the carriage."

"I will when you have acknowledged that you love me. You shall say it," cried the girl. "I will not be cheated like this?"

But the painter would not say it. "I do not forget. if you do, that you are betrothed to another," he said. "If you wish to please me you will be a true and loving It would give me great pain not to be able to respect you."

Then she rose, angrily.

"You are brutal, and I hate you," she exclaimed, all aglow with wounded pride—for a moment—and then she fell to weeping again, just as the Princess came upon them through the trees.

"Gennaro! Is this the way you abuse my confidence? What is all this? What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," he said, indifferently.

"He loves me," ' cried Olimpia. "He does, and he shall not deny it.

"I do not deny it," said the painter.
"A pretty story! When you are betrothed to Delfinoro—and you are not ashamed of yourself?"

"No, mamma, for I love him, and would live in a dungeon with him, rather than in a palace with Delfinoro."

"I am afraid you will have to put up with the palace," said the princess with good-humoured contempt; "but you are only a silly child and don't know what you are talking about. Gennaro, if there is any scandal about this, I shall know how to revenge myself, remember that!"

"There shall be no scandal, Princess." The indignant lady carried off her daughter, and Gennaro went back to his work in the studio.

The next morning the Santamarina equipage stopped at the door of the painter's studio, and the Princess walked in. He was alone, putting the finishing touches to a portrait of Olimpia, which he had been working on in secret.

"You have behaved abominably, Gennaro, but I will forgive you on condition that you help me in this business. You have turned the silly child's head, but it seems by her own account that the fault has been partly hers. I will try and believe that you did not mean to make mischief."

The painter said no word in his own defence, but he begged earnestly that Olimpia might not be harshly

treated, insisting that the fault was not hers.

"Oh, she has come round. Leave me to manage my own daughter; but you know what Roman tongues are. Ah! you have been painting her portrait. That will tell nice tales if you keep it in your studio. You shall give it to me, and say it was a commission. I will pay you for it, of course. Name your price!"

"It is priceless; but I will send it you—as a present.

You shall have it this afternoon."

"Very well; you owe it to me perhaps for the way

you've behaved."

There came a look into Gennaro's eyes which rather alarmed the Princess. She noticed also a brace of pistols lying on the table.

"Those pistols are prettily mounted," she said. "My husband would like to have them for a pattern. They

are not loaded, I suppose?"

"They are loaded—because I am all alone here, and I keep them for my defence; but I will discharge them if you like."

" I should be much obliged."

He went into his garden and fired the pistols in the air.

"Shall I send them with the picture?" he asked.

"No—I will take them with me in the carriage. Come to dinner this evening, and meet Delfinoro. It would be as well to advertise what good terms we are on."

"I am too much honoured. I will present myself."

He handed her into her carriage, and placed the pistols

on the seat opposite.

The Princess drove off quite happy. "If I had not been vigilant there would have been a suicide," she said to herself; "a nice story to go about Rome. I was a fool to trust that stupid old companion of mine, but I really thought Olimpia would have had more sense of propriety than to get into a scrape with her drawing master. Yet I am rather glad on the whole. I have got them both under my thumb now. There is just one good

thing about Gennaro's ridiculous pride. It prevents him from taking any advantage; and it's pleasant having the

portrait for nothing—if it had been Caprioli!"

Gennaro turned back into his studio, but for once he could not work. He sat for many hours with his arms spread before him on the table, and his head upon them. A friend, coming in, could not rouse him, so he went for the doctor, who said it was prostration from overwork.

Gennaro sent the doctor's certificate as an excuse for not dining with the Princess that evening; but she let him know that she considered his conduct "inexcusable."

A year after, the April sun shone again in Villa Borghese, and there again the former master and pupil met, in the spot where the picture had been painted that hung in the Duchess of Delfinoro's drawing-room. But they did not meet by appointment, and the painter, who was standing with folded arms gazing, gave a start as the Duchess approached.

She was very different from the little pupil of a year ago. She had developed the dignity due to her position, and her face was no longer a mirror reflecting every transient feeling, but an impenetrable mask. Something of the old light dawned in her eyes as she saw the painter. She went up to him without embarrassment, and held out her hand.

"I have come," she said, "to sit where I used to sit. It gives me a little pleasure to remember those simple old days. You, I suppose, are here quite by accident?"

The painter did not gratify her curiosity. He did not admit that he had come thither through sentimentthat what she had done once he did every day. asked if she was well.

"I am well," she said, but sighed.

"Your husband?"

"Oh, he—is very well indeed, I think."

"I am glad to hear that, for it shows that you make him happy.

"I do my duty," she said, coldly; "but duty and happiness seem to be at opposite poles for me."

They are, for most people."

"Why?" she cried, passionately. "Why? We were doing no harm here a year ago. We were so innocently happy. Why are we to be punished for it?"

"I cannot tell. Perhaps it is not punishment, but

discipline. I salute you, Duchessa.'

He bowed and departed, leaving the world for ever desolate to the poor little Duchess. That five minutes of a reflex gleam of life and love, as it should be, was all her portion in this world. She dared not cry, for she had company to the late breakfast, and fits of tears played havoc with her delicate complexion; so presently she got up with a little shiver, and walked to her carriage. Neither she nor the painter ever came to that spot again; but they both dream of it often, and possibly in their dreams their spirits meet.

There has never been any scandal about the Duchess of Delfinoro. She is the most correct person in all the Roman society. Her mother attributes this good behaviour to her own excellent example and bringing up. Gennaro sells his pictures well, and is a prosperous

man.

Society will not bestow even the crown of thorns upon her martyrs.

MARGARET GALLETTI.



Designed by J. J. G.

NOTES.

It cannot be gainsaid that M.A.P., T. P. O'Connor's the society brochure, is interesting and readable to a degree, Editor full of gossip and small talk, yet free from scandal and offensive innuendoes, a sort of *Town Topics* in fact, without the sting i' the tail. *M.A.P.*, as all know, stands for "Mainly About People," and that title covers a multitude of sins-editorial and otherwise-for, except it be loyalty to the title, why have we such an account of the exhibition and sale of Burne-Jones's pictures at Christie's as appears in a recent issue of the paper, under the heading "M.A.P. in the Boudoir." If, in reading the first of the series of notes about the sale, we thought that, for the moment, the order of the day was changed (as it well might have been) to "Mainly About Pictures," we quickly, as we perused further, saw our mistake. In this first note we are told that Sir Edward Burne-Jones was a faultless and painstaking draughtsman, the "countless little finished sketches" going to prove this fact—and this in spite of anything that may be said by his detractors. Following this, the elaborate finish and method of his work is further dilated on. And so far, so good.

> Note No. 2 opens promisingly. We are given the names of some of the great people present at the view on Friday, and that, too, is well. Then, just as we are told that at the sale on Saturday the chairs were all filled, and a great crowd had collected long before the appointed timejust as our interest is being goaded on, and everything is leading up to the great climax, we are suddenly informed:
> "Mrs. Asquith, in cool, printed gauze, wore a fichu held by two little knots of black velvet, centred by turquoise brooches, and a Tuscan straw hat." As an excuse, perhaps, for the richness of her costume, the reporter adds, "No doubt, she was interested in the sale." Yes, no doubt!-but the scribe might certainly have found some better reason for his belief than the one he hastens to give us, namely, that "her father Sir Charles Tennant was represented in the room to bid for a picture." [Sic.] Next we are told, "Mrs. Charles Wilson, in black and white striped silk, wore a pretty mauve hat, with a mauve paradise plume, and a fichu of yellowy lace." [Again this fichu!] We skip to the next note, and are greeted with: "Mrs. Anstruther Thompson, in tan colour, was busy with her eyeglass." [Heavens! -let us hope that once in awhile she directed it towards the pictures.] Then we have more fashion notes about Mrs. Murray Guthrie, who, it is gravely noticed, "occupied a seat in the front row," as if there was something very unusual in this. "Lady Hood," we see, "came in ivory canvas, sasked with black, etc."—but whether in compliment



By Charles Pears

STUDY



to the dead artist or not, we are not informed. In canvas and black, forsooth! Here at least we have something appropriate to the occasion, and if we, who are not oracular in matters of the boudoir, be allowed to express an opinion, we should say that this "creation" scored! Other modistatems follow.

Then in the last and smallest note, the sale of the pictures is spoken of. In six lines we have it all. Briefly, ninety lots were offered, and produced £23,000.

In the following note (the sale being thus disposed of) we are edified at learning that Lady Uxbridge has hereditary gout of the heart, etc. Elsewhere, we are told that Lady Chelsea could not attend Mr. and Mrs. Rochefort Maguire's party because her "eldest little girl was operated upon in the throat. for the fashionable 'adenoids,' and her mother did not like to leave her, although she was going on very well." (Surely a Victoria Cross should be established for the heroes and heroines of society.) Lady Raincliffe gave a dance and wore a "beautiful tiars in her fair, fluffy hair." And so on ad infinitum and ad n-m. But should we object? reading public like, and crave for, "personalism," and their cravings must be appeased. The days of ponderous leaders and profound editorials are numbered. The public aremore interested in an account of the necktie President McKinley wore when he signed his message than in the message itself; more deeply concerned in Chamberlain's orchids and monocle than in his colonial policy. And all this makes us think. Does not this far reaching innovation in journalism apply to a Bohemian publication as well? Do not our readers, also, crave personalities and items of gossip? They have a right to be heard, if they do.

Mr. H. O. Tanner, whose "Raising of Lazarus" hasbrought him recently into such prominence, visited the American Art Association on July 22nd in pearl-coloured corduroys; Mr. Stephen Wirts, who returned to Paris lastmonth from America, where the noise and hubbub annoyed him, is suffering from the fashionable complaint of "myopia," and so has bought a pair of pince-nez; Mr. Ernest Haskell, we are glad to say, has added another chair to his studio, which he has been forced to do owing to the number of friends who continually track him to his flatson the island. Mr. John P. Pemberton, of New Orleans, was seen a fortnight ago walking on the Boul' Mich'. He was looking well. The pretty model, Mile. Virginie de la Tour des Cazelles, has had a row with her friend, Mr. Abe-Jokkel, of Chicago. She is at present a guest of Mr. Paul Dupuy, of the Beaux Arts. Mr. Leonidas Smith, the miniature painter, called in at a coifeur's recently, where he parted with his fair, fluffy beard.

We throw out this as a feeler. If it proves successful and attractive, we shall start a page or two of "Personal Items in Bohemia"—and the laws of conventionality being less rigid and exacting in the society of the Latin Quarter than in the circles of the London upper ten, we shall enter into the duties of our new department with reckless enthusiasm, filled with a fine determination to show M.A.P. et al. what impudence and personalism really mean.

The American Chamber of Commerce of Paris, which, since its establishment, has controlled and organised the 4th of July celebration in that city, held a banquet in the Grand Hotel on recent Independence Day, which, in point of magnificence and in the number of distinguished people present, excelled that of any previous occasion. One remarkable feature of the evening was its cosmopolitan and inclusive nature. All creeds, politics, professions, and nationalities were represented. And though the great central idea of the fête was admirably carried out, the widest recognition of varied thought and interests seemed aimed at in its splendid programme. four hundred guests, sixty of them of the fair sex, were assembled. After their reception by the President of the Chamber of Commerce, Henry Peartree, they entered the banquet hall of the hotel to the strains of the "Washington Post." Mounted French cuirassiers kept guard at the entrance of the hotel, and the famous band of the Garde Republicaine played throughout the repast. Among those present were the American Ambassador, General Horace Porter; the Président du Conseil des Ministres: the Prefect of the Seine; M. George St. Armant; the Governor of the Bank of France; M. Bartholdi, the sculptor; Mr. M. F. Rust; the French Minister of Commerce; Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, formerly President of the Chamber of Commerce; M. Chardon, representing M. Picard, Commissioner General of the 1900 Exposition; Colonel Chaillé-Long, Secretary of the United States Commission for the Exposition of 1900; the Prefect of the Paris Police; Mr. Charles F. Greene; Commandant Truzza de Musella; Mr. J. H. Harjes; the President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce; Mr W. Seligman; Mr. John Munroe; Mr. N. A. Bothas; Mr. E. P. Maclean, U.S. Vice-Consul General; Mr. George P. Ostheimer, Mr. Guernsey Mitchell, and many others prominent in diplomatic, art, and mercantile circles in Paris. Eloquent speeches were made by President Peartree; the American Ambassador; the French Minister of Commerce, and by M. Chardon and Lieut.-Col. Chaillé-Long, etc. In the addresses of the French guests, particular stress was laid on the goodwill which France cherishes for her sister republic-the reports of recent native animosity towards Americans being refuted with spirit.

In the July 9th issue of The English and American Gazette, "D," in one of his able editorials entitled "Effusive Affection," has a few words to say about this banquet. He uses it, in fact, as the text of a sermon in which he roundly denounces the present tendency to immoderate national love making. He scores Miss Britannia on her unbecoming attitude of would-be bride-elect of Uncle Sam, who remains a decidedly reticent, though eligible, bachelor—prone, however, to offer aly encouragement at times. He calls upon his countrymen to enter with more moderation and less gush into their new policy of friendship and alliance with America—and not to mistake flattering fallacies for fact. Each nation, he hints, is humbugging the other—and possibly itself. He tells us that to get at a true complexion of matters, it is necessary to be out of either country, America or England, and therefore free from deceptive environment. And, after speaking at some length of the English and American colonies of Paris, which might be considered representative specimens of their respective countries, clinches his argument by asking what their attitude is towards each other.

In answer he draws a comparison between what was done in Paris on July 4th and the celebration in London. And this comparison, like all other comparisons, does not escape being "odious." In Paris, in fact, two banquets were given, one by the American Chamber of Commerce to celebrate the Declaration of Independence, 1776; the other by the British Chamber of Commerce to discuss certain commercial conundrums that were agitating that bodyquestions of expertise and classification and fines. At the former banquet no reference was made to England, except once, and that casually; at the latter, America and the "Glorious Fourth" seemed "clean forgot." So much for Paris. "What, on the contrary, was done in London?" asks "D," indignantly. "While General Porter, the Ambassador to the Élysée, was receiving only his countrymen and women and French friends in the afternoon at his Paris residence, Colonel Hay, the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, was hobnobbing with English noblemen and women who had never before set foot inside the United States Embassy-or at any rate on the 'Glorious Fourth.' And, in the evening, a mixed Anglo-American company sat down to dinner at the Hotel Cecil, in which the British speakers and celebrities far outnumbered the Americans, outdid the Transatlantickers in their cheers for the President, while their voices were loudest in joining in the strains of the 'Star-spangled Banner.'"

So saith our contemporary, and we do not wish to carp and criticise—there is too much good sense, for that

matter, sprinkled all through "D's" article-but, surely, a few incidents and accidents in the American Fourth in Paris—celebrated, as he admits, in a happy-go-lucky spirit -need not be taken as indicative of the nature of the relationship between the two colonies. As a matter of fact, at all American celebrations and entertainments in Paris, the British element is often disproportionately large (we are speaking in the language of mathematics, not in the spirit of hospitality), and when statistics are not forthcoming, it is simply that Americans don't trouble to notice who are their fellow countrymen and who Britishers. It was not long since when all Europe was set talking by the spectacle of the British Ambassador presiding at a dinner in Paris given by Americans in honour of Washington, and making an address which in point of lofty sentiments of admiration and reverence for America's idol could not have been excelled by the efforts of the most patriotic Yankee. (This, too, before the present outburst of enthusiasm for the Anglo-American alliance!) The American Art Association of Paris accords all the advantages of its membership to English students; and we may note that somewhat recently at an entertainment given by that institution both the British and American Ambassadors were guests. A thousand similar facts and incidents could be pointed out. We know only one American social organisation in Paris which is exclusively American—and that is the University Dinner Club. The writer of this, however, at one of its latest banquets sat opposite two gentlemen who, if they did not come from Yorkshire-well, then, he's no judge of modern languages. So we must take issue with the eloquent but somewhat severe "D"-whose diatribes are not uninfluenced, perhaps, by his recent tour through Spain, and the recognition and welcome (it is stated) he received there from our friends the enemy.

The brilliant festivities of the French Fête Nationale began this year on the 13th of July with the Michelet ceremonies, and lasted through the 15th and 16th. And for once, even in spite of the concurrent sensational arrests of two of its dramatis personæ, Picquart and Esterhazy, the dreadful Dreyfus case was relegated to a secondary place in the public attention. All Paris danced and laughed and gaily participated in the thousand and one open-air bals and fêtes in her streets, as though there was no such thing as a huge cloud surcharged with national danger and disgrace looming on the horizon. The weather, which had long been lowering and uncertain, seemed to recognise the national holiday, for the "14th" was a "day of days." Paris, with her Italian sky overhead, fluttering under her burden of countless flags and streamers, presented a scene of untoward beauty and magnificence—only equalled by her aspect at night, when she became one great tangle of pyrotechnic decorations, and NOTES

79

her palaces and towers had all, as by some magic, been changed into shapes of fire.

The usual military review took place at Longchamp, and the annual pilgrimage of Alsace-Lorraine residents wended its way to the Place de la Concorde, and added a few more wreaths to the heap of floral and bead offerings that smothers the statue of Strasbourg. The lions of the hour in Paris, the dusky envoys of H.I.M. Menelik of Abyssinia, seemed happy and impressed, and they were the "clou" of the review. Among these picturesque gentlemen of colour may be noted Dedoz Voldie, Likamakona Nado, Dedjazmatch Birraton, etc., the prenoms being, of course—as our readers can't see—titles of distinction, not mere baptismal names. The day of rejoicing passed without incident. No infernal machine was thrown at the President, and only three murders were committed in the streets.

The famous old Mazas prison in Paris is being demolished. The municipality, which humours the public with free performances at the opera and theatre, bethought them of throwing open the building for popular inspection as a means of economic entertainment, with the result that the place was invaded by a mob of the lowest element of Paris life_attracted thither, no doubt, through reminiscent sentiment—and in their struggle for loving mementoes they began to hurl brickbats and pieces of mortar at one another's heads, so that (the police on duty being powerless to subdue the tumult) the Municipal Guard had to be called in to disperse them with fixed bayonets. Most of the prominent politicians of France have at one time or another been made acquainted with the interior arrangements of this gaol, but the way in which they ignored the general invitation of the civic authorities to be present shows how little they appreciated its former hospitalities. The place was named after General Mazas, slain at Austerlitz, whose name was conspicuously set up over its entrance, until it struck someone that this compliment was at best but a dubious one, when the inscription was forthwith erased.

The centennial anniversary of the birth of France's great historian Michelet was celebrated in Paris with befitting solemnity and splendour; and a long and brilliant programme successfully followed through. On July 13th a formal ceremony was inaugurated at the Panthéon, under the auspices of the President of France, at which there were addresses from notables, and music from a combination of orchestras and bands, etc. The same day other ceremonies were set down to take place at the Hôtel de Ville, which had been lavishly decorated for the occasion. First the "Crowning of the Muse" in the square before the Hôtel, together with an "Apotheosis," which was to be witnessed by the President and all the dignitaries of Paris.

and at which, besides singers, dancers from the Opera, historical costumes, pageantry, and so forth, a chorus of six hundred voices was to assist. Then a banquet in the Hôtel, and later on a ball. Rain interrupted the out-of-door exercises, which were postponed, and took place on the 24th, but the banquet and ball came off at the time appointed, and were the successes that is Ville Lumière always acores when she sets about to give a civic or national entertainment.

These ceremonies were more than interesting to a foreigner—who, had they been carried out with less skill and impressiveness, might have voted them a trifle theatrical. The central figure of the celebration, the Muse, was personified by Mme. Ernestine Curot, a pretty, modest little ouvrière, who, among a host of fair but jealous candidates, had been elected by the Bourse de Commerce to that position. Her one hundred and forty-four unfortunate rivals were indemnified for their want of success by being offered seats at the "plein air" spectacle. Crowned by her companions, the Muse in turn crowns the bust of Michelet. In another part of the ceremonies, "La Glorification de Michelet," two allegorical figures, Truth and Poetry, are discovered at the foot of Michelet's bust. They open a volume, "The History of France," and straightway the heroes and statesmen of France appear and group themselves into a great historic tableau in the background. The widow of Michelet was a prominent figure at these ceremonies. Deputations from various foreign universities were present. Through the courtesy of Mme. Michelet—herself a native of Louisiana—Mr. Trist Wood, of The Quartier Latin, was appointed to represent Tulane University of Louisiana.

During the past month another bust has been unveiled in the Luxembourg Gardens. The late Leconte de Lisle author of the "Poèmes Antiques" and "Poèmes Barbares, The late Leconte de Lisle, was a well-known figure in the Latin Quarter, and now, like Murger and Sainte-Beuve, is commemorated in marble in the district in which he lived. At the unveiling there was a large assembly of Ministers, Academicians, and littérateurs. M. Bourgeois, Minister of Public Instruction, M. de Herrida, of the French Academy, were among the speakers. The dedicatory verses were by Catulle Mendes. The bust is the work of Puech, and was one of the attractions at last year's Salon. The beautiful Luxembourg Gardens are little by little being transformed into a people's temple to France's painters and poets, and no more ballting spot, lying as they do in the heart of artistic and literary Paris, could be chosen. In this connection we venture to ask if it would not be well to start a subscription among English and American students and artists for the purpose of erecting a bust to Du Maurier. Surely the man who has made the Latin Quarter a household word in America and England, and who, in his own way, has been as great an apostle of Bohemianism as his French predecessor Murger, deserves some such memorial recognition, and the civic authorities of Paris, if approached, would no doubt be only too willing to allot a place in the grounds of the Luxembourg for his monument.

The Entertainment Committee of the American Art Association of Paris, under the direction of Mr. Stephen Wirts, Vice-Chairman, which had increased its numbers by the appointment of Messrs. J. Bakewell, jun., and Ernest Haskell, arranged an informal but very successful banquet for the 4th of July. Mr. Theodore Lescher, the newly-elected Vice-President, presided, and Governor McCarthy, on a visit to Paris, was the guest of the evening (though in Bohemian spirit he insisted in paying his subscription "like any ordinary artist"). Among those present were Messrs. H. O. Tanner; C. B. Bigelow; M. P. Main, of *The English and American Gazette*; Dr. Lindefelt; A. Lewis; E. H. Moyle Cooper, of Cambridge; F. T. Hutchens; C. W. Ayton; A. C. Simons; etc. Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, the President, was unable to attend. Mr. Elwyn A. Barron, inspired by the occasion, made a stirring patriotic address, Mr. Haskell amused the banqueters by a few of his "stunts," while Mr. H. Dey told an original story. The architect, Mr. Southwick, made the T-square element of the club justly proud of him (and of themselves) by the triumph he scored in his impersonation of a New England preacher. During the evening Gov. McCarthy announced the fact that the American ambassador had received official confirmation of Sampson's glorious naval victory at Santiago, and the wild enthusiasm that followed led to the destruction of a dozen or mere champagne glasses. After the banquet the participants marched around town singing patriotic songs, and making night hideous with "Yankee Doodle" and "Dewey? Don't we!" The procession went to the N.Y. Herald office, then to the Grand Hotel to visit the Chamber of Commerce banquet (which had already broken up), and, returning to the "rive gauche," ended their celebration with great éclat in the Taverne du Panthéon. Several days previously the committee had organised a subscription dance at the Association, which was likewise a gratifying success; and, so report has it, they felt duly elated over the result until they began to make up the deficit which they discovered had somehow crept into their finances.

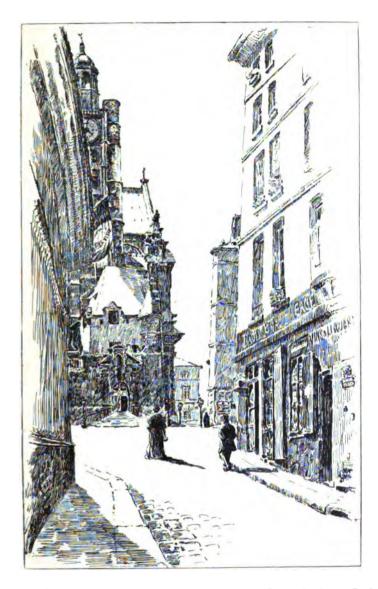
The question of rapid transit across the ocean is always an interesting subject—especially to American tourists and colonists in Paris. The exploits of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse of the North German Lloyd are known to every one, and now the public learn that that "greyhound" has broken her own record. In a recent trip to America she bowled along steadily with an average of 22.51 knots an hour to her credit, and completed her journey in the-

astonishingly short space of five days and nineteen hours. The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse is one of the largest steamers afloat, and the tremendous force that must be generated in her engines to drive her at such a rate through the water almost staggers the imagination.

The Anglo-American League, recently inaugurated at Stafford House under the presidency of the Duke of Sutherland, is gaining the support of English artists. Recent recruits are Sir W. B. Richmond, Mr. G. F. Watts, and Mr. Briton Riviere. The League includes already four dukes—Westminster, Newcastle, Sutherland, and (of course) Marlborough; lords and sirs ad libitum; some fifteen bishops; fifty lord mayors and mayors; and a host of other people prominent in various walks of life. That this looks formidable and businesslike, "D" himself will not deny.

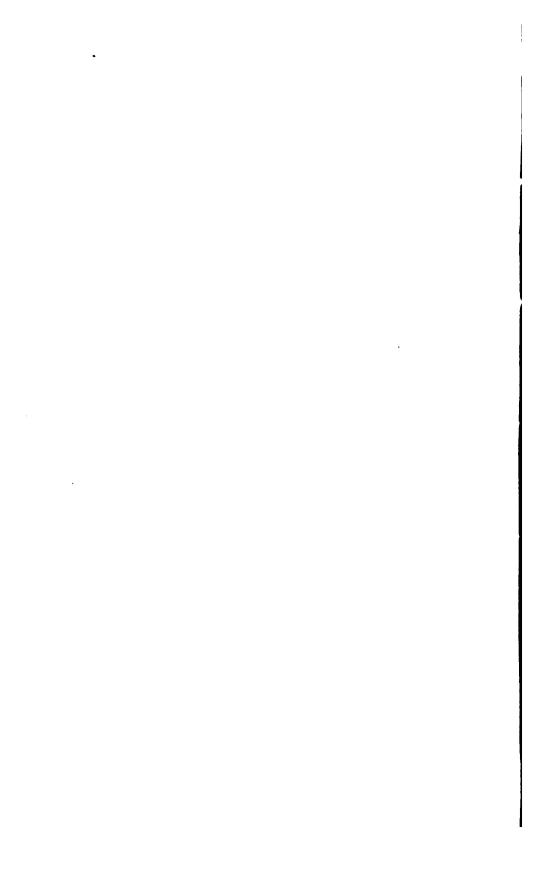
A beauty show was recently organised in Belleville, one of the suburbs of Paris, by a band of painters, poets, and sculptors. Some one hundred beauties entered the lists to compete for the prizes promised. After much ceremony and suspense the first award was bestowed on a Mile. Rochet; but her pretty face fell when she discovered it to be—a fat rabbit. The second prize was carried off—or rather down—by a Mile. Roux, to wit, a bottle of strawberry syrup. This competitor was remarkable among the rest, owing to the red Phrygian cap she had donned for the occasion. The winner of the rabbit—who could not be made to understand that it was the honour of the prize, not its value, that she should consider—showed lively symptoms of resentment, when one of the artists promised to place her profile on a medallion, as a memento of her triumph, and so there was peace and happiness.

The new magazine, The Poster, has been at once a matter of surprise and congratulation to all interested in poster art in England, in which country, though the appreciation for that form of art is daily growing, and though some of the London hoardings are here and there decorated with veritable chefs-d'œuvre—and, in fact, not a few of the best specimens of native handicraft are in great demand with French and American collectors—the spread of the poster cult has been of comparative recent date, and has been marked by the usual British conservatism. Long after the public streets and private studios of New York and Paris were made beautiful by the works of Mucha, Crasset, and Louis Rhead, London remained plunged in a nightmare of post-bill barbarism. But the torch of beauty and progress has begun to shine; and to repeat in metaphors what we said above, its rays are of the finest quality, and give promise of excellent brilliancy—a consummation devoutly to be wished, more notably as the genius



ST. ÉTIENNE DU MONT, PARIS

Drawn by H. L. Barker



of the English people is to advertise profusely—even extravagantly, widely, and without stint. And the nature of the medium therefore is of the deepest concern to all art lovers. London, from being a huge phantsamagoria of hideous and crude-coloured art depravities, may become (indeed, is on the high road to becoming) a colossal and pleasurable open-air gallery of charming pictures. Even now the works of Dudley Hardy, the Beggarstaff Brothers, and John Hassall make us in a measure forgive the flash light advertisements which, when the soft twilight hour of repose steals over the tired city, spring out on tower and wall and burn themselves into our throbbing brains.

It is poor grace to discuss the legitimacy of poster art—all art, in our humble opinion, being per se legitimate. Rather, we may ask, is not such art more legitimate, and more commendable, than the selfish and so-called high art which jealously hides away from the public in the study of the connoisseur or parlour of the millionaire? The hue and cry that the poster is the degradation of art seems unworthy of notice. The only degradation of art that we know of is a sheaf of brushes and a palette in the hands of an ignoramus, or an—amateur! Does it pay? That, in faith, is another question. But, judging from the amount of popular attention a truly artistic poster always attracts, we may safely answer that it does. We venture on the assertion, indeed, that no advertiser has ever regretted the giltedge premium paid to a good artist or faithful lithographer. True beauty and charm make a deeper impress than mere crudity and flash of colour. The fallacy of howling posters is dying out of the land. For their perpetrators are beginning to find, alas! that they howl in vain.

So, as showing the trend of the times, The Poster—whether it will survive or not—has come among us. France and the States have long had their poster magazines and publications, as witness Poster Lore and Les Maitres d'Affiche, etc., etc., and these have found a large clientèle (of which fact we are aware through other sources of information than the kindly data furnished by their advertisement managers). We hope The Poster will meet with the same support.

As another indication of the strides that the poster cause is making in England, we may cite the number of new poster shops recently established in London, which, unless we greatly err, contain all the possibilities of evolving, though it may be slowly, into establishments such as Sagot's or Deschamps' in Paris. In a conversation we recently had with the proprietor of one of the largest of these shops, M. Huardel (himself a Frenchman), we were informed that the designs of Mucha are particularly popular among London cellectors—a healthy sign, surely, and one

indicative of a true sort of interest, devoid of faddism; for Mucha's work is par excellence on the most refined and subdued order, with no element of flashiness about it likely to catch the eye of the would-be dilettante or ignorant faddist. If the public buys a Chéret, we may yet be in doubt whether love for Chéret's art, or childish delight in bright colours and shapely girls induced the purchase, but if the public hands ten shillings or fifteen shillings out of pocket for a "Dame aux Camélias," we may diagnose the case as one of soute artistic appreciation either in partial or full development.

SAWS.

Philosophy enables us to bear our troubles—until they come.

The wisdom of the fool lies in his folly; but the folly of the wise man exceedeth all foolishness. (This is not in the Bible!)

Believe what you see if you desire happiness on earth, for you seldom see what you believe.

If "curses come home to roost," where do blessings go to?

Originality is the faculty of remembering things forgotten by others.

MARK PERUGINI.

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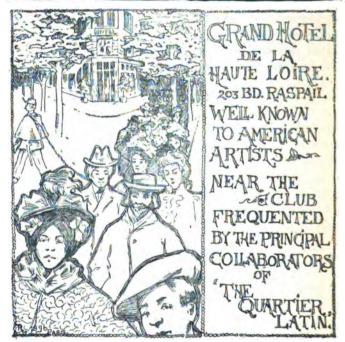
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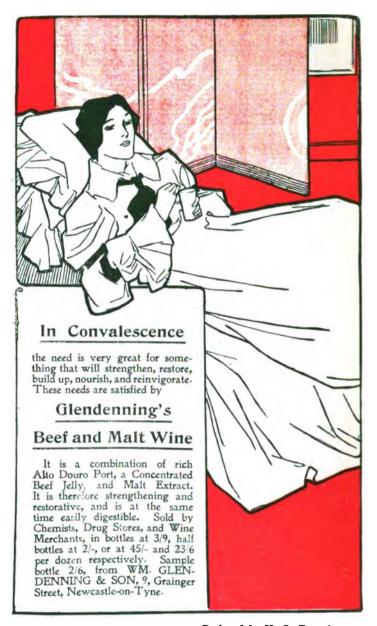
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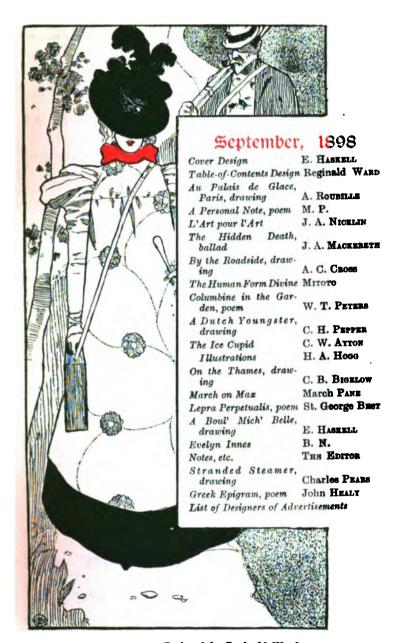
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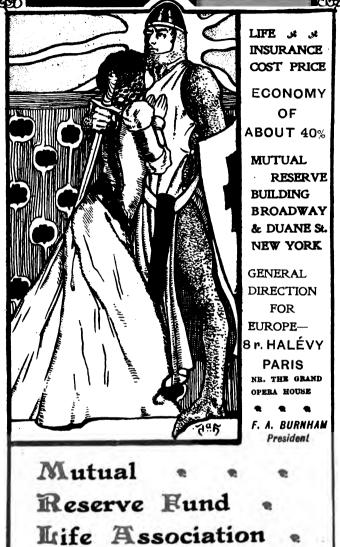
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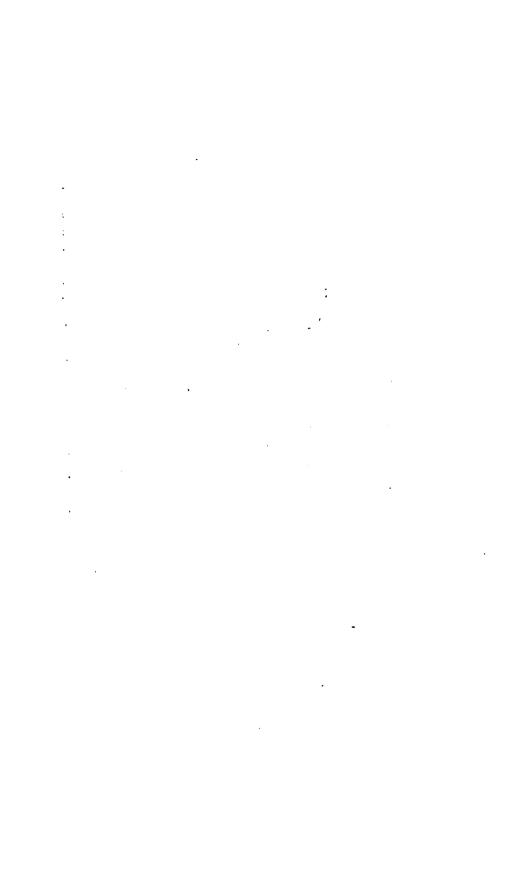


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SEPTEMBER, 1898

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Seek out a certain Relative of mine
Towards whom my heart holds love like proffered wine—
Poisoned perchance? Lord, no! as this is true.
Swiftly I'd give him just his proper due:
A slip-knot in a piece of hempen twine,
With jagged, rusty nails along the line
Where it would kiss his throat—they'd not be few.
Then with his hands made fast, and feet as well,
Tight'ning the noose about his bloody neck,
Delightful sport I'd have, to heart's content;
Adding what torture hatred could invent;
So crying, "Mate," where hitherto but "Check."
I love him? Yea!—even as God loves Hell.

M. P.

L'ART POUR L'ART.

T.

HE last loiterers had left the Parade; the waves broke and the moon shone, unwatched. twinkling lights had disappeared from the crescentof houses which swept round from horn to horn of the bay—all but one faint gleam in the third storey of a house at the north end. There, in a room dim with the obscure rays and tremulous shadows of a shrouded lamp. sat a watcher by a bedside. His head was leaned upon his hand, but he never removed his sidelong gaze from the woman who lay upon the bed, with closed eyes, and a grey pallor on her face. She was young, though worn with illness, and there was a pitiful beauty in the deathlike mask relieved against wild tresses of golden hair-The doctor had left her late, and he was to return early in the morning. He had resigned the case to Nature. "Patience!" he said. "It is only weakness. She will rally.

From time to time she spoke in a low murmur. She was but faintly aware of her circumstances. Her thoughts were far away.

"It is so lonely," she said. "Will he never come? How tired I am of waiting! How tired I am of life! It is very dark. Surely he will come soon?"
"Claire!" the man cried, raising a haggard face, "don't you know me?" and he took her hand.

"Is that you, Guy? How late you are! I have been so bored, sitting and staring into the fire. I can't see castles there any more, Guy; the old dreams are dead. Only the past, the old house—it was so gloomy, so dull, and I did not mind leaving it in the least. I thought I was going to be so happy, and we did love each other so much. But love isn't everything—you know it is not You have your work and your friends, and I have nothing. I can only sit and mope, and stare out of the window, and wonder when you will come. Oh, Guy, I am sick and weary of the blank street, and the dingy bricks of the house opposite, and the fog, and the pools of rain in the road. Don't you know, Guy, I am young, and I want change, and movement, and bright faces, and people who are frivolous sometimes? Oh, I want it, I want it so badly."

She broke into a low sobbing

Her husband bent over and kissed her.

"Oh, hush, Claire! my dear, my poor darling!"

The present had only the slightest hold on her. was sometimes half conscious of it; she was not delirious, but her mind kept wandering back to the past in a mournful reverie, feeding itself upon melancholy recollections.

"That tiresome Mr. Broomhall was here to-day. ought to have been proud to listen to him, for he talked of nothing but your genius; how great you would be some day; how devoted you are to your art; how steadfast you are to your ideal. But I don't understand half he says, and, I can't help it, but what I do understand seems to be cant. I know it is treason to you, but, oh! I wish you could be one of those popular artists that your friends despise.

"How wretched it is to be so poor! One can do nothing, nothing when one is poor. Everything is so hopeless, wherever one turns one is shut in by an impassable barrier. Even to see the country—when I was at home I scarcely cared for it, I wanted life and movement—but now, I feel that I must renounce every-Enjoyment is not for a broken creature like me. But if I could see the hills, and breathe the clean air of

the country—that would be something.

"I have tried to be brave. Do you think I complain? I cannot endure any longer. It is all over—I am done for.

A deep groan from the man called back her wandering thoughts. She raised herself slightly, and looked up.
"You, Guy? You are very kind. Have I been talk-

ing? I think I must have been in a dream."

"Are you better now, darling?" he asked, in a strained voice.

"Oh, ever so much better. I think I will take my medicine now, and after that I shall be able to sleep."

He went to the mantelpiece to pour out the draught, and she followed his movements with languid eyes.

"Do you know," she repeated, "I feel ever so much better, only tired? I am sure I am going to get well, and we will be so happy and contented, won't we?"

"Please God, you shall have a happier life than you

have had," he said, brokenly.

"Oh, don't talk that way, Guy! But I shall sleep now. Do go and lie down. You are so tired."

"No, no, let me sit and hold your hand. But first drink this.'

She drank the medicine, supported by his arm; then sank down with a little sigh, and was soon asleep, still holding his hand. He sat there long in silence, a prey to sombre and despairing regrets.

II.

Guy Tollington had left Oxford with a brilliant but fruitless reputation, and only a small remnant of a modest patrimony, to venture, with reckless courage, on the desperate chances of a literary career. He spent the long vacation, after going down from the University, in a quiet country town, at work on a novel from which he looked for great results. There he made the acquaintance of Claire Holberton, the only daughter of a rich solicitor. The young people soon became attached to each other. Claire's home was dull, and her life lonely. Her father was engrossed in his business, and seemingly indifferent to her happiness. Guy soon declared his love, and when old Holberton met his avowal with rudeness and angry scorn, he easily persuaded Claire to make a runaway match. Her father swore that he would never forgive her, and died soon after her flight, leaving all his fortune to found an agricultural college. The Tollingtons passed their honeymoon gaily in France—the only period of gaiety in the poor girl's life. When they had taken and furnished a little villa in Brixton, Guy's purse was fairly emptied. He worked occasionally for several weeklies, his novel brought him some reputation, though it did not run to a second edition, and he formed a number of acquaintances among artists and authors. Perhaps he might have had more work, but he was fitful and erratic. He loved to theorise on his art among his friends. He was rather pleased than otherwise by the thought that his work was not popular. His wife seemed always cheerful and contented. She did not understand the jargon talked by his critic-friends, but she was as eager as a child over every bit of praise that fell to his share. She took the keenest interest in his books, and their conversation always turned in the end to the triumph that he was to achieve. The public would, at some time or other, be forced to admire his genius. That consoled for everything. In the meantime, the great thing was only to work at his best, and not to write anything that was not worthy of himself. So three years slipped away. He wrote a couple of

So three years slipped away. He wrote a couple of novels, which gained him very favourable criticisms, but very little money. Their housekeeping had still to confine itself within very modest limits. For all those three years his wife had no holiday, though he himself

spent a couple of months in Norway, gathering hints of local colour for one of his novels, and a few weeks in Paris, writing up criticisms on the Salon for an art journal. On both these occasions he was struck, when he returned, by his wife's pale and sickly looks, and was visited by compunctions and alarms. She laughed at his forebodings. "Did he think she was not fit to be the wife of a literary man? She quite enjoyed being left to herself. It was a rest; it was a pleasant change." Then she kissed him, and cried a little, and said he knew how glad she was to have him back.

He was blind. He did not see that she was pining away in an atmosphere of poverty, pining for change, and pleasant society, and excitement. If he had only known that—as he ought to have guessed—how regularly and systematically he would have toiled! What a struggle he would have made to cure himself of that trick of writing above the comprehension of his audience! But the knowledge came at last, when it was all too late.

His latest novel had appeared a few months before. When his Bohemian friends discovered that it was even more distinguished than his previous work, they gave a joint picnic to Richmond to celebrate the event. It was a men's party, and of course he could not take his wife. They were almost all young; they were all in high spirits; they all held lofty notions of the dignity of Art. Every kind of delicate compliment was showered upon him. Broomhall, the dramatic critic, made a brilliant and witty speech, proposing the health of the hero of the occasion.

Guy returned home flushed with excitement and flattery. His wife's interest seemed fainter than usual, and he was chilled for a moment. Soon he grew animated again, repeating the prophecies that had been uttered on his behalf, and painting in the brightest colours the future that awaited him. Claire burst into a passion of hysterical weeping.

"Oh, Guy, Guy, will your success come soon? It must come soon, Guy—at once, or it will be of no use."

The doctor that Guy called in, in alarm, did not think there was any immediate cause for anxiety. Mrs. Tollington must have change at once. She could not stand a long journey. One of the watering-places on the South Coast would be best.

Guy was now trying to atone, by desperate assiduities, for the suffering inflicted by three years' blindness.

III.

When the night was waning, and the first pallid warning of dawn crept in at the window, Claire's grasp tightened on her husband's hand.

"Guy!" she murmured, "dear Guy! It has come at

last-success! Now we shall be so happy."

She gave a contented little sigh, and a smile settled upon her lips. Guy sat rigidly still, for fear of waking her. He must have sat there for a couple of hours longer, falling at intervals into a broken sleep. The wan light of morning was streaming into the room, making the flame of the lamp look strange and spectral. Suddenly he awoke from an uneasy dream. The hand which he held was cold. He bent over Claire, and watched. He could not see, could not hear, her breath come and go. Such alarms are common to anxious watchers, and he knew it. It was a silly fancy, yet he must wake her to reassure himself. He kissed her forehead. It was cold; so cold that he was terrified.

"Claire!" he cried, "Claire!" but her sleep was unbroken. Then he tried frantic means to wake her. She could not feel his touch; her ear, so quick to catch his lightest tone, was deaf to him now.

He made no effort to rouse the house, to call for help.

All help was past.

Remorse and sorrow filled his heart.

A bottle of strychnine, from which minute doses had been administered to the patient, was on the mantelpiece.

He drained it.

Then he sat down, and taking once more that cold hand, waited for the death-pang.

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In the morning there was a letter for Guy Tollington from his publisher, announcing that the second edition of his latest novel was exhausted, and all the copies of a third had been sold in advance. The next day all the leading journals regretted that Mr. Tollington had not been spared to witness the success which he had so well deserved. But, they said, it must have been sufficient gratification for so disinterested an artist to know that he had always made his work as perfect as possible, and had never sacrificed in the least to popularity. In his case it might truly be affirmed that Art had proved its own reward.

J. A. NICKLIN.

THE HIDDEN DEATH.

A BALLAD.

Why dost thou look at me so, babe Maurice?
Why, why wilt thou look at me so?
'Twas done in the dead of the night, babe Maurice,
And never a man will know.
Oh slippery was the way we trod,
For the ice lay under the snow;
And the moon looked down like the eye of God,
And the winter wind did blow.

We stood on the cliff, and the angry flood
Roar'd deep in the dark abyss;
And, far in the gloom, whilst there we stood
We heard it boil and hiss;
And a madness burned along my blood . . .
'Twas just such a night as this, babe Maurice,
A heaven-cursed night as this.

A slip, and a cry for a helping hand,
But never a hand got he! . . .

'Twas there on the lonely mountain-side,
And only the stars could see—
And I was the heir to his acres wide;
And his soul's eyes stared at me
As he fell—down—down: O God! how he cried
Out, out in his agony.

O why wilt look at me so, babe Maurice?—
I never told one but thee;
"Twas done neath the silent midnight sky,
And only the stars could see,
And the dumb, round moon, with her blood-red eye.
And the wind wailed fearfully
As a brother's last despairing cry
Rang up through the dark to me.

Just ten years gone to-day, babe Maurice, His mangled body was found By one whose heart e'er loved him best, His dumb and faithful hound. And we placed a lily upon his breast, And laid him in holy ground.

Why wilt thou look at me so, babe Maurice,
Why, why wilt look at me so?
'Twas done in the dead of the still midnight
Yest're'en ten years ago.
He lies full deep in the cold, cold ground,
His grave is white with snow;
And over his acres wide around
The winter wind doth blow.
And never a trace of the truth will be found—
Though Heaven and Hell both know!

Why look at thy father so, babe Maurice?
Can Heaven have made thee wise
To pierce to the core this heart that is sore
With its burden of agonies!——
A heart that dreams of blood, and wakes
To sicken when a low wind blows;
That dreadeth the dumb, red dawn, and quakes
At the sight of a crimson rose!

Sleep, sleep, nor gaze at me so, babe Maurice! . . Snow hangs on tower and tree;
The moon shines bright through the chill midnight,
And the lawns are fair to see.
But there, from a grave all cold and white,
A dead man calleth me;
And hist! like an anguished soul in flight,
The wind wails fearfully.

JAMES A. MACKERETH.





BY THE ROADSIDE

Drawn by A. Campbell Cross

THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE.

Broken, decrepit, shrunken, shrivelled, bent, and hideous, the Modern repeats the words and breathes his prayer for resurrection in the flesh.

"To meet thy Maker!"

How?

It is usually believed that if one knows the Lord's Prayer, has been baptised, and duly dons a suit of black clothes he is ready.

"To meet thy Maker!"

What a mystery! a joy! a wonder!

But do the most devout believe also in the resurrection of the clothes?

Do we stand naked and ashamed with all our imperfections on our heads? or do the white wings sprout out through black broadcloth?

Does our body recompose itself in radiance and beauty?

Then it would not be our body.

The seal of ignorance and shame will not drop away.

The Voice will say: You were given a beautiful form.

What is this that comes before me?

How will the poor, broken, tired creature, that was afraid to meet the light of this world, stand in the radiance that knows no darkness?

It was ashamed to live—it drew on the garment of night as the day-garment fell to its feet, and fled to bed-clothes if it but saw a gleam of its own flesh—will it ever be bold enough to drop the grave-clothes for the Judgment of Truth?

We cover our physical mistakes, and pronounce them indecent, but some kind of a physical judgment may be expected—we cannot lie down Methodist and rise up

Greek

Our clothes are made for dummies, not for men.

The brain to plan an organisation or to direct a machine is all we require of a man, and if the man is crushed in the process, what do we care?

The splendid optimistic physical religion of the Greeks

is unknown.

We are not flesh, we are only canned-meat.

We worship the statue and painting—if only the scales might fall from our eyes that we might see the wonder of the *living* flesh: the incarnation of the word of God. Under our hideous clothes and customs classic

beauty still exists, and might be awakened again to

become a joy to the world.

The welcome given to "Living Pictures" was a sign of better things. A few still make the vulgar jest and quib—but the majority of the audience sit hushed and dumb to see that such perfections are not the dream of the artist and sculptor. They exist in life. The body itself is clothed in harmony; and only ugliness and deformity are improper.

The laughing Venus, the triumphant Circe, the beautiful-winged Psyche, all speak a lesson that we have been waiting to learn.

We are all "Yellow Asters," fearing to bloom into natural life. Wrinkled faces tell their story, with hard, duty-set jaws and staring eyes.

We know it all, but dare not tell our nearest and

dearest what we feel.

The physical expression of the noblest feelings is condemned.

What mother is not afraid of her son? What son does not hold back the caresses that he would so freely give, and that his mother would die rather than ask for.

The stifled physical life looks out of its prison with the windows of its eyes, and only meets other hard-set faces and longing eyes; and sighs, and says the world is "practical" now, and the time for happiness is passed.

Muscles cannot feel that for years have been dead to

exercise and expression.

Nerves cannot pass along a message of joy that have

not spoken for years.

There is the general idea that if the feeling is true the body will speak. It is not so—even feeling will not awaken the dead. The body grows dumb and unsympathetic, and the heart wastes itself in smothered fire.

Universal feelings cannot come if we stifle universal

growths.

People who turn their heads away at the sight of an ankle, who call for an officer when they see a little boy in bathing, who cannot face the sight of themselves in a mirror, are the objects of a healthy mind's pity. Imagination sees them in the streets of Athens—they would have been swept from the pavement as impious and unnatural.

The physical training of children should be such that a bent back or hollow chest would be as disgusting to them as drunkenness—that they should be ashamed to be ill. That bad legs and wrinkled faces are immoral and evil. That their personal associations should be

those only of truth and sincerity. It will give strong basic foundation to their life's careers, and, above all, executive activity to their mental powers. They should be brought up without shame; and always in sight of a good cast of an antique statue, a Hermes, Apollo, or Antinous, that nudity may seem only to them what is natural and noble.

Personal control will save from the usual nervous wreckage, and their physical knowledge give an armour

against the accidents of life.

We are brought up without any physical ideals at all. We have scarcely any perception of physical condition. When we enter school we say the English alphabet, and it does not matter how we breathe or stand. The teacher does not realise that here is a little growing machine whose wheels should be put in order at the beginning of life. When we leave school we say the alphabet in Greek and begin life physically with less equipment than a Greek peasant.

Our mental success cures our physical breakdown; when things go wrong we take a pill, and order more padding to our coats. We dare not look. The ugly are

always morbid.

The religion of the Greeks was to stand in perfect physical relation with the universe—they gladdened the eyes of the gods with perfect men and women. Their training did not produce alone physical results—it gave the greatest poets to the world, artists, philosophers, warriors, statesmen, undying ideals of heroism and glory.

Their clothes were not clothes—they were clothe covering the body, but not destroying its sweep of limb, its ever-changing composition of line, its nobility of union

part with part.

Ours not only hide, but degrade, compress, deform.

If the Greeks could have seen such bent and wizened, intellectual and mechanical, beings as now crowd our streets they would have easily taken them for escaped incurables from an asylum. And even we, could we but train ourselves to look with eyes unwarped by custom, would start back at the sight of such derelicts of Nature. The Aveugles of Maeterlinck out for a holiday.

Мітото.

COLUMBINE IN THE GARDEN.

The lovely Columbine once found

A small red heart upon the ground.

Would it be indiscreet, thought she, To see if it belongs to me?

This little red sweet heart, why not?

I'll plant it in a flower-pot.

And then, if anything appears, I'll water it with honest tears.

She watched until a sprout was seen, That turned to lusty leaves of green.

"Why, it's a rose," she cried; "but no, It is an exquisite Pierrot."

"Bonjour! O! prettiest in the land," He said, and stooping kissed her hand.

WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.





A DUTCH YOUNGSTER

Drawn by C. H. Pepper

THE ICE CUPID.

T.

MUST have something striking and novel at my wedding," said Bess, after having disposed of that most important of all things, the final trying on of her bridal gown. "Yes, I must have something novel. There's Nancy Sherwood, why she had two or three things at her wedding that were quaint and original, and everyone talked about them for weeks afterwards. We've all just got to put our heads together and think of something out of the ordinary. We must!"

she added, desperately.
"I've got it, Bess," said her cousin Bob, as he entered the room, whence he had been expelled for the twentieth time during the trying on of the aforesaid and other gowns. "I've got it. All the family are going to give you some kind of a present, you know; now, suppose I don't give you anything; is that striking enough for you?"

"Oh, stop your fooling, Bob," returned to have good natured way. "This is a Bess, in her good-natured way. serious matter, and somebody's got to suggest something.

"Well, my suggestion doesn't seem to cut much ice, and the only thing that is striking about it is that I will have to pony up a tenner for a present.'

This reply was in keeping with the usual sally between the cousins, there being a continual passage at arms, as it were, in which Bob's self-credited victories were often questionable.

No one thought Bob's remarks worth answering, a thing that did not seem to bother Bob in the least. Bess sat on the sofa, with her feet tucked up under her, gazing at the floor, as if expecting to find thereon this novel feature that was to be the talk of her wedding; Aunt Sally, reclining in an easy chair, with her head thrown back, gazed upwards, as if she expected the inspiration to drop from the ceiling; while sister Carry, off in a corner, was talking in a low tone to the seamstress; and as for Bob, he sat there with both hands around one knee, muttering something about marriage itself being novel enough to his thinking, and he couldn't understand what else Bess wanted. Presently Carry finished talking to the seamstress, and then she, too, sat still, giving the room a Quaker-meeting atmosphere, only



for the hum of the sewing machine, through which yard

after yard of "stuff," as Bob put it, was passing.

The silence was beginning to tell, especially on Bob. who was seen moving uneasily; but now that Carry had entered the field of discovery, something was sure to present itself, and for anyone else to suggest anything until she had had her say was to break an unwritten law of their little world.

"You've hit it, Bob!" she finally exclaimed, so suddenly that Bob let go his knee, and his foot came down on the floor with a bang that gave everybody but Aunt Sally a start, brought Bess out of her reverie, and on her knees upon the sofa; and even the seamstress stopped and turned around, while Aunt Sally, having lived all her life in the country, and having no nerves accordingly, sat quietly waiting for Carry to continue.

"You've hit it, Bob! We will all buy Bess some present for her wedding day, of course; all but you. You

must make yours."

"Make mine? Why, Cousin Carry, I don't under-

stand. Make it?"

They were all attention now, Bob would have thought it a joke coming from anybody else but Carry, but she was never known to joke about anything, and had ideas.

was never known to joke about anything, and had ideas. "Easily enough," continued Carry. "You've been making pretty things in clay, figures and the like. Now why not carve something appropriate in ice for the table, a—an elephant, with the carriage on its back for oysters, and an owl, standing on the rim of a bowl, and have that filled with oysters, too. There's both an elephant and an owl sitting up there on the mantelpiece now, and you can use them for models."

"That's the very thing," cried Bess. "No one has ever had that before, and you can do it superbly, too, Bob. I accept the proposition; don't buy me a present,

make it."

"That's all very well," returned Bob, recovering from his surprise, "you're talking of carving in ice; I don't know anything about ice. While in clay I ——"

"A moment ago," interrupted Aunt Sally, "you seemed to be complaining that you cut no ice, whatever that means. Now you have an opportunity, and a good one, too."

This brought a hearty laugh from all assembled, the full cause of which Aunt Sally failed to understand.

Then Bess said, pleadingly:

"Never mind now, Bob, about it being in ice; I know you can do it to perfection, and I'm willing to run the risk of having your present for my 'striking feature,' or not have any at all; so there now, you see what confidence I have in your ability, and, say, Bob, if you would only make a little Cupid, about so high," measuring with her hands, "and set it in the conservatory, that would

"Oh, yes, certainly," returned Bob, with good-natured banter. "A little Cupid, shooting icicles at everybody; of course—anything else you can think of? If so 'speak now or for ever hold your peace,'" as he spread his hands over Bess's head. Then seriously he added, "Say, Bess, I'll buy your present, a twenty dollar one, sure."

"No, you won't. No, you don't!" stamp-g her pretty foot. "I won't have it! Now, ing her pretty foot. Bob, please, Bob! A girl doesn't get married she pleaded, putting her arms neck. "Please, Bob, try! I must every day," around his neck.

have something novel for my wedding.

Bob wilted. Under those pleading eyes I doubt very much whether the ice he was to carve could have stood long enough to become a recognisable object. Bess saw the victory, and said, "There," kissing him upon the cheek, "there's a good fellow, I knew you would do it, because, you know I love you better than anyone else, except George."

"I've heard that fairy tale before," returned Bob, although knowing full well the truth of her statement. "Always next to George; well, thank the Lord, you will marry him in two days, then you will love me first. That's always the way it goes," for which remark he got a resounding slap where her lips had just been pressed.

So it was decided that upon Bob's broad shoulders was to rest the responsibility of producing the "striking

feature" of this pretty wedding.

One after the other of the family left the sewing room. till, finally, Bess was alone with the old seamstress, who presently quitted her machine, and going to her large work-basket, drew from among a multitude of things two small, fuzzy black bears, and as she laid them in the young girl's lap she said, with a voice full of emotion:

"Miss Bessie, I can't afford to give you a very fine present, and, if I could, I would still want to give you these. I ask you to keep them upon your mantel in your room; and "—very solemnly—" always remember the two bears—bear and forbear!"

That was all. The old seamstress returned to her

work. Bess sat as one in a dream; then she knelt down on a hassock beside the seamstress, and, burying her

face in her hands, sobbed softly.

"Why, Miss Bessie! I didn't mean anything, my child, to hurt you," raising the young girl, and sitting beside her upon the sofa. "It's only a little gift of mine; there now, you're not going to cry over my present, are you? That's right, I am glad to see that smile return again. How long did you say you wanted these white ribbons?"

So the bride-to-be and the seamstress were busily engaged discussing ribbons and other things, as Bob, who couldn't keep out of the room for more than ten minutes at a time, entered, and about the first object to

catch his eyes were the two bears.

"Here! You people must have been out buying more models! I object; I don't mind making elephants, and owls, and Cupids—but I'll be hanged if I'll make a whole ice menagerie. I'm not going to do it now, Bess," he said, as if he could have refused Bess's pleadings, had she desired them.

But that young lady surprised him by taking the two bears and putting them into the basket again, remarking as she did so, "They're not for you, Bob," so humbly that Bob looked at her in amazement; then he said, "Whew! Cry number one! This is no place for me!"

and darted out of the room.

II.

Next morning Bob rose early—for him—and surprised the ice man by selecting several large pieces of clear ice. He ordered them to be taken into the cellar, where no one would be likely to disturb him as he worked. Then opening the windows, to let in the cold air, he soon had the place below freezing point, and cutting one of the large pieces into two or three smaller ones, he tried first one chisel, then another, "to get the chip of it," as he said, then commenced a study or two, and was surprised at the results. But no one else would have been, as all knew Bob had undisputed talent in that direction. Soon he became very much interested in the work in hand.

"An elephant, an owl, and a Cupid! That's a great combination. Strength, Wisdom, and—bur-r-r! Too cold for love," he said, as he started on the first figure.

He worked on in silence for some time; then, as the figure took shape under his skilful hand, he began to

think of the coming wedding, and wondered if the figures

would really create the talk Bess hoped for.

"What an idea, an ice Cupid, and suggested, too, by a girl about to get married. I'd like to know where the poet comes in who sings about fiery love and burning hearts. Oh, they will talk about it, all right. Bess, dear, you've got a great head—and I'm thinking this elephant's head is a little too great, too—there," stepping back and surveying the figure, "that's better."

Thinking of one girl might have had something to do with his thoughts turning to another, but as the other girl had been uppermost in Bob's mind for the past month or two, it was only natural that, at work there all alone, he thought of her, and thought pretty hard.

"I wonder what she will say about all these ice things, and I wonder if they will please her as much as they will Bess. What a dear girl Corinne is. I'm next to George, Bess says, and I say Bess is next to Corinne, though I dare not tell Bess that now; because I don't know just how I stand—but, by Jove, I'd like to know."

He worked away in silence for a while; then he continued, "My love for her is as the strength of the elephant compared to that of the ant (chip, chip); as the wisdom of the owl compared to the clam (chip, chip, chip); and as—oh, no—yes, as a furnace compared to this block of ice—even if it is going to be Cupid. Whew," blowing through his hands to warm them, "wouldn't mind a furnace now myself."

"What a bewitching laugh Corinne has. I wonder if she knows I am going to propose to her. It's been on the tip of my tongue half a dozen times, but, confound it, something always seems to turn up at that moment, and I haven't been able to say the word. I wonder if she noticed that. Well," regarding the figure, "that's coming around all right; getting along better than I expected.

"By Jove, after I finish Cupid, I'll make a slipper in ice for her. Wish I had one of her dainty, little things for a model, but I never could make it like hers; no, couldn't do it. That's it, I'll fill the slipper with rice, and place it in her favourite corner in the conservatory, and then I'll lead her there, and—yes," with a determined frown, "I'll propose to her to-morrow night, hanged if I don't. A wedding is a good place to propose to a girl. You're in the atmosphere, and that

gives a fellow nerve. I wonder if I will be able to do it before Bess leaves for the train, so that I can get even with her, and tell her that I love her better than anyone except Corinne. That would be another 'striking feature 'at her wedding."

As he worked on he thought of what he would say, and how he would say it, and under the inspiration, piece by piece the block was chipped away, until Cupid stood there, a marvel in ice. Bob shoved his hands into his pockets, and, regarding Cupid critically, said:

"Say, Cupid, you're a fraud. For once I can see clear through you. Why do you go around upsetting people's equilibrium, and making them blind as bats, and having fellows get thrown overboard? And how are you going to deal with me, you little rascal? See clear through you! Well, one doesn't gain anything by that. Your mischief is more than skin deep, I know; and yet, seeing through you, and seeing nothing, adds little to our know-ledge of you. But I'm going to expose you to the whole world to-morrow night, and some clever man may yet diagnose you, and then we will know how to handle you, and, maybe, will let you alone. But, never mind, little Cupid," he added, as he placed the figure in a safe corner, "I'll defend you, for Corinne's sake; I will be your champion, and a right good champion, too. Ah, you imp, there is something in you—there's hope, there's happiness, there's life itself in you. Our eyes are dull, whilst yours are sharp, and as beautiful as Corinne'salmost.

III.

The wedding march had been played. The bride had received the congratulations of all assembled, and led the way into the dining room, where the great table was soon surrounded by the guests; and many were the exclamations of wonder and delight as the two ice figures were brought in by the waiters, and placed at each end of the table, while a third waiter carried Cupid around the room and placed him on a large platter in the conservatory.

The effect was all Bess could wish for. The novelty and beauty of the figures, as they reflected back the light in hundreds of shades, and glistened like huge

diamonds, awoke admiration in all beholders.

But it was Cupid that attracted the most attention. All through the evening the little statue was surrounded by an admiring and wondering throng, and many were the remarks as to it being a good or bad omen. It was a

"striking feature" indeed.

The guests soon found out that Bob had executed the figures, that they were his present to the bride; and the young sculptor was the recipient of universal congratulations; but he cared more for the few words of praise that one person gave than for the combined applause of all the rest.

He sat next to that one at the banquet, and patiently awaited the time when he could ask her to go with him to their favourite corner in the conservatory, where he might sprinkle the rice taken from the ice slipper upon her head, and ask her to share his fate.

She seemed very restless and nervous, starting every now and then, and watching the door as if she thought someone unexpected might enter. Bob thought it was because she realised he would speak to-night.

must know it.

The wedding feast was over at last. Through the assembly into the conservatory he led her. "See, this is your slipper, though I could not do it justice quite. I suppose I should have been traditional, and have made an old shoe to hold this rice, but you see I wanted one like yours to take the rice from, to sprinkle it on your hair, so, and to-Corinne I will! You must let me speak!"

As the grains fell upon her head Corinne grew pale, and turned quickly to re-enter the house, and as Bob continued to speak, loud exclamations of greeting rang through the adjoining rooms, and many were the hands

extended to a belated guest.

"Harry, old boy," someone was heard saying. "Glad to see you. Just got in? Well, you're in good time, the bride has not left yet."

Corinne, pale and trembling, rushed through the conservatory into the anteroom, from which the voices came—Bob following as far as he dared and demanding to be heard.

As Corinne entered the room the figure of a man appeared at the other door. Both paused for a moment, then she ran swiftly to him.

"Harry," she cried. "I was so afraid you would not

come. I am so glad you are here—so glad!"

Bob stood speechless in the doorway, wondering if he

heard and saw aright.
"Corinne!" cried Harry, kissing her. "Don't be alarmed there, Bob, old boy. Come on with us; we are going to announce our engagement. We made up our

minds two months ago, before I went away, to do it at this wedding. So come on, old fellow, and congratulate us." and the happy pair moved rapidly towards the main

drawing-room.

Bob stood dazed and clutched the door for support. He could not realise what he had seen and heard. Fear and anguish were written upon his face. Then he was conscious of the rapping for order, then a man's voice, low, scarcely audible, making a short speech, and then the clapping of hands, and a buzz of congratulations, and he knew he had seen and heard aright. He stood there as one paralysed, great drops of perspiration covering his brow. How insufferably hot the room was!

He went into the conservatory. The guests were once more seeking their nooks and corners; and as they passed one or two asked him if he had heard the announcement of the engagement, and went on their way laughing,

without waiting for an answer.

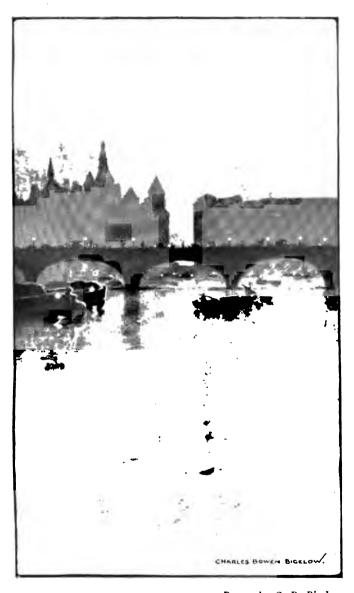
He paced up and down several times, trying to collect his thoughts. The usual crowd was surrounding Cupid, and as he passed that way some one cried: "Oh, see how the heat has affected it. You

"Oh, see how the heat has affected it. You can hardly recognise it now. Why, look! Bob, Bob! Come here, quick! Watch out, it is going to fall!"

As the crowd moved back, Bob stepped before them, just as an unrecognisable mass of ice pitched forward, and fell, shattered into a thousand pieces, at his feet.

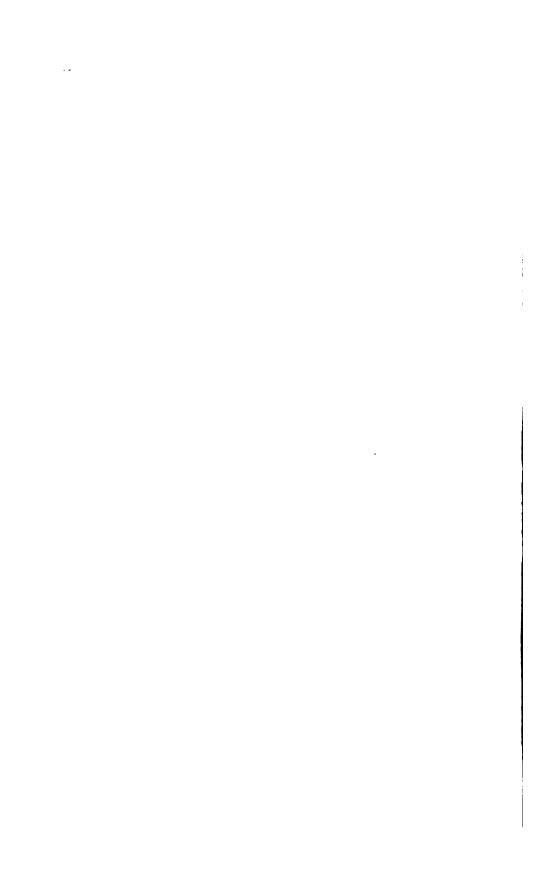
CHARLES WILLIAM AYTON.





ON THE THAMES

Drawn by C. B. Bigelow



MARCH ON MAX.

IN THE KEY OF BEERBOHM.

AX BEERBOHM—he has that kind of name which makes it seem but insult to prefix so usual an address as Mr.—has been spoken of by "G.B.S." as "the incomparable Max." The adjective is admirably fit. But G.B.S., like Max, is much misunderstood. Not that I lay claim for a moment to any special understanding of either, or would endeavour to explain the inexplicable; but I take leave to think that it is not generally realised that Max is incomparable simply because he is inexplicable.

Once I asked a friend, in whose opinion I have faith, wherein he considered lay the secret of Max's power.

He answered: "Max has Mind; Max is Mystery; the two combined mean—Mastery." A somewhat forced and alliterative mot perhaps—alliterative enough even to make one question its truth; but few, I think, on quiet consideration, will dare to say that power ever existed without mind, or that Max lacks either. Undoubtedly he is elusive, but the elusive attracts just to the degree that it successfully eludes.

In these days of self-expression, so profuse and fatuous as to amount in many cases almost to self-suppression, it is refreshing to look on one who avoids all self-explanation, and remains for ever something undefined. And Max is certainly refreshing. He does not bury himself in a profusion of domestic facts—facts are always domestic—nor mislead by definite opinion; he takes you into his confidence, as one might a little child, and tells you—nothing. But he does it with a charming smile. He is wise enough to know that truth is falsified when expressed with a view to finality, and that truth so expressed becomes, first, a concretion; then, a commonplace; and, finally, effete. And so with admirable success he retains his personality by frankly holding it a mystery, and remains, in writing, ever virginal.

The obtuse detest Max—which is perhaps the happiest if not surest proof of his genius; for the obtuse have only sufficient sense to vaguely feel that he has "the satiric temperament," and that he is, for some unearthly reason, laughing at them. They lack perception to know certainly, and the education to see why. Because he baffles them they are suspicious, and he baffles them because he is so admirably veiled. But then he laughs

at all.

Unless of that small breed whose petty minds run only to sour grapes, we must always admire that which provokes yet foils all enquiry or elucidation; and surely, the question as to whether Max is serious or whether Max is smiling is one which, if the general public possessed the subtlety or interest, would create a demand for its discussion in the columns of the *Telegraph* or *Daily Chronicle*.

Nowadays, when large achievements are so little it is gladdening to find less achievements that are so great. Measured by mere extent his works are not terrific; he has not written perhaps a tenth of what his slaughtered lambs—Caine and Corelli—have flooded the libraries with; but on the other hand, they have never in any sense, or single sentence, approached him in thought, or his thought's excellent expression. His "Works," as published by Mr. John Lane, extend only to one volume! How few men have had the daring so to limit their published "Works"! The volume has not achieved the commercial distinction of editions running to twenty-five thousand copies, but its innate distinction happily has limited its sale to a circle of sane readers.

Who, in reading "The Works of Max Beerbohm," or in looking at the caricatures from the same hand, can but admire the deftness and decision shown in all that hand has done? What more subtle and entirely delightful hoax is there than "A Good Prince"? Where is more delicate discrimination than is shown in the essay on King George IV.? And what history displays a keener insight than the history of "1880"? Of work subsequent to the issue of those "Works" the "Happy Hypocrite" is chiefly notable, for the perfect restraint and balance of its refined satire. In a recent number of The Idler an essay on Aubrey Beardsley shows Max in a new and nicer phase than yet he has offered to his admirers; he has proved himself possessed of a more sincere quality of sympathy than one had hitherto expected. But to speak thus briefly of his work might seem but scant courtesy, were it not that I desired to write, not so much of his work, but of the man himself as he appears to my particular temperament through the medium of his work. And that I have no other, or more personal, knowledge of him may be easily seen perhaps from this short but well-intentioned sketch.

I once held in my "mind's eye" a picture of Max as a very tired-looking young man in a heavenly frock-coat. He seemed as one having knowledge of all things, and weary only at the thought that life could offer him

nothing new; as one bold and courageous, and prepared to bear nobly that burden of Isolation which Genius easts upon her children. But a better knowledge of his works has softened the harrowing impression in some respects. The frock-coat remains the same; but its lines, so full of grace, suggest reserve, serenity, and resignation; and the expression of its wearer's countenance is very sphinxlike—and likely so to remain.

Readers of Funch may recall the blasee little girl who, discovering that the world was hollow, and that her doll was "stuffed with sawdust," decided she "would like to be a nun." Max has passed the age when he "would like to be a nun."—he passed it, I fancy, ere he was born —and now sits high aloft, aloof, among the smiling gods.

And so "I like to think of him."

But lest all this seem rampant adulation I prithee, reader, consider it—a paradox.

MARCH PANE.



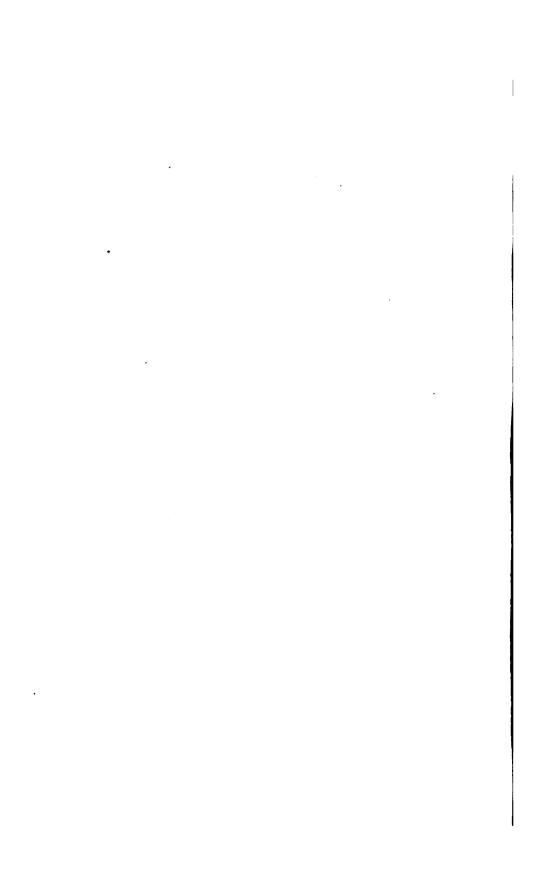
LEPRA PERPETUALIS.

Humanity! What heritage of shame
Is thine! How hectic burns the scholar's cheek,
When thumbing worm spoiled folios to seek
Light on thy hidden sins, he reads aflame
The obliquities of many a kingly name;
Of maladies that vexed the lettered Greek,
That bore far back the stamp of things antique,
When Abram, chaste, austere, to Sodom came.
Humanity! We sicken at the page
Whereon the candid storier doth confess
That some who were the passion of their age,
Outstripped the Cæsars in their wantonness.
Humanity! When rotting empires fell,
Why sounded not the leprosarium's knell?

ST. GEORGE BEST.



A BOUL' MICH' BELIE



EVELYN INNES.

A RECOGNITION BY A WOMAN.

R. GEORGE MOORE has, I believe, a theory that only a man can define the intimate motives, feelings, soul—if you like, of a woman. That it is only in a man that she confides; that a woman understands a woman very little; that she lies to another woman out of self-interest and self-defence; and that a man does the same to a man. There are things one woman will never tell another. She knows they will call forth no sympathy. It may be her plan of campaign in awakening the interest of a man, her joy of possession, her sense of failure, her hesitations and scruples, her aspirations—all these she will spread before the eyes of an interested man, knowing they will but enhance his interest in her; but to a woman she will pose as an immaculate heroine, knowing that a discount is inevitably knocked off her actions, and that it will be assuredly none too light. This seems to me greatly true. Women don't mind being found out by the other sex. When Mr. Bernard Shaw with his detective mind turns his light on to our failings and immediate motives, we cry, "Agreed! agreed!" and are mightily tickled; but then he only detects—he has not the power of penetration to enable him to conceive essential motives, or else as that "Spirit overhead," with "that slim feasting smile," he does not care to recognise them. But Mr. Moore is very penetrating-strangely so, and very sympathetic. As he can put two and two together better than Mr. Shaw, so he does not deal only with the superficial, evoking a fantastic image which amuses us, because we recognise a part of ourselves, but he focusses his lens unerringly on that essence of a woman's character, that moral instinct, mitigated from time to time by knowledge and culture, but always there, like a deterrent hand laid upon the arm.

Evelyn Innes is a typical woman, and the way in which she remains herself through all her experiences is quite marvellously told. She is a suburban middle-class miss, with an artistic temperament, which inclines her towards refined tastes. All her subsequent culture and refinement are superimposed, and she relishes them with a vulgarity which never quite assimilates them. The artist side of her nature, Mr. Moore has represented so truly as something aside. Her life and temperament influence it, but it seldom influences her life. She

avails herself of its helps in the scene of reconciliation with her father, but, with fatal truth, it stands her in no stead in her great hour of need, and craving for the real meaning of life. This disconnectedness between the artist and the woman might have been made more valuable if there had not been that sudden gap between promise and achievement.

The men of the book are less convincing. Mr. Moore has treated them analytically—Evelyn synthetically—and they are a little bit out of relation to her. They are much less human, and are so evidently portraits-slight ones, but amusingly reminiscent. There ought to have been a little more of Aleck or a little less. His mystical spirituality supports Evelyn's spiritual awakening, but in spite of that the physical allurement is rather forced. He is a pis-aller, at a moment when she requires physical emotion for her creation of Isolde, and he serves as an irritation to her conscience when she begins to revert to her sense of sin. This sense of sin, the religious activity of the moral sense, is logically needful in such a type as Evelyn Innes, though it narrows the statement of the book. Still, her struggles, hesitations, difficulties, reactions, are none the less interesting and vital to the main question because of the religious background, and the "chatter of her conscience, tireless as a cricket," is none the less real because it finds itself soothed at last by the absolution of a priest. Mr. Moore is appallingly candid and open-minded. He is never dominated by a desire to proselytise. What he wants to say is that if you were Evelyn you would have done this or that, and he takes infinite trouble to convince you. Her actuality never weakens for one moment, and so insistent is it that we are fatigued when she is fatigued, relieved when she is relieved, indifferent when she is indifferent. To read the book is sometimes a great spiritual strain, and the gymnastics it requires induce a worthy weariness. There is wit enough, as in all that Mr. Moore writes, but little humour, except in the scene where Owen Asher tells his friend of his dismissal by Evelyn. Then it is of the grimmest sort.

The book closes softly and satisfyingly in the beautiful scenes of the convent, so simple, so remote in feeling, and yet tinged with the healthiness of everyday duties. The life from outside intrudes, however, and re-awakens Evelyn's sympathy with it. At last the convent gates open to return her to the world, and as she drives back to London, we wonder what will be the event when her story begins again.

B. N.

By the Editor

One of the curious characters in Paris is Père Goujon, who for twenty-eight years has been the nourricier of the famous prison of Ste. Pélagie. This institution, like its sister gaol Mazas, has been given over to destruction; and by its fall we lose two historic landmarks in Paris—the prison itself, and the restaurant over the way, wherein the meals of the political prisoners were daily prepared. For Père Goujon has put up (or rather, in Parisian style, pulled down) his shutters, and retired (with a fortune). The Père is of a good-natured, philosophic disposition, and has taken a just pride in his calling. Over his establishment was the quaint sign: "Ici on est mieux qu'en face," which modest assertion was no doubt calculated, not only to inspire greater confidence in the passing guest, but to serve him as a well-meant warning also. Goujon's first customer was the redoubtable Rochefort, who was arrested in February, 1870, on his way to preside over a public meeting in the Rue de Flandre. A long dynasty of political culprits followed as his patrons—and the Père is proud of the fact that in many cases he not only won their "recommendations," but their friendship as well.

Ste. Pélagie was built in 1665 by Marie Bonneau, widow of Beauharnais de Miramion, and has been used as a refuge for filles de joie, as a reformatory, and as a hospital. In 1797 it was divided into two parts, La Dette and La Détention, and this change continued in effect for many years after. A portion of the building, known as the Pavillon des Princes, was set apart for political offenders, who were thus spared contact with the criminal inmates. The prisoners slept not in cells, as at Mazas, but in large dormitories, and ate together in the courtyard. One result of their free intercourse was that Ste. Pélagie became a hotbed of all manner of dark plots and future misdeeds. An institution for the punishment and prevention of vice, it more than defeated its own ends—and, indeed, had the Government planned an experimental farm for the propagation of crime, it could hardly have been more successful than with its good prison of Ste. Pélagie.

M. Jean Barrès, a wealthy native of France, who seems anxious to get rid of the large fortune he amassed some time ago in the Argentine Republic, has hit upon the following novel method. He intends to organise a vast company for the purpose of perfecting French orthography. He will subsidise a periodical La Reforms Orthographique, and will send out well-known lecturers north, south, east, and west to convert the orthographic heathen. He is determined to spare neither efforts nor money to induce a

French phonetic millennium. On his death he will bequeath his fortune to the good cause, the apostles of which will thus have some \$50,000 a year with which to carry on their work. The underlying reason for this reform is the effect it will produce on French colonial expansion. M. Barrès feels convinced that France has been impeded in her efforts to control foreign land by the complicated difficulties in French orthography, and he means to sweep away this barrier to the realisation of her imperialistic dreams.

We hope the brave Sir Jean Barrès all success! Pray God he slays the dragon of False Phonetics—and while on his errant quest, we earnestly hope that he may impale a few of the irregular French verbs on his good stout lance! And now if some other doughty knight would only arise (we must not lay this burden, too, on Sir Jean) to make war on l'accent anglais—to destroy that fearful monster once and for ever—our joy would be complete.

There seems to be a tendency in literature to revert to the romantic school, and soon "The Woman Who Did," "The Heavenly Twins," and novels of that outspoken and fleshy type, will be consigned to cobwebs and top shelves. In art the signs of revolt are manifest. The impressionistic pictures have had their day (for a time), and older and honester methods are succeeding. In keeping with this reversion to earlier tastes and styles is the resurrection of miniature art, which though sorely hit by photography first and the new-school afterwards, is now climbing back into its pretty, jewel-set throne, as fresh and winning as ever. Miniature painting is the lover's art, and this in itself assures it eternal life. Remembrance and poetry cling about the dainty tit-bit of coloured ivory long after they have forsaken the common photograph. And there are good reasons for this. The lover is essentially selfish. He sets a higher value on a painting of which he believes himself to be the sole possessor than on a portrait which, like a newspaper, may have run to a large edition, and be in the hands of, O heaven! how many other admirers. Besides this, the ideality with which the miniaturist invests the fair one is more likely to keep the flame of love alive in his adoring heart than the often-undisguisable and candid truth of the solar presentment.

Miniature painting seems eminently a feminine pursuit—as somehow doth china painting. For this very reason, perhaps, the average girl student in Paris fights shy of it, and, as a rule, the more delicate and fragile she is, the larger her canvas, and the more bold and distressful her brush strokes. Our dear sisters would all be Rosalinds—but they can't deceive their professors, much less the public.

Since girls are made of moonshine, and love, and sweetness, and airy ideals—or, in the words of our nursery days, of "all that's nice"—let them see to it that their art be in accord with their pretty natures. Delicate miniatures, beautiful embroidery, china-oup ornamentation—these are more fitting employment for their rosy fingers, more fitting pursuits or pastimes for their equally artistic temperaments—for, mind you, we say nothing in disparagement; nor even deny their superiority over man in their own sphere—than forlorn attempts at Sargent-like portraiture, or 8 × 10ft. heroics.

[The above is quoted from a friend.]

In one of its branches, however, the new-school of art grows more flourishing and aggressive than ever, i.e., poster decoration. The peculiar nature of the poster, which, as a work of art, must be at once striking, attractive, simple, and decorative, has given rise to a variety of bold experiments, more or less in the vein of what we are pleased to term the new-school. There have been, it is true, a few attempts in several recent posters to revive the old Christmas-card style, but these throw-backs have not been successful. It must be confessed that in this field of art, if in no other, the romantic school is at an utter disadvantage. We do not expect nor wish Raphaellike oil paintings—or weak imitations thereof—on our hoardings, for such art always seems, however skilfully executed, hopelessly out of place "en plein air," and a feeling about it of missing roofs and absent gilt-wood frames makes the sensitive observer resentfully nervous.

Mr. Alyn Williams, according to Harmsworth's Magazine (price raised to 3½d.), tells the following story, "which he does not claim to be original." We hope not, for it is as old as Father Time himself. But Mr. Williams's version of the tale is an excellent one, and we therefore reproduce it: "A man who distinctly came from the provinces once went to an artist who had painted a celebrated picture of David, and said that he wanted him to paint a picture of his father. The artist consented, and suggested that it would be necessary for the subject to come to his studio. That, however, the son declared to be impossible, and at last the fact came out that he was dead. 'Have you a photograph?' asked the artist. No; a photograph had never been taken. 'Then I cannot paint him,' declared the artist. 'But you painted David,' retorted the man, 'and he has been dead much longer than my father!' This was irresistible, and so the artist consented to do his best. When the fancy picture of his father was finished, the faithful son came to see it, and liked it very much. 'It is very good,' he said; 'but,' he added, after a little reflection, 'how he has changed!'"

"La Marraine de Charley" ("Charley's Aunt") is "still running" at the Cluny, the Parisians being apparently as appreciative of this bit of uproarious fun as the Londoners themselves. "La Marraine de Charley," as put on the boards in Paris, is worthy of notice chiefly because it has been widely and persistently advertised as a piece free from all touch of immorality. Mothers have been assured that they could, without fear or risk, take their daughters to see it; and, as though the dawn of better things were at hand, the managers have cried out from the housetops: "Lo! a clean play at last is given to the Paris public." The present scribe, attracted by this clamour, went to the Cluny. True enough, "Charley's Aunt," in its reproduction at the Cluny, is of the respectable sort—served to the French public without a particle of added condiment or sauce. But, sad to relate, "Charley's Aunt" does not happen to be the only play of the evening. It is introduced by a curtain-raiser which for unadulterated spiciness and risqué abandon may be considered as about the Ultima Thule of the censor's widest leniency. Evidently this play does not count. "It is such a little one," you know; and who will take the trouble to forbid the banns?

Menu cards have, for some time, attracted the attention of the decorator and affichists, and now the theatre programme has fallen a happy victim to their artistic zeal. The programmes furnished at teveral of the Paris theatres may be reckoned as a part of the evening's entertainment and enjoy-ment. At the Bodinière and Théâtre Libre the play-bills Tolouse-Lautrec, Synave, Ibels, etc.; even the Folice-Bergère occasionally offers the public some preservable bit of art—usually of a naïvely unconventional nature—from the hand of one of the well-known maitres. It is a great pity that a few of the better-class theatres in Parisnow that the tide of artistic progress has set in-do not rid themselves of their hideous and superfluous advertisement-curtains—or, at the least, do not hasten to cover them with sightly decorations, and good affiches. To sit wrapped in a glow of romantic feeling, and even as the music breathes its mournful strains, and the refulgent moon throws her soft beams on the faces and forms of the suiciding hero and heroine, to see a cataract of block-letter advertisements roll solemnly out of the sky, interspersed here and there with crude designs of boots, crutches, haircurlers, sardine boxes, cod-liver-oil bottles, and an indisrubber bath tub or two, is somewhat jarring to the most matter-of-fact and prosaic nerves.

The recent three days' bicycle race in Paris furnished the sensation-loving Parisians with about as much sensation as they could comfortably stomach. A more cruel and ghastly spectacle has never been witnessed in Paris. By the second day the competitors had begun to show fearful traces of wear and tear, and bore, as one put it, the appearance of so many animated corpses on wheels. The track was in the open-without the slightest shelter; and the cyclists rode all day under the fierce heat of a blazing sun-in weather that was, perhaps, the hottest and most insupportable of the season. Liquid food was given them (in cans) as they rode—to cause no delay, and their brutal pacemakers goaded them on and worried them almost into desperation. One poor fellow about the sixtieth hour declared that he had gone blind from the glare of the track, and seemed determined to back out. They quickly procured him a pair of green goggles, and with these on his nose he was soon flying around the course again. Another chap descended from his wheel for a moment in a state of complete collapse. He was stripped of all clothing and laid upon the grass (the public were too much interested apparently to be shocked over a trifling indecorum like this), and there subjected to rough massage treatment. When placed on his feet he collapsed again, and his head sank hopelessly on his breast. That he seemed more fit to fill a hospital bunk than to finish the race was apparent to all—but his trainers were resolved that he should go in again. Several vigorous blows on his back partially revived him, and, though still speechless, he was carried to his wheel. He presented a sorry figure as he was lifted on the machine-his head still drooping, his knees each swollen into a gigantic shapeless ball. His trainers ran along with him for some twenty or thirty yards, and then let him go. For several minutes he swerved hopelessly from side to side—as a drunken man-all but falling once or twice, and catching himself in a most grotesque and surprising mannerthen, as though regaining consciousness, he began to brace up, and suddenly rode straight ahead. "When I left two hours later," the person added who was giving us an account of the affair, "he was going to beat the band." As in the six days' race in New York, the participants in this Parisian horror all went out of their minds before the finish-which, of course, greatly lent to the interest of the event as an athletic competition. One of them thought he was climbing a steep hill, another that he was dying of hunger, etc., etc. Fisher, conspicuous among the crew of lunatics, suddenly sprang off his wheel, and before anyone could interfere had, monkey-like, run up a chestnut tree. "I want to eat chestnuts," he grinned, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was gotten out of his perch.

Tents were erected along the track for the families of the competitors. At night the scene bore a touch of the weird and gruesome. The tents; the number of people lying around on the grass, some wrapped in blankets—"sports,"

perhaps, who too weary to stand at the track-side, yet felt it their duty to stay to see the game out—the spectral riders, always in a bunch, now running slowly and evenly, now spurting together, and never saying a word to one another, but all muttering incoherent nonsense to themselves—all this was delightfully interesting and horrible to the audience of men and women, who looked on and laughed and chatted and applauded.

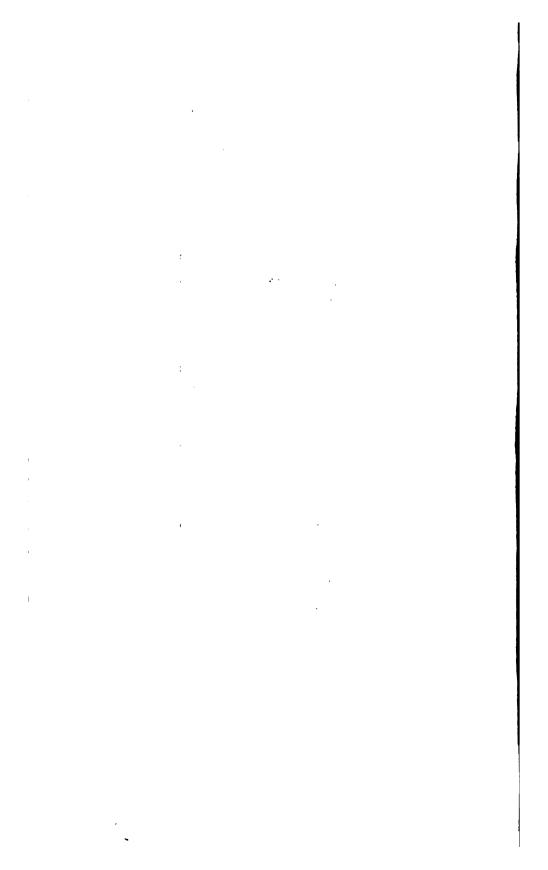
To those interested in three-days' cycle racing, we may mention the fact that Miller, the American champion, who carried off the honours in the six days' inferno in New York, won handily—if it be not a bull to say so. All honour to the brave! Now, if we could only have a few other tournaments of this delectable order, perhaps the better element of the public would grow to pardon and relish the new school of athletics. Prizes, for instance, might be offered to the competing athlete who stays under water the longest-providing, of course, he breathes, or can be made to breathe, on coming to the surface. Some half-dozen competitors might be hung up by the thumbs, and a third of the gate receipts given to him who last yells for mercy-or, better still, who survives his weaker rivals. The test of endurance by the falling of water, drop by drop, on the shaven head, might furnish excellent sport, and give good opportunity as well for the study of facial expression. In fact, there seems no end to the novel and bizzare features the advocates of sensational athletics might introduce in their future olympics, providing an unappreciative law does not step in and rudely interfere.

One of the handsomest books of the year, from an artistic standpoint, has been issued by Eugène Fasquelle, of Paris. It is "Lysistrata," a translation into French by C. Zevort of Aristophanes' great play. The illustrations are by Notor, from authentic works of art in European museums. A judicious selection from different sources has been made of Grecian pictures, which, indeed, in many cases, seem as though specially designed for the text they are made to accompany. And thus old Aristophanes is, in modern times, illustrated by his own Greek contemporaries. The translation keeps to the original as far as even French candour will allow. When "Aristophane" grows too Greek, however, a French makeshift and Latin note reproduce the original text. In one case, as it is, the translator even fears to trust himself to Latin. The drawings are excellently reproduced; and arranged throughout the book in illustrative form, give us some idea of the supreme glory the old Greeks would have achieved as book illustrators and decorators. As it is we might challenge modern art in vain to give us the same splendid results in book illustration as this fragmentary collection of random Greek designs.



STRANDED STEAMER

Drawn by Charles Pears



Psst! continues to flourish in spite of the marked abatement of interest in the Zola-Dreyfus-Esterhazy case. We are loath to hazard a reason therefor—whether it comes from the perennial Jew-phobia of the Parisian, who hardly needs the stimulation of a Dreyfus scandal to make him a regular reader of such a sympathetic paper as Psst, or his love for good art as exemplified in the designs of Forain and Caran d'Ache. But the fact remains that (up to the present moment) the merciless little wasp in question hums and buzzes about the boulevards as lively and savagely as ever.

We had once thought that the American Puck had reached the same of Hebraical caricature, but Caran d'Ache and his collaborator go Opper one better. Poor Zola, of course, is a star character in nearly every number of Pust, and the resources of ridicule, wit, and rancour are exhausted in making him an object of cheap contempt to the public. With all this, however, and whether or not we hold the same political, or rather religious, opinions as the paper in question, we are forced to acknowledge its extreme eleverness—its artistic merit.

Many are the changes taking place at the American Art Association of Paris. The downstairs restaurant has been closed; and the servants from the first floor brought to the second, and those of the second given congé. And thereby hangs a sorrowful tale; for our worthy and buxom concierge and her husband had grown to be a part and parcel of the club, and seemed to "fit in with things," as one expressed it. Efficient servitors are difficult to find in Paris—popular ones, still more so—and therefore the members, especially the old ones, deeply regret this enforced exodus of these worthies. And Julia! Julia and Marie Louise!—these two pretty handmaids of the A.A.A!—they, too, have gone—like a beautiful dream. The usurping Max and Bubbo (or whatever his name is) may serve us in their dress suits, and with professional air—but what is chateaubriand—what are demi-londrès—without the smiles of Julia?

Some of the new theatre regulations in Paris, issued by the Prefect of Police, seem admirable and to the point—for example, theatres hereafter erected are to be isolated, i.e., approachable on all sides—a conformation to which statute will not only ensure from the danger of fire, but (what is of more importance) will enhance the architectural charm of these buildings to be. It is further decreed that each manager is bound to produce an author's work in strict conformity with the original MS.—under penalty of police prosecution and fine. This will be balm to some few cutand-garbled dramatists who have long suffered persecution without redress. Furthermore, a regulation forbids the obstruction of the spectator's view of the stage "in any

manner whateoever." Whether this is aimed at iron pillars or ladies' hats it is hard to say. But it's a very good regulation, anyway. One clause, however, we must object to, which deals with the café-concerts (music-halls). On the supposition that they are poaching on the preserves of the theatre proper, these places of amusement are to be shorn of half their glory—to be relegated to the type primatif. We do not know what power behind the throne has led to this stern decree—or what share theatre proprietors have had in its adoption—but surely the café-concert, which is now looked upon (and quite legitimately so) as a sort of variety performance, has a right to vary its programmes as it sees fit, and not have its numbers scrutinised and regulated by a quibbling inspector.

GREEK EPIGRAM.

I look on her and all the world I see,

For she alone is all the world to me;

Were she not here, the world had ceased to be.

JOHN HEALY.

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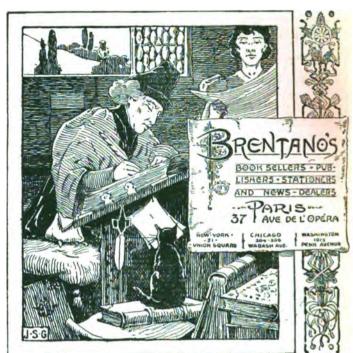
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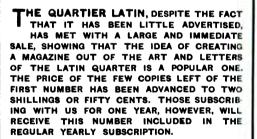
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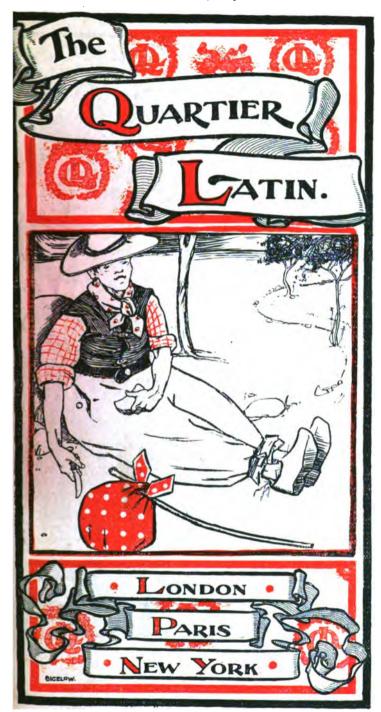
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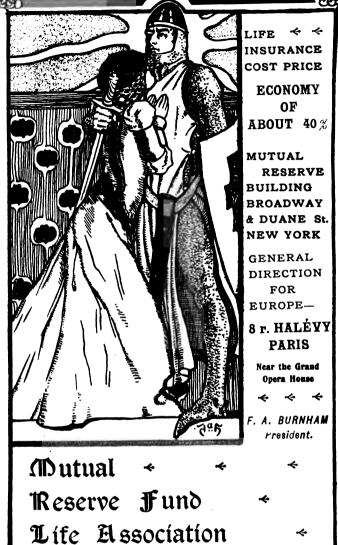
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Drawn by Lester Ralph

The Quartier Latin

Vol. V

OCTOBER, 1898

No 26



By G. O. Onions

LOVE'S PROVING.

"Here, then, where hill and vale kiss hands and part,
'Twere best we parted too. Didst thou love well—
Eager as laden bee to gain its cell,
Love's sweet desire would to thy bosom dart.
But thou dost ever from all passion start
In wilful mood; or, with a frown, repel
The closer clasp that might thy spirit quell,
And make thee own that thou too hast a heart!"

At my hot speech with bitterness o'erwrought,
The wayward girl became a woman, pale.
A sudden sense of what we twain had missed
Swept through her soul, and left it pity-fraught
For fruitless days; and then—where hill and vale
Kiss hands and part—she clung to me and kissed.

A. STANLEY COOKE.

THE WOMAN WHO WORSHIPPED IDOLS.

"No, emphatically I don't!"

The two men were seated in the smoking-room of the Irish Literary Club, and the discussion had turned on women; as the first speaker was one of the most renowned students of character among latter day writers, and the other a reputed physician whose profession had revealed more secrets than usually fall to the lot of man, it may be safely averred that the discussion was more than usually interesting.

Adrian Lacaux, the novelist, bent forward and laid his

hand on the doctor's arm-

"You don't believe there is a woman living, leading the ordinary unsheltered life of those thrown on their own resources, poor, and at the world's mercy, who can retain not only her innate womanly self-respect, but also her belief in her ideals and mankind, even to the end of her life?"—he said, slowly.

The physician shrugged his shoulders with a cynical gesture. "My dear Lacaux," he smiled, "I thought you knew more of human nature than to believe such a

thing yourself."

"My books are a study of human nature," said the other, calmly, "and I think even you will admit, a true study, Fraser; yet this side of it I have not touched, for two reasons; firstly, I loved the woman who proved the exception to the rule; secondly, there are some confidences that even the desire for fame could not tempt me to violate."

The listener remained silent, and Lacaux went on, earnestly: "She is dead now. I shall not have failed in my estimate of you, if, after hearing her story, I can convince you of your error. I tell you, had I known, years ago, what now I know of this side of a woman's character, all my efforts would have been concentrated on showing forth the immense superiority of woman's love balanced against that of man's."

As he spoke some members strolled up and interrupted

his discourse, and for a while the subject dropped.

Not till some months later did Adrian Lacaux, critic and novelist, find the opportunity to reopen the discussion.

The two friends found themselves, one bright spring

evening, alone in a small inn, half-way up a mountain side in Switzerland. It was a place and time for dreaming, and Fraser broke the silence in an unexpected manner. "By Jove!" he said, in a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "what a place for dreams! One could almost imagine we were the only living creatures in this vast solitude, except for the tinkle of those sheep-bells in the valley! Tell me one of your yarns, Adrian—one of your best—one to make me forget there is a struggling, tossing, troubled world to which we must soon return!"

He spoke half earnestly, half banteringly, and Lacaux paused suddenly in the action of blowing rings of smoke

into the air.

"One of my yarns?" he queried, in surprise; then his voice grew soft and dreamy. "One to make you forgetyes, I will tell you a story, the story of The Woman who Worshipped Idols. It may make you a little sad, it may remind you of the tossing, and struggling humanity you desire to shun, but the end signifies peace, and a dreamless rest. What more could any have?" He spoke half to himself, and the other waited silently. "That was the title under which she wrote the diary entrusted to my care shortly before she died," he continued, in low, even tones. "'You will be able to make good copy out of that,' she had said, with one of those fleeting smiles that always seemed to draw the very heart out of me, and, as I hesitated, she had frowned imperiously, 'I know what you are thinking of,' she had cried impatiently, 'you, who know so much of my life, you shrink from making it public because you have been my friend. Yet why should you not? I tell you, it will be interesting to women. It will help them, too, the women who have been placed as I have, and who feel as I have felt.'

"But there she erred, Fraser, and there you are right in your theory, for she was a woman in a million, and because she felt things acutely, she fell into the not unexpected error of supposing that her fellow-sisters suffered She was not strong in appearance; in a like manner. I often marvelled that such a brave spirit could exist within such a frail body. She was small and dark, with that dusky, blue-black hair which does not curl, but clusters in wavy masses about the brow. I don't know what fatal charm she possessed to attract attention; her features were irregular, and no one would have called her beautiful; perhaps it lay in the ivory pallor of her face, perhaps in the wistful droop of her scarlet mouth, or in the changing lights of her passionate grey eyes. I never looked at her but a pain tugged at my heartstrings—a wild longing to gather her in my arms and hold her for ever away from the pain and evil that threatened

her.

"She was a song-writer by profession, and she numbered among her acquaintance some of the cleverest men of the day—artists, musicians, journalists, novelists, poets, and a sculptor. Many of them loved her, but she was impervious. She made a study of each and all, and being well read and a woman, the study of man became absorbing to her. If she had been emotional and impressionable, it would have been impossible for her to have judged them all impartially, because she must necessarily have fallen into the snare of love and marriage. So she made idols of them all, each in his different standard of excellence; and, because she loved none of them, the experience she so dearly bought failed to embitter her.

"Her utter inability to fall a prey to the tender passion was at first a source of delight to her, but, as the years went on, it became a pain. Because she was a woman in a million, I loved her, and, for the same reason, the man she loved tired of her; but she, like the true woman she was, still clung to her ideals and her ideal love. Even I, who knew her for years, longer, indeed, than any of her idols, was ignorant, till I read her diary, of the just passion of shame, of the horror and humiliation that shrouded her girlish heart, when first her eyes were opened to the baser side of a man's nature; what passed as a compliment to the ordinary run of women, wounded her as only an insult can wound a proud nature. She had no relations and no women friends, but this did not trouble her, and she scorned the conventions that hedged the average woman; receiving her male friends impartially, in spite of the censorious advice of well-meant advisers; always contending that a man would treat a woman with respect, if she gave him no cause for doing otherwise.

"Of course you will say that, if she disregarded the conventions, she brought all her troubles on herself. I will not judge her. To read those pages of her earlier womanhood seared my heart, and opened my eyes to the innate purity of a nature that, to the last, kept itself

unspotted from the world.

"The thing which the world calls temptation was not in her eyes even a temptation; yet she lived and moved in a circle where high-mindedness was openly sneered at, and the only doctrine was—that sin is not sin unless the sinner be found out.

"You smile. The temptation is only when one loves,

you say?

"That is what I am coming to. The day came when she loved. He was a sculptor, and her passionate love of art, in every shape and form, led her first to form a preference for his society, till, all unconsciously, she loved him. Though most of her idols had tottered and fallen, she made one more.

"She had gained much by past experience, and knew that this idol was of clay like the rest, knew that he was a man with all a man's instincts; but because she loved him she clothed her idol with the sweetness of her love, and the only claim on it, the only reward that she asked for her priceless dower, was this, that he should love her,

in turn, with all his strength.

"And he—as a reward, he took the treasure she bestowed, and played with it a little, till he was sure of

her devotion, then he put it to the test.

"He spoke of his unworthiness, of how he dreaded the day when she should discover that the idol she had made was of clay, and how, if they did not marry, they would always keep their ideals, and how much sweeter it would be could they live together with the knowledge that, as soon as the tie became irksome, they would have the power to break it. The love that bound them was too ideally sweet to be subjected to the tedious sameness and monotony of married life, and so on, through the whole gamut of a man's argument when he bargains for the price of a woman's honour and the ruin of her life. She saw him in his true light at last, saw the insult in all its naked bareness, though he tried to clothe it with semblance of love; and though, at the time, her heart was stunned with the pain of it, she did not at first repulse him with the scorn his cowardice merited.

"It is a common error to believe that love cannot exist without respect; therein lies the boundlessness of a woman's love, that her love still clings, no matter to what depths of degradation the object of it may sink; and men trade on this generosity. 'He does not know,' she wrote at this period, 'how should he, when his better nature has been deadened by the influence of the life in which he moves. How should he remember what is due to me when his constant companionship is with artists' models, and the loose women he meets in the studios at home and abroad. A man must forget sometime, must even forget his mother and sisters, if he lives such a life, away from their influence! My love must indeed have been unworthy, since it brought me nothing but shame

and insult; my pride has indeed deserted me since I cannot even resent it.'

"That piteous, written cry of her wounded heart stung me beyond all,"—he laughed a short laugh that sounded perilously like a sob. "She still believed in him, you see, and prayed that his better nature would assert itself. His better nature! God! how little women know of men, after all. What did he care for her forgiving tenderness, her charity deep and wide as the sea, her love that even insult could not kill? He had failed to win her on his own terms and so-he let her go.

"He affected to doubt her love for him, thinking that, to vindicate it, she would relent. When that ruse failed he wrote her a last letter, suggesting that they should be merely friends—a cool, heartless, cynical letter that he knew would wound her proud heart and leave a lifelong

"He threw off the mask at last, revealing the truth in all its bitterness, leaving not the faintest covering to dis-

guise the absolute baseness of his character.
"You know the saying, 'Hell has no fury like a woman scorned.' I need not tell of the storm of pain and passion that shook her woman's heart; she prayed then as David prayed for vengeance—and, with her, vengeance had become a noble duty-on the man who had outraged her love and pride. She prayed that he might love her, now that he had lost her, with a consuming love that would be an hourly agony, while her love should fade and die in the proportion that his increased.

"She did not gather up the shattered fragments of her idol and hide them away, or turn his picture to the wall, but kept them always before her, lest, as the years went by, her heart might soften against her will. She did not lose her passion for worshipping idols, but so went on to the end, through all the years, till death claimed her, and, as though in compensation, some kept their glorified forms and repaid her in part for the belief she put in them; but it was always evident that though all had tottered and fallen, she would not have grieved had the

one she loved but proved worthy of her trust.
"What of the man? Fortunately I never knew his name, and possibly her prayer for vengeance was verified, though the chances are that it was not; that kind of apology for manhood usually gets off scathless," his voice sank almost to a whisper. "She gave her love to a brute, who threw aside the priceless gift, and I-would

have died for her."

He covered his eyes with his hand, and then came a

faint, inarticulate sound, half cry, half groan, which caused the physician to rise hastily, take his candle and retire. Alone in his room, he lit another cigar. Facing the windows he could trace, in the moonlight, the out-lines of the mountains. Not a sound disturbed the intense stillness. For the first time in his successful life there came to the doctor the sense of something missed, a vague, intangible sweetness that withal belonged to the man in the room below; and he fell to musing on the strange, subtle, inexplicable tangle called life, which deals out to mankind its unequal gifts of passion and pain and death; and still the solution puzzled him, as he pondered on the story he had just heard—the love-story of Adrian Lacaux, talented, admired and courted, the invulnerable bachelor, the cynic and woman-hater, sitting forlorn among the ruins of his life; and again came the burden of that strange cry-the strained, stifled tones of his voice quivering through the silence-"I would have died for her."

F. M. KETTENUS.





J. J. Guthrie

ON THE MOOR.

A lurid light above; and wide around, Mile after mile, the swelling purple moor And lonely stillness-save where o'er the ground The peewit wailing sweeps, in flight unsure. Solemn the scene. Day's dying glories lie Fringing the distant hills, and, nearer, fall Aslant a ripened cornfield. In the sky Black clouds are gathering. One lone wind doth call O'er the wild, weary waste, and sinks and dies Far off, and wakes anon, and moans and sighs About the dreary hollows. A dog's bark Shakes the grey gloom, and high, on fluttering wings, The startled grouse fly over. Broods the night Upon the heathy uplands. A gate swings To, and a sturdy sportsman, faint to sight, Tramps homeward with his spoil; and through the dark Lone stars come throbbing, with pale lustre pure, And night's wind-voices wail across the moor.

JAMES A. MACKERETH.





Illustration to
"BY MUTUAL AGREEMENT"

Drawn by A. Campbell Cross

BY MUTUAL AGREEMENT.



was a queer friendship: on the With one side a blase, cynical man, well illustration in the thirties; on the other, a by small girl-woman, with a plain, A. C. Cross. cold, little face, in which the eyes alone were enthusiastic. And the friendship had commenced in a queer way.

They had been introduced to each other by his aunt, who had laughed in her sleeve as she said,

"Isma, let me make my nephew, Mark Kingston, Mark, Miss Wynne is, like yourself, known to you. my guest for the week-end-and, like you, usually makes her home in London; so you will have lots of things in common."

Then Mrs. Kingston had wandered off down her sunny garden path, and left them. And Mark had sworn vengeance against her for leaving him to entertain a stupid girl, who had not even ordinary prettiness to commend her to his fastidious taste, as he told himself discontentedly. And then, in turning to make some commonplace remark, he had given an inward start of surprise, for he had met the girl's eyes fully, fixedly bent on

himself—and in them a look of quiet disapproval.

That one look decided Mark Kingsley. He had learned what he knew of women in a school where men learn quickly, unwisely, and in a manner that serves them in little stead afterwards. He had thought he could gauge any woman's soul by the knowledge he had thus acquired. And lo! in a plain girl's blue-grey eyes he had found his mistake. "Every woman has her price" had been his axiom for some years, and in one instant, in a quiet, old, Surrey garden, he knew how untrue it was.

And charming little Mrs. Kingston, his aunt, from her snuggery window, smiled knowingly as she saw Mark talking animatedly to her protegee, Isma Wynne, with less of a blase, man-of-the-world air than she had seen in him since the day when he had come into his grandfather's wealth, at two-and-twenty.

"Now, then, listen how this reads :-- 'We, the undersigned, do hereby declare that we conjointly agree to

By J.S.

lunch, dine, and attend a theatre together once a week, or such place of amusement as may be mutually agreed upon; and that, for the time we may be together, we shall each prove amusing to the other. That, at such time as one or both cease to be amusing, this agreement shall be considered null and void.

"Signed, this the twelfth day of June, eighteen

hundred and ninety-four."

"How do you like it? Sounds rather legal, doesn't it, Miss Wynne?" and Mark Kingston looked quizzically across the table at his companion, who was, with a grave air of consideration, slowly severing cherries from their stalks and eating them.

"Yes, on the whole, I think that will do. If you will pass it over, I'll sign it now. You see, like a careful

journalist, I have my pen with me. There!"

The paper was handed back, with the signature in firm,

clear characters—"Isabel Mary Wynne."

"H'm, so that is your name in full, is it, Miss Wynne? Do you know, I have often been puzzled over your curious name, 'Isma'? I see now that it is simply formed of the first syllables of your Christian names. Now for mine!"

To complete the agreement, Mark dashed down—"Mark Pryor Kingston"; then said, "See, for the future, I am going to call you Isma, and you shall call me Mark, or anything else you like. There is nothing amusing about surnames, and, besides, life's too short to be always using them. Where shall we go this evening—to what theatre, I mean?"

"Thanks, I don't want to go anywhere this evening. We'll start in next week. And, just now, I would like to say that I am going to allow you to pay for my lunches, dinners and theatres occasionally, as agreed upon, not because you are a man and I am a woman, but simply because you can easily afford it, and I cannot. If the cases were reversed, I should pay for you—that's understood, I think; and for the future, when we meet we must do our best to amuse each other, and so keep to the letter and spirit of our agreement. Now, good-bye! I must get back to the office."

What was there behind all her quiet little face, and in spite of her curiously incomplete education, which gave Isma Wynne such a keen understanding of men in general. and of clever, cynical Mark Kingsley in particular? He knew, and the knowledge piqued him more than he cared to admit, even to himself, that this plain girl, who was so witty and amusing, and who

accepted his hospitality so frankly, was able to keep him in hand.

Their agreement was all very well, thought the man half sneeringly, but it would surely be more interesting, if less amusing, to occasionally be personal in their conversations. After all, to be amusing had its limitations. There was something weird and unnatural in a girl who was distinctly and decidedly the mere friend and comrade, and not a bit the lover. How would she look with those calm, grey-blue eyes of hers aflame with passion, and the stern young lips quivering with feeling. Bah! It was against all reason for a girl to be so self-controlled as Isma always was. Good Lord! what a farce the whole affair was! What business had this plain-faced little Puritan to dictate to any man what his conversations should, or should not, be? It would serve her right to teach her to love; yes, to love as he, Mark, knew she was capable of loving.

With an oath on his lips, he leapt to his feet, and striding the length of his comfortable sitting-room he passed into the hall, and, taking up his hat, went out,

slamming the door behind him.

He walked on through the warm night air, with a feeling of undefinable shame somewhere about him, that he should be taking such an unaccountable interest in a girl who was nothing to him. But there was no pity in his heart for 1sma: her very independence had roused all the aggressive part in the man's nature.

No one but Mark Kingsley knew how hard he fought during the next few weeks to pass that line of demarcation which the woman had drawn between friendship and sentiment. He looked in the girl's eyes, and swore softly to himself when he saw they met his just as calmly as ever. Had they faltered never so slightly, he would have been satisfied—perhaps; but their calmness enraged him, and pricked him on, and he longed to hear her confess that she loved him. She would not be easy to win; but when he thought of the unstirred depths of her eyes, he knew he must go on with the game.

One day they had varied their usual proceedings by going down by train to Walton, and taking a row on the river. Mark was in flannels, and he knew he was looking his best. Isma sat in the stern of the boat, lazily pulling the tiller ropes as directed, and watching the long, easy strokes of the oars as the man pulled up

against the stream.

Something in the set of his well-shaped lips interested

her; she had never noticed them quite so firm and determined before, she thought; and, in spite of her Puritanism, she felt that the man in front of her, plying the oars so steadily, was worth loving-one day he would make some woman happy by calling her wife. Isma caught her breath at the thought, and there was a queer little pain in her heart, and the beautiful day had all at once grown dull, and between her eyes and the sunny river was a mist.

Just at that moment Mark Kingsley looked up at her, and seeing the shadow in her eyes he felt a most unholy triumph. He rowed in to the bank, where the trees hang low to meet the water; then, shipping his oars, he leaned forward, and placed his hands lightly on Isma's, as they

lay in her lap, with the tiller ropes loosely between them.

For a few blissful seconds she allowed the contact, and felt glad because of the man's quick sympathy. Then she raised her eyes and saw—well, more than Mark intended her to, he had been so sure of victory. With a short laugh, that had no mirth in it, she moved her hands away and grasped the ropes tighter, saying, "Why, Mark, you lazy fellow! what do you mean by only rowing this distance? I am sure you cannot be tired already, but, if you like, I'll row you as far as Halliford."

He knew she had seen the danger, and, woman-like, was pretending she had not; but his mind was made up, and even the steady courage glowing in her eyes once

more could not stay him.

So he caught her hands, and, holding them closely in his, he said passionately, "Isma, I love you. I, who have seen women of all lands, and have had the choice of beauties, love you, you-cold little Puritan. Will you love me in return, and be my wife?"

He had slipped to her side, and passed his arm about her slender figure, and as he spoke he turned her small, pale face upwards. If the eyes quailed for an instant, and then flashed an answer back to the passionate glow in his, he never could be sure, they were steady again so quickly. But there was no mistaking the cool raillery in her voice, as she smilingly said:

"Surely you are never growing sentimental, Mark! Why, I know nothing that is so far from being amusing; and I remember our compact, even if you don't. Really I am afraid, Mark, that you are degenerating dreadfully -becoming passe, in fact. If you have exhausted amus-

ing subjects already, let's start fair again."

Mark Kingsley bit his lip, and rowed back quickly to Walton.

He loved the girl as well as he knew how to love; and he hated himself for not finding it out sooner, and at the same time for not having been more successful in his wooing. He was a cool-headed man, however, and be knew when he was beaten.

• • •

When Isma reached her rooms in Torrington Square, she indulged in the luxury of tears; and in her innermost heart she cursed her knowledge of men—a knowledge that told her that Mark Kingsley would not love a woman more nobly because she was his wife according to the law of the land. He had loved many women, and she knew it, and the thought was gall and wormwood to her, for she also knew that there was but one man in the world for her, and him her Puritanism debarred. But, even as she admitted her weakness, she was strong; so she drew a blue pencil through her copy of the agreement, and returned it to Mark Kingsley, with the words scrawled across it, "Null and void."

MABEL E. E. EDWARDS.



I; J. J. Guthr**ie**.

"AFTER YEARS."

HE room was quite still save for the merry song of the little brass kettle which hummed knowingly to itself as if conscious that a crisis was imminent in the affairs of the two sitting so silently before the fire. Unthinkingly, Thorold reached for his cigar-case, then dropped it back into his pocket with a regretful sigh and a sidelong glance at the big arm-chair opposite and the

woman lying back among the pillows.

"Smoke," she said, noticing his gesture. "Smoke; don't think I mind. In the old days tobacco always stimulated your speech if not your thoughts; let me see

if any virtue remains in nicotine."

"You are thoughtful as ever," Thorold said, with a curious uplifting of the muscles about the corner of his mouth, which, while it lasted, gave his face a vague yet unmistakeably cat-like look. "If I may be allowed I will follow your advice, and perhaps some of the charm of long ago may come back to us with the smoke."

The woman shrugged her shoulders and rose to her "I hate reminiscences," she said with a weak pretence at stifling a yawn, "but I'll aid and abet you in raising the spirit of dead and bygone days, by giving you a light." Stooping, she struck a vesta against the bar of the grate, then held it towards him till the end of the

cigar glowed steadily.

Thorold, who, from long experience with both, was a bit of a connoisseur in all pertaining to horses and women, noticed that her hand was as slender and white as ever, and free from the journalistic ink-stains of the past five years, the nails as rosy as a child's and beautifully shaped. From the tips of her fingers, his eyes travelled lazily up her firm well-rounded arm to her bare throat and finally rested on her face, with the decided conviction, however, that in looks at least Mrs. Despard wasn't half the woman she had been as Elizabeth Dawson. Looking down at him, through the misty curtain of smoke spreading out between them, she met his gaze with an odd, defiant smile, "Yes, I'm growing old," she said, as if in answer to his unspoken thought. "See, there are lines under my eyes at times, and now and again in the morning, before I pull them out, there are grey hairs here at the temples."
"You are jesting," Thorold answered with an uneasy

feeling that there was danger in the air. She had always

been unpleasantly earnest and sincere, even when a girl: that, with other things, was what had wearied him so quickly. He looked at her critically from beneath his half-shut lids; unquestionably she was right, he decided; five years of worry and brain work had left an indelible impression on her face. She was appreciably older now than the girl he had loved and ruined long ago; ruined, not in the sense in which the world uses the word, yet none the less surely, by crushing her ideals one by one, till her belief in humanity and the God of her childhood was a thing of the past; till disillusioned, almost unsexed, she had come to judge by reason instead of instinct.

"Well?" she said at last with the air of an inquisitor.

Thorold, disturbed in his dream, started suddenly and flicked the ash from his cigar while vainly hunting for something to say. "You have changed but little," he ventured at last, feeling bored and vaguely un-comfortable at the proximity of this woman who knew his weakest points and touched them one after another with all the skill of a musician playing on a well-known instrument. In a word, she knew too much. From a man's point of view the ignorance so often mistermed innocence is the most desirable thing in woman. satisfies the masculine instinct to destroy it even as the vain flutterings of an impaled butterfly satisfy the lad who studies entomology instead of—life.
"You are sorry I've come back," she went on, once

more reading his thoughts.

"You are unkind. I am glad of your return, glad you turned to me with the old feeling of good fellowship," he said with an undercurrent of sarcasm in his placid tone.

Mrs. Despard moved restlessly and shook her head, but if Thorold noticed it, he gave no sign, but went on in a slightly aggrieved voice: "The news of your marriage

surprised me-it was so unexpected."

For the first time in her life she felt lacking in loyalty, for instinctively she had been true to others if not to herself, lacking too where loyalty most was due, to the man who had married her, and while he lived made her quietly happy, restoring some of her former illusions, cracked to be sure but still usable—the man to whom she owed it that she still possessed a share of goodness and human charity.

"Now that you are alone again," Thorold went on evenly, "perhaps we can be friends once more—till my

marriage, at least."

She interrupted him eagerly. "Your marriage! What is she like?"

"She has money," he answered, philosophically.

"So she is old—a gilded pill," Mrs. Despard said with conviction."

"No, not old," smiled Thorold.

"The older she is the sooner you'll be rid of her," she insisted.

"Perhaps I don't want her to die," he said with

cheerful persistency.

"Then her interest in her money dies with her; it must be to your advantage to keep her alive."

Thorold frowned and shrugged his shoulders, but wisely

held his tongue.

"If the Gods gave me choice," Mrs. Despard said meditatively, after a pause, "I would pray for my life to last till I saw you a victim of Eros."

"I was never capable of loving," and Thorold

laughed insolently.

The woman's face flushed at the thought of the kisses he had given her; at the memory of the days when he fooled her into caring for him. "Perhaps—when you were young?" she queried hopefully.

Thorold disdained to escape by the offered loophole. "Not even then," he insisted. "Now, you?" he said,

interrogatively.

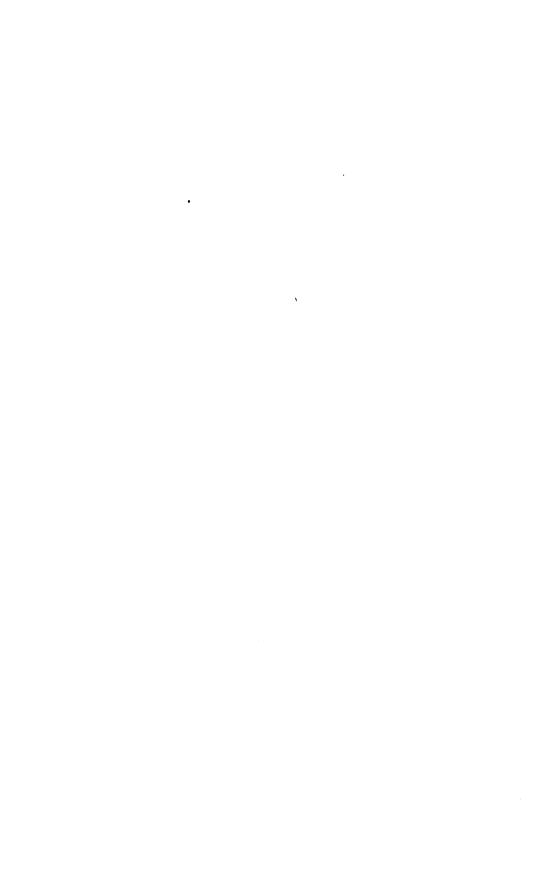
"I—I could play at love, at least," she answered, with well-assumed indifference. "What you once called my ability for producing stage effects helped me there. But your cigar has gone out," she said, with a sudden

change of tone; "let me light it."

Leaning across the back of his chair, she held out a lighted match; her hair just brushed his neck, her arms, perfect as the lost limbs of the Louvre Venus, lay on his shoulder; a vague odour of violets rose from the filmy black masses of tulle about her low-cut bodice. Tossing his cigar into the grate, Thorold caught and detained her hand. "Bess," he whispered, with a quickening of breath not altogether simulated, "Bess."

Her face hardened, but a triumphant light shone in her eyes as she deliberately bent her head till it rested against his. "Yes," she said softly, almost shyly, "Yes!"

With a quick movement he drew her down beside him till she lay motionless in his arms, her face well hidden against the lapel of his coat. "Bess, I love you," he whispered, knowing full well all the time that he lied. Throwing aside all self-restraint, he kissed her eagerly—her shoulder, her arm, her neck, where the delicate tendrils of hair met in a point just under the heavy golden braids. "I love you, Bess," he whispered, "as I





TRAGIC POESY

Drawn by Philip Connard

never did in the old days. The first time I kissed you you weren't much more than a child, Bess—in a white woollen frock, all fluffy about the neck, and I kissed you like this, just there underneath the chin." He tried to raise her head, but she kept her face persistently hidden, and lay rigid, a dead weight against his shoulder.

"Bess, tell me," he went on, in the voice of a man who believes he has conquered, "tell me you care for me still,

after all these years."

She raised her eyes, and with no trace in her face of the tumult of passion and unsatisfied longing that filled her soul, drew a little away from him. "I don't care for you in the least," she said steadily, "and I'm sure I never did, but thanks all the same for your declaration. You certainly are impulsive sometimes."

CONSTANCE COMPTON MARSTON.



PLATONIC LOVE.

Can we live thus—disdain our senses' call, Deny the human heart its wonted flow, Close our young lives to Life's warm, magic glow, And strew Love's roses on scorned Passion's pall?

Ay surely, dear, if duty calls, for we Have met on spirit-planes where heart knew heart. Our love is of our flesh a thing apart; And though the golden fruit on Nature's tree Were sweet to pluck, they find supremer things Who taste the buoyant peace denial brings. A wider world than passion round us lies—A world of minds united, love divine 'Twixt soul and soul. Ah, dear! shall we repine, And miss the higher for a lower prize?

HERBERT JAMIESON.

A NEW ENGLAND LOVE.

HE fish were not biting well that morning, but old William Searle kept beating up and down the brook, now in the sun and now in the shade, trying to get a few trout for Martha Adams, who was ailing, and who, when he was about to leave her cottage, where he had gone to inquire after the state of her health, had said with a sigh, "I do wish I had jest a few trout for my supper. It seems ez though I couldn't eat nuthin' thet we've got!" In five minutes he was in his barn taking down an old second-growth hickory fishing pole; then he had dug some bait; and, wrapping up in a paper bag some apples and bread and butter, he was soon on his way to Trout Hollow. One undersized fish was all that he had captured, and his legs were growing tired as he walked along, dropping his hook in the likely places and waiting patiently for nibbles.

And all the time he was thinking and planning.

When they were young, William and Martha had been spoken of as lovers by all the gossips of the village; but though there was undoubtedly much feeling between them, it had never been definitely ascertained that William had declared himself, though it was an old story that Martha had encouraged him both by look and word to open his heart. Years had passed, and as they both grew old, the fact that neither married was the only indication that there had been an affair of the heart between them, unless that William sent his first radishes and onions, and the first pick of his strawberry bed to Martha, meant something, or that sitting once a month with her in the straight-backed chairs of her prim living room, and talking about the weather and other common matters, indicated it.

Feeling his interest in Martha greatly renewed through her sickness, the old man became reminiscent, and wandered back in memory to the hours when he had seen her for the first time, a slender red-cheeked girl, leaving the church on Sunday. All eyes dwelt upon her then; and young men to the number of six or seven were gathered near her, each hoping that he might be the first to offer his arm in the homeward walk.

Years had passed ere William dared, partly through courage and partly through fear of greater suffering if he

sweet, he thought, to walk along the grassy path,

refrained, to offer his arm at the church door.

But after the ordeal had been passed through, how

Martha's little hand just resting on his coat-sleeve, while they talked of the music or the sermon, both conscious of dearer things than these hidden in the heart, no doubt, but making their presence felt in every utterance: a rich undertone in a simple melody. And he was sometimes admitted to her home, there to sit happy but almost silent through the evening, watching her quick fingers as the needles flashed in and out of the stocking she was knitting. A hundred times he had the words on his lips to ask her; but as often as he thought to speak, and uttered her name, a look from her clear eyes, though kindly given, sent the words hurrying back to his heart, and he stammered out something else to hide his weakness and his intention.

"I wonder why I never told her!" the old man exclaimed, as he mopped his brow with a big red hand-kerchief and coughed slightly, ashamed of his shame. "William Searle, you never did hev no courage with

"William Searle, you never did hev no courage with wimmin; it took you five years to get up enough spunk to be seen walkin' with Martha Adams, an' now you've waited forty years more 'cause you're afraid to tell her. Do you think she's goin' to know it 'cause you're gettin' these fish? Why don't you act like a man?" He jerked savagely at his hook.

Blackbirds were rasping in the trees under which he stooped, intensifying the stillness; and the odours of wildflowers were all about him as he sat down to rest and eat a part of his lunch. He was very tall, and his white hair hung about a fare which, old as it was, held a peculiar delicacy of expression, as though it had been made for a world wherein there are no difficulties. "It's nice here, an' I like to hear the birds; it makes me think of the time when I wuz a boy," he said, as he peered up among the branches.

He ate abstractedly soon, for the sick old woman came back to his mind, and excluded all else. He thought again of the walks to Martha's house in the cool of the evening, and how he used to go with the intention of telling her all, only to become terror-stricken when she answered his knock with a conventional "Good evening, Mr. Searle." Even the flowers at the door reminded him that he must not be too familiar, standing straight up, and seeming to say from their orderly rows, "Be careful, William Searle, of what you do and say; our mistress is not a common young lady—she may laugh at you."

His thoughts began to grow bitter to him, as he contemplated all the past.

"I must get more fish than I hev," he suddenly exclaimed; and putting aside his lunch, he walked resolutely out into the sun.

But recollection would not leave him. It seemed as though he were again young; and he could feel the pride, mixed with trepidation, which filled his heart as he passed the Smiths' house, with Martha at his side, on the way home from church. Martha's green bonnet was not only the most beautiful head-covering in the village, and for that reason good to look upon, but it had been purchased with William's own money in Boston. When Martha received a mysterious package from the hands of Jonas Beane, the stage-driver, she asked, "What is it, and who sent it?" but only received a wise shake of the head in reply. William, not daring to give it to her in person, had taken this means of presenting it. Jonas Beane boarded with the Smith family, and a certain condescension in his bow, as William and Martha passed. made William tremble. But Martha continued to wear her bonnet, unconscious of the donor, though she wondered always.

How he regretted all his weaknesses? Was it too late to make amends?

The old man spoke again, softly, for he had journeyed up to where he believed the fish were thickest, a long walk for him. "How nice she used to look in them white dresses; she always seemed like an angel, 'cept when she turned her eyes on me—then I wilted. Why didn't I hev no spunk? She must hev cared for me a little, else she'd mittened me—thet's sure. Hullo, there's another fish!" and he drew a second trout from the water. He wiped his forehead tremblingly ere rebaiting his line.

"Marthy liked me, I do believe!" he exclaimed, and tears came to his eyes through the mere repetition in words, of the old, old thoughts. I wonder if Marthy will live ez long ez I do. Seems ez though we two ought to be together, somehow, but dinged ef I know how! I'm goin' to tell her enyway; yes, I'm goin' to tell her. I guess we ain't too old." He leaned against a tree, his eyes on the ground as he thought.

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Martha Adams' house sat straight and white among its lilacs, surrounded at a greater distance by tall ashes, which seemed to realise a responsibility to that which they enclosed, and stood very straight themselves. Inside the house all was the same. The floors were very clean; the home-made rugs were square with the sofas; the

vases on the mantel were filled with dried grass having waving plumes; the chairs all stood seriously, with their backs against the wall; while, in the second best bed, in a white-walled chamber, Martha, arrayed in a lace cap with lavender ribbons, lay like something which had found its place, and knew it. Samantha Lane sat by her side, fanning her.

"Don't fan so, Samanthy; I want to tell you something. Do you remember William Searle an' me, when

we wuz all young?"

"Yes," the expectant Samantha replied.

"We wuz pretty sweet on each other, wan't we?"

"You wuz; and a nice couple you made," said Samantha encouragingly.

"Well-well, William never asked me to hev him, all

those years."

"Never told you that he wanted you?"

"No."

"He didn't?"

"No, he didn't!"

"Well, I do declare! Everybody always thought it wuz very strange thet you an' William Searle didn't marry each other; but folks didn't suppose that he never asked you."

"Don't you tell no one, Samanthy."

"No, I sha'n't."

"I'm goin' to tell you somethin' more, Samanthy."

"What?"

"I wanted him to ask me, awful bad!"

"You did?"

"Yes; an' he wanted to ask me, but wuz afraid to say it."
"No!"

"Thet's the truth, Samanthy."

- "I kin hardly believe it. A man to act thet way!"
- "It's the truth. We used to go everywhere together; an' he always wuz tryin' to say what wuz on his mind, but he couldn't speak it out. I did all I could to help him, but it only seemed to make things worse. He wuz almost afraid to touch my hand."

"The great-!"

"Samanthy, William couldn't help it."

- "He's been a-comin' here ever since then, too," said Samantha.
- "Yes; I think—I think he—although we're both so old—I think he wants to say it yet."

"Well, I tell!"

"Didn't you see him go after the fish awhile ago? He hurried."

"Miss Adams, be you crazy?" Samantha said, boldly.
"No, I ain't crazy; an' you'll make me sorry thet I've told you if you talk thet way," the invalid replied. "It seems ez though I ought to hev William after waitin' so long; it seems ez though we ought to get—"

"I don't deny it; but you're both too old now to be

thinkin' of sech things."

I always loved him, Samanthy," the old woman said, tremulously.

Samantha coughed.

"He never even kissed me; he wuz afraid to."

"Thet wuz too bad."

"I wish he'd come with them fish."

Samantha got up and began dusting the furniture vigorously. There was moisture on her cheeks which she wiped away with the dust-cloth, leaving a slight tell-tale stain

Martha Adams turned on her bed, and lay gazing out of the window. One who looked at her there, had he not been deceived into thinking that she was abstractedly watching the swaying hollyhocks, would have seen mirrored on her face all the unsatisfied longings of her life—a regret that lay deeper than the source of tears.

When Samantha looked at her again she seemed to be sleeping; so, sitting down and smoothing her apron, the watcher took an unfinished stocking from the windowsill and began knitting with swift, nervous fingers.

. . .

William Searle had caught three fish, and, very tired at last, he began turning his pole over and over in his hand, winding up the line slowly, in his way, preparatory to going home. He had searched his memory for all the events of the past years which concerned Martha and himself, and had affirmed again and again, almost with an oath, that the time for foolishness was at an end, that as soon as Martha could sit in a chair he would go to her, and, recalling their youth, his love and his weakness, would say — Martha, I'm a fool, and I know it, so do you. Here I've been holding off all these years as though I didn't mean anything, while I wanted to tell you that I loved you all the while. I know that we are both old, and folks will laugh, but I've wanted you all my life; haven't you wanted me, Martha? Let's live together the rest of our lives in the old home. I'm considerable sprier than you, and can take care of you. can have some happiness yet. I'm not worthy of you, Martha, I know that. But will you have me as I am?

He felt the scene rise before him. He had two thousand dollars in the bank in Boston, that would keep them as long as they would live He felt sure that nothing now

could prevent him from speaking.

He moved, as though to leave the bank of the river, but some thought, new and important, or else the weariness which he felt in his aged bones. made him hesitate, and then he turned a few steps from the water and sat down on the soft grass with his back against a tree. His stiff old fingers picked to pieces a leaf which fell upon his hand, "I'm kinder tuckered out," he said with a sigh; "Marthy'll hev a late supper."

0 0 0

It was just at sunset that a joyous party of young berry-pickers wound along the river, singing, laughing and exchanging jests. There was a fine colour in the cheeks of the girls, showing through their falling hair, which they were too happy to notice, and the young men were patient under the double load of baskets not their own, their eyes dwelling oft on those movements which youth and health make seem so natural to budding womanhood, while they thought each of the approaching cool of the evening, and the sweet chance to be alone with one whose heart might be had perhaps for the asking.

It was a glorious ending of a beautiful day. A wind which had the odour of dew upon it breathed in their faces as they passed along; in open spaces amidst the trees the crimson glory of the western sky came through; and already those soothing voices of the evening, the lowing of cows and chirping of field crickets, came to

their ears with a tender insistence.

Suddenly those in advance recoiled with a startled cry, and all eyes looked where a finger pointed at the body of an old man lying on the grass, a fishpole leaning against a tree near it. "Who is it?" some one asked, when the first shock of terror was abating.

The oldest of the youths advanced, and, looking down

into the dead face, replied, "Old Mr. Searle."

Some of the girls began to weep.

"All but four of the strongest boys had better go on," said the eldest of the group again. "Mr. Searle was a bachelor and lived alone. Some one ought to tell the people in the next house to his, so that they can open the door somehow and have the place ready. We can carry him on a litter. Poor old man!"

They broke down some young trees, and, laying the smaller branches across the two poles, formed a stretcher,

on which they tenderly laid the white-haired dead, with his basket by his side containing three small trout. Then they raised the burden and began to bear it along through the twilight, following their companions to the village. They had all grown silent and serious.

"Martha Adams and Mr. Searle used to be lovers, I've heard my father say," ventured one of the bearers, the first to break the silence of their march; "I wonder what

she'll say."

"Oh, she's getting very old herself; she won't notice it

much."

"Mr. Searle used to go there and sit with her for hours, years ago; but father says he guesses she wouldn't have him, and so he kinder gave it up. He never asked anyone else though. He has lived alone for forty years. He looked young for his age, didn't he?"

"Don't talk," was the reply; and they paced along,

panting under their load.

As the bearers turned into the village street, they could see that quite a crowd awaited them in the little green square. It seemed to be gathered close to Martha Adams' gate, out of which more people were passing.

At last they reached the crowd, which looked very solemn, and laid their burden down to rest. No one spoke, till Samantha Lane pushed her way through, holding her handkerchief to her eyes, and said, as she looked at the body, "Is Mr. Searle dead?"

"Yes, we found him dead in the north fields, by the

river," was the reply.

The woman's voice trembled as she spoke.

"Martha Adams is gone too; and the things thet she said are all come true enough. She died about two hours ago, very peaceful."

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Drawn by R. F. Wells

IN A GARDEN.

Fragrant and cool her garden bowers—
She wandered out and in;
So fair she was, the very Flowers
Acclaimed her as their kin.

The Lily cried: "Her step, how light! Upon the scarce-pressed grass; And see that brow of purest white—A Lily once she was."

The Red Rose smiled in answer: "Nay, As past my bower she goes, I mark her ruby lips and say She once did live a Rose."

A random Field-flower peeping up, "Her hair is gold," he cried; For, once a golden Buttercup, She grew in meadows wide."

A small Flower cried: "I too have seen Her pass this sheltered spot; Whence came those azure eyes serene, But from Forget-me-not?"

O'erheard she then their idle talk, And smiled to be so praised; Then kissed the Lily's slender stalk, The Rose's drooped head raised;

Nor chid th' ambitious flower that dared Despise its pastoral fame,
And for Forget-me-not she spared
One tear—and breathed his name.

"And would ye make me yours?" cried she:
Alas! if this is so,
Would God that I once more might be
A Flower as long ago;

Were't glowing Rose, or Lily white, Blossom of gold or blue; For Flowers may dream both day and night, And all their dreams come true!

KATHLEEN HAYDN GREEN.

BOB CARTER'S SKELETON.

OBERT CARTER, known to his familiars as of marigolds, his generous ears unwarmed by a The vision of a certain apple-tree in Abel tingle. Marvin's field had been with him, spasmodically, during the afternoon, and had now gained full possession. He mounted the fence at the end of the garden, pausing on the top rail to let his eye travel over the sweep of meadow and orchard below, girdled in the distance by faint hills. The apple tree stood in the foreground, fair as his dream—a paler green against the dark of the farther foliage, its leaves turning and twinkling in the sun. It was a versatile tree, possessing the essential qualities of a flirt. Having drawn him, headlong, with its suggestions of hidden fruit, it now brought him to a full and bewildering stop, and began to exercise a different spell.

"Jolly, down there! What a picture! Wish I had my pad!"

Bob wriggled into a comfortable sitting posture, and twisted his feet into the lower bars of the fence. There was a varied assortment of old envelopes in his pockets, bills, notices, and letters sentimental. One of these he selected and was presently lost in transferring the pastoral scene before him to its somewhat limited area.

Robert Carter was one year old-in the world of art. He was not without some of the attributes of that tender age. The craze had "taken him" quite suddenly. His folks, who had him down as a merchant in the catalogue of life, decided that this affection, like the "stamp mania," would be quickest cured by humouring. So they gave him a long rope, that he might not know he was tied.

He had registered in one of the New York art schools the previous October, and, armed with his new-born zeal, and a very elaborate outfit, had worked himself up from the contemplation of "block" hands and feet to drawing from "rounds." When he was promoted to "cast heads? his own became subject to a malady not uncommon with young genius.

"I ought to have a skeleton!" he told himself one day, pacing his room in lofty abstraction. "Success depends on going to the foundation. Every great artist must be a student of anatomy!"

He presented his new effort, a drawing of the bust of

Cicero, next criticism day, and found this opinion

emphatically confirmed.

"The head is soft!" raved the great instructor, "soft! I could punch it in! You have no skull—no bones!" Bob salved his pride by muttering that he'd anticipated

wisely, anyhow.

"I've got to have a skeleton!" he declared aloud.

A fellow-student heard him, a sickly youth, with Rembrandt locks. He moved up, speaking in a highpitched tone.

"One of the fellahs has a cast he wants to get rid of. He'll sell out cheap!" He tried to look as though he weren't going to get a commission.

"Don't want a cast!" growled Bob. "I want a

skeleton!"

"A cast's a skeleton," said the thin voice.

thing, you know. Imitation-iron cast."

The sickly boy made the sale, and had the gruesome thing sent round. Bob was pleased as a child. He pored over it for hours, rapping on the skull, twisting the joints, and moving the legs and arms up and down. Then he put its box away, and hung it on a peg beside his bureau. For that night! After the fuss his aunt made next morning, he felt that it was hardly safe in the closet.

The art school year was then so near its close that he could scarcely judge of the improvement in his work from the acquisition of the skeleton. He determined to make the most of the vacation. He had taken a few landscape sketching lessons during the winter, and thought he ought to go off and board in the country for a month or two to pursue that branch—or join a summer class. He inclined favourably to the former course. The family, following deep tactics, offered no objection. His aunt had at one time boarded in North Loonville, a primitive hamlet, some distance in from the seaboard. She thought "it would be a good place to sketch" (knowing nothing of sketching, and anxious to be quit of the skeleton). Bob (knowing of no place he could reasonably suppose to be better) considered her suggestion.

About the 1st of July he saw the family off, with great cheerfulness, for their usual resort, and transferred his belongings to North Loonville, finding a lodging with Zebulon Palmer, a petty farmer living about two and a-half miles from the railroad station. Zebulon owned a small house and a stony lot, on which he managed to raise enough vegetables for the support of himself and Mrs. Palmer—borrowing a "hoss" when he needed one of

Abel Marvin, his only neighbour.

Bob won the old man's heart by a little subtle flattery the fact that he paid well being nothing to his hurtbut by none of his wiles could he make the slightest impression on Mrs. Palmer. She regarded him from the first with suspicion, which increased with every effort he made to allay it. He felt himself always within the range of her sidelong look, his least movement becoming weighty in the evidence collecting against him. Zebulon dared not resort to language, but his attitude was on the defensive, and between the two Bob, possessing an ordinary meed of humour, was often at his wits' end.

He was roused from his reverie on the fence-rail by the old man's voice. The Marvins had come up from the village, and brought a letter. Zebulon turned it over and over as he came down the walk, eyeing Bob with keen interest while he read.

The letter was from a boy friend.

"Just found out you were so near," it ran. "Come over and spend Sunday. No time to reply—just come!"

Time to reply! Guess not — Saturday afternoon. Come? Of course he would. He explained hurriedly to Zebulon, and bolted into the house to pack his grip. "Be home by Monday afternoon," he called back.
"Can just about make the late train"—to himself.

Bob's room, located to the right of the stair leading up from the kitchen, was the repository for all his artistic paraphernalia. He dared not fasten his door during an absence for fear of raising a family breeze. One article. however, he did keep under lock and key-remembering his aunt. Haste on this occasion is the only explanation for his carelessness. He left his cast dangling from its hook in the wall.

The timepiece on the mantel and the dull patch of sun on the kitchen floor agreed that it was passing four o'clock.

Zebulon sat in a padded rocker beside the table, directly over the patch. Sunday being the only day when he was afflicted with a collar he looked more than ever overborne, and quite at the mercy of his clothes. He had a Bible in his lap and one finger fastened in the Psalms of David-but he was in reality studying a seed-He glanced up furtively now and then to listen to the footsteps of his wife on the floor above.

"Ye'd think a wumman's feet was cannon-balls!" he

snickered, in the freedom of being alone.

There was a long interval of silence, overhead. A fly droned on the window. The loud pendulum began to lull him; the square of sun moved behind his chair. . . . "Father!"

Zebulon jumped. He crammed the seed-book into the shelf under the table, and opened to the Psalms.

" Well?"

"Come here!" The voice penetrated to him through the stair-door that opened into the kitchen. There was something ominous in the words.

He put down the Bible, and clambered up the stair, poking his white face above the bannister. Nor did the

attitude of his wife relieve his apprehensions.

"Come up here—jess come on!"

He came, stumbling. She held him with her eyes, like a prisoner at the bar, pointing at the door on the right.

"What did I tell ye wuz up with that young man?"

He opened his mouth and shivered. There was awful meaning in her words.

"Why, mother," he queried, "what?"

Mrs. Palmer triumphed in every rustle of her stiff percale. She drew nearer. Her cap bows trembled on her head.

"Well-he's a murderer!"

"F-fiddlestick!"

"He's a murderer! Did I tell ve? There's a dead man hanging in his room !"

"Wha-what!"

"A dead man's bones!"

Zebulon seized her by the arm, and shut his eyes.

"Mother!" he gasped, "Come down stairs!"

But his wife shook him off.

"Come down stairs!—an' leave that skel'ton under my roof? Zebulon Palmer, them bones are goin' to come down!"

"M-mother!"

"They're goin' to come down I tell ye! An' if you aint man enough, I'll git 'em out myself!"

Zebulon saw she made no move toward the fearful He became eloquent, for the first time in his door. life.

"Leave him be, mother! Leave him be till we git help-and turn the key! I'll go-let me go! Lemme git the Marvin boys! I won't be a minnit, mother!"

That turned the balance.

"Git the Marvin boys?—an' raise a scannel to blacken yer name? Father! stay here! You come on!"

"I can't!" whimpered the old man, piteously, then courageously-" you go first!"

"'Do, Mr. Palmer!" Bob nodded to Zebulon, who was weeding his aster-bed with uncommon care. He latched the gate behind him, lingeringly, and paused on the walk to watch the old man's labours. It was late Monday afternoon.

"Your asters are looking well this year, Mr. Palmer! Guess my back's younger than yours!" he added, dropping his grip, and getting down with his usual good-

nature to assist.

Zebulon's hands seemed violently agitated. Bob laid

it to fatigue, from his stooping posture.

"Don't do any more, Mr. Palmer! Leave it to me; I'll finish it up to-morrow.

Poor old fellow's tired out!" he thought, with a secret

thrill of resentment toward the wife.

A gratifying suggestion of supper drew his glance houseward. He got up, stiffly, and stood stock still, staring as though his eyes had for one time played him false. He took a step forward, and rubbed them with his sleeve. Then he brought himself with great strides before the porch.

"What in the name of——! I say, Mr:. Palmer—

what's up?"

His landlady stood within the wire door (carefully fastened from within), her glasses assuming a fearful glitter behind it.

Before her, on the porch-floor, were huddled hats and papers, brushes, neckties, shoes and easels—the desecrated medley of his earthly goods.

She regarded him and them unflinching.

"Them's yer traps!" she asserted. Her voice might have lain overnight in the refrigerator. "Ye can tek 'em soon's yer ready!"

Bob was unable to recover. He clasped his bewildered

brow.

"I can take 'em, can I? The deuce I can! See here—am I boarding at this house?"

"Ye were!"

"I had that impression! Paid my board, too, didn't I? Well, then, what's all this? What have I done to be turned out?"

"Perhaps ye know!"

"Perhaps I do, Mrs. Palmer! Perhaps I do-since

you say so!"

He wheeled as though to shout to Zebulon, but that worthy man had disappeared. He gazed right and left, but no human being was visible within the radius of a mile. Bob turned his helpless eyes on Mrs. Palmer—

and back again upon his belongings. A steely look flashed suddenly into their blue. Stooping, he snatched away the heap of clothes piled upon his trunk, and rummaged through the litter on the floor.

"Where's my cast?" he demanded.

There was an awful silence.

"Where's my cast?" he inquired, more wrathfully.

Mrs. Palmer raised her hand.

"Don't try to clean yer soul," she said, "by any high-falutin' words! If ye mean them dead men's bones—they're in the lot! I give 'em Christian burial.

Rage drowned Bob's every sense. He sprang sharply

to his feet.

"You buried them?" he shouted. "You buried them?

Well, you can dig them up!"

Then he tore off his cap and flung it clear to the gate.
"You buried my cast?" he groaned. "You buried it?"

He sat down on a log and began to swear at Philistines. The wind blew his sketch-book over him across the drive, where a waggon, jolting into view at this moment from a sharp turn in the road, promptly rolled over it.

Mrs. Palmer rustled down the hall, and disappeared

by a gap in the fence into the Marvins' yard.

She brought them back with her on tip-toe-Zebulon and Abel, and Abel's wife, and Zebulon's brawny sons. They stood, a silent, awful audience—behind the sheltering medium of the firm wire door—gazing on the dreadful man from the city.

Robert Carter did not get his "cast"—but he got out of North Loonville. The effect of the experience upon his artistic career, it is said, was very serious—almost

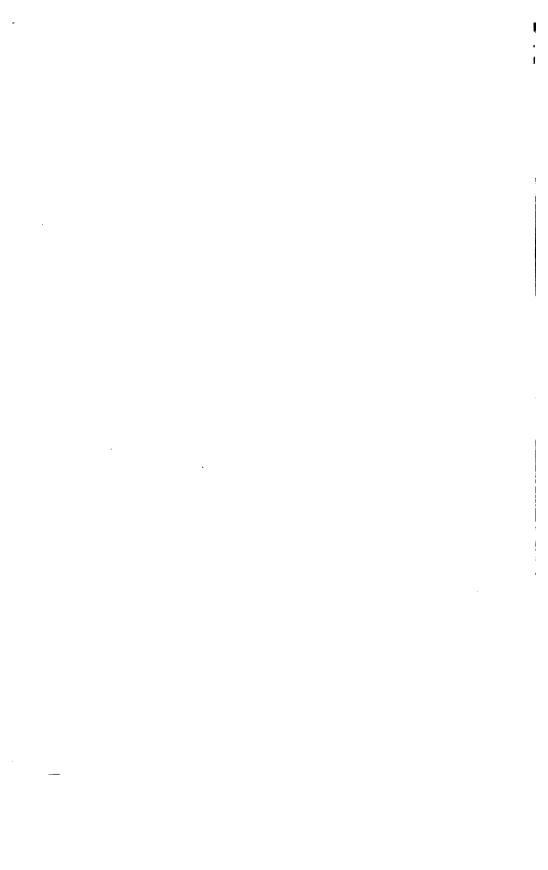
fatal.

CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.



END OF THE SEASON

Drawn by Henri Goussé



THE FACE ON THE FLOOR.

A STUDIO STORY.

WAS studying art in Paris, and had been in lodgings for about the space of six months, when a friend of mine, whose name was Maizeroy, and who was fond of telling people what he would do if he were in their place, advised me to take a studio, because, said he, all artists who are worth anything live in studios! This advice found favour in my eyes, and I started off the very next morning in search of a suitable studio, which, after much fruitless tramping around, I found in a house in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. Maizeroy came up that evening, and seemed rather surprised to find that I had followed his advice with such promptness. Two days later, I moved into the above-mentioned studio, and, after disposing of my worldly goods in different corners, and nailing up a choice collection of rusty weapons, oriental draperies, and plaster casts, I sat down and surveyed the result of my labours with the proud consciousness that I was now, at any rate, a real artist! When Maizeroy came in and stared fixedly about-as was his wont, before delivering an opinion—I waited rather fearfully; but he pronounced my artistic furnishing arrangements 'chatant!' and this reassured me.

We lunched together near the Panthéon, before which meal I drank my usual glass of absinthe, and, as is also my habit, I drank another afterwards. I have grown to like absinthe, and, somehow, it seems to help me with

my work.

The studio proved a success, not only as a place of abode but also as a place for work. The light was good and the neighbours quiet. During the first week after my arrival, I worked steadily at my Salon picture. Naturally, I felt fagged out now and again, but on such occasions I could always rely on help from the green fairy, who more than restored my flagging energies. One evening I was sitting before my easel, gazing intently at the picture upon it, which, though a work of my own hand, strangely fascinated me. I had christened it "The Slave," and it represented a man sitting at a bare, wooden table, on a corner of which was a battered candlestick, with a spluttering candle in its socket; the man sat with his hands in his pockets, his head slightly

drooping, his horror-fixed, glassy eyes staring straight before him into space. An empty rum-bottle beside him,

and a half-filled glass, told the story.

Sitting thus, there came over me suddenly a feeling of uneasiness, for which I was unable to account. I felt convinced that I was being watched. I knew there was none but myself in the studio, but the feeling grew momentarily, and made me so nervous that I jumped up from my seat and commenced searching hither and thither for the unknown and unseen intruder. Scarcely necessary to say, I could find none, and I was returning to my previous position when, by chance, I directed my gaze to a certain corner of the room. Great Heavens! was I mad, or dreaming? There, looking up at me from the floor, were two human eyes-weird and beautiful. I stood spellbound, speechless, gazing down into the liquid depths of those mysterious eyes, yet deliriously drinking in their beauty with every faculty I possessed. Suddenly, I seemed to wake from a dream, and found myself staring fixedly at a dull, red stain on the floor in the same corner of the studio. The wonderful eyes were gone, and I turned away with a feeling of disappointment, the exact reason for which I hardly knew. I went out, and during the rest of the day drank a double quantity of absinthe, feeling unusually reckless and excited. I met Maizeroy that evening, but I did not tell him about the apparition of the eyes. When I went back to the studio, I felt too enerve to think of sleep, so lighting my lamp and placing it on the table, I drew up a low chair and made myself comfortable, with the intention of

having a good smoke.

I had hardly finished my first cigarette, when the uneasiness I had felt a few hours before returned to me, and I knew that the mysterious eyes were upon me again. Lamp in hand, I crossed over to the corner where I had first seen them, and once again I met their searching gaze. As I looked, a wonderful thing happened. Whereas I had only perceived two eyes before, now, line by line, there grew out of the dark boards a beautiful woman's face, with its every feature as perfect

and noble as a Greek cameo.

How long I stood there I know not, but it seemed to me that I was lulled into sleep and began to dream. Finally, I awoke with a start to find myself lying on the floor, my lamp overturned near me and smoking thickly. I remembered having placed the lamp on the floor, but nothing after; and I felt very queer and dizzy as I slowly got on to my feet and staggered to a chair. The dawn

was already filling the studio with its misty light. At my feet was a dull, red stain on the boards—nothing more. The beautiful face had vanished, as the eyes had done before, and I smiled vaguely to myself, thinking what a fool I was not to see that I had dreamed it all.

. .

That evening I returned to the studio earlier than was my wont; I had felt restless all day, and had not been able to do much work at the Academy; the afternoon and part of the evening I had spent in the Luxembourg Gardens, wandering aimlessly about their shady paths, seeking rest, but finding none.

When I entered my studio, moved by a feeling of curiosity, I walked straight over to the spot where the face had been the night before. I shuddered-it was there again, with its star-like eyes shining out of it as before. It was almost twilight, and a shadow lay across the beautiful face, concealing the mouth with its tender curves, but throwing into greater relief the upper part of the countenance and the brilliant eyes, which stared into mine so immovably. After awhile, as the shadow across the face deepened, and I could only see the eyes, an unnatural horror of them grew upon me, a horror that made my limbs grow numb and weak, and seemed to paralyse even my mental faculties. Finally, I tore myself away from that fatal gaze, and with trembling fingers lighted my lamp. I took down a bottle of absinthe from a shelf, and poured out two or three glassfulls; then, feeling possessed of fresh courage, I carried the lamp over to the corner I had just left. and placing it on the floor near the face, I stood and looked down at those beauteous features, till my brain reeled with mad longing. To that longing succeeded an equally mad hatred, and I cursed that face, with its siren eyes, as I had never cursed anything before. But, all through my cursing, the glittering orbs met mine steadily, menacingly, questioningly. Then darkness came over me. I felt myself falling through blank space, still with the terrible eyes upon me, impelling me further and further downwards. . . . I knew no more till I recovered consciousness the next morning, to find that I was again lying on the floor, near a corner of the studio, where in the growing light I could see, once more, the dull, red stain.

I had good news that afternoon. My picture had been received, and Maizeroy, in company with several others,

came up to congratulate me. Maizerov said that I looked awfully seedy, and asked me what the matter I did not mean to tell anyone about the face, so I just laughed his enquiries off, and got all of them (the other congratulators, I mean) out of the studio as quickly as possible. This I did by taking them to dinner, and I treated them all round to champagne and various other favourite drinks, absinthe among the rest, of which I partook plentifully. The delusion that absinthe should not be drunk during a meal is too ridiculous to call for comment. After dinner, we adjourned to one of our haunts, where there was more drinking, and with it music and dancing and brilliant lights. I felt as if liquid fire were running in my veins instead of blood, and my head was aching furiously. At last, I could bear it no longer, so seizing my hat, I got out somehow into the fresh night air, which, however, was powerless to cool my heated brain; and I staggered, rather than walked, homewards. When I entered the studio, I found it literally flooded with brilliant moon-light. Over in the mysterious corner, I discovered the face and eyes waiting for me, and shivered as I realised what awful power they had, a strange and terrible power that seemed to be able to draw the very soul out of my body. I fetched a chair, and sat down and looked at that face, striving to brave its magic influence—but in vain. Presently, I became conscious of strange murmurings round about me in an unknown tongue, and when I turned my head I saw numbers of skeleton figures, with livid faces and bloodless lips, beckoning to me with bony fingers. I turned away in horror. My gaze wandered up to where a favourite plaster cast of mine was always placed, but in its stead a grinning demon leered at me, and, looking further, I saw a hundred other such beings, each one uglier than the rest. With a shudder, I directed my gaze once more towards the face and let my eyes rest with pleasure on its faultless outline. Then I talked to it, thinking, in my madness, that it was the face of a living woman whom I loved, and I knelt down and whispered tender words of love and passion to those unhearing ears, and once I leaned down, and, had not some invisible hand withheld me, would have pressed my kisses on those beauteous lips.

Then a great weariness took possession of me and I slipped down and lay along the floor, truly happy that I was so near that lovely face, and soothed and lulled to rest by a strange murmur of rippling waters.

Not for long though; the nameless horror seized me

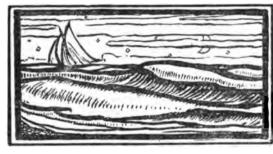
with such force again, that I sprang to my feet and tried

with such force again, that I sprang to my feet and tried to shriek aloud, but I could not.

Once more I felt myself falling, falling through space, not blank this time, but peopled with hideous faces, and right before me, drawing me irresistibly downwards, were the two burning eyes of the face on the floor. Down, down, still ever downwards, the darkness growing deeper and more gruesome as I fell. "This must be death," I whispered, and then I smiled, for suddenly the darkness ended and all was light glorious dazzling darkness ended and all was light, glorious, dazzling light!

ILLUSION.





By J. J. Guthrie.

IRIS.

AND the Willows swayed from side to side, and the light Wind sighed around the Rushes, and the Waters seemed troubled.

0 0

For it had all passed away now, and would never return.

He used to row her up the stream, and moor by the Willows: the Rushes knew it all, for they had listened.

She was the solitary lady of the manor, and he the son of the neighbouring squire. In their childhood they had been companions, and after seven years' separation he had returned to avow his love—yes, the Rushes heard it all.

Then, every twilight afterwards, the bark of the happy twain would speed up stream, and they would speak their love. He was passionate, and as he would tell his tale, his handsome face would light up with glowing impulse; and she would listen breathlessly. Then—they would glide away.

How she seemed to love those days!—how noble he was! and how strangely happy were they both! Bliss-

ful, happy, happy hours !

But, one day, he was called to the war, and it was the saddest parting in the world. The twilight before had he brought a tiny ring and placed it on her finger, and said in fervent tones, "Keep this always, and remember that, however far away I may be, I am your betrothed, and will be true. Weep not, dear one, for do not we love each other? and soon will I be here again at your side."

0 0

Days passed, and the little craft was often moored, as of old, to the friendly Willows; and she would come and sit therein and read his messages with a glowing face.

And so the autumn went slowly by with its rustling leaves, and the birds prepared for flight; but the youth

kept not his promise.

Then winter followed; so the Rushes forgot for a time their summer dreams, and began to think of sheltering themselves from the cruel north Wind, which made them shiver. And the snows clung to the Willows, and it was long ere they saw again the winsome lady.

But when the spring gradually approached, and the stripped Willows began shyly putting forth little, peeping IRIS

buds, and birds commenced to build their nests on the swaying branches, then the Rushes said, "She will come now." So they, too, put forth their leaves and waited

And one warm spring day she came—but strangely different. Had the winter been cruel to her, too? Why did she start when the Rushes moved, and why was her

face so pale and wan?

She drew a letter from the folds of her dress and read and re-read it—then kissed it vehemently; then crushed it, and cried, "Cruel, cruel!" and, wrapping the little ring in the letter, dropped it over into the water.

But the Rushes kept the crumpled letter from sinking

quite-and there it lay in their keeping.

. . .

Days passed, but she came no more—but still the Rushes guarded faithfully her letter.

And when the sixth day was waning, lo, the youth

returned.

But the Rushes were indignant, and they beat to and fro, and the Waters tried vainly to upset the little bark, and the zephyr Wind blew the crumpled paper hither and thither; so that while leaning over the water he discovered it, and unfolded it and read.

What made his face start and his hands clench?

Then—and the Rushes bent forward to hear—she had never known that he . . . never received his last letter which . . . And the eavesdroppers heard muttered curses on the weary months he had been kept a prisoner, and on his perfidious cousin at home.

Then the strong man buried his face in his hands and wept. He understood it all at last. "Leonore," he cried, "if only you had waited; but now you are lost to me for ever. Too late, too late." Then he put the little ring

next to his heart and rowed away.

. .

So the Rushes were mistaken after all—and the light Wind sighed—and the Waters were troubled; yes, very troubled!

F. MARY YOUNG.

EVELYN INNES.

HAD just finished reading "Evelyn Innes" when the September number of THE QUARTIER LATIN came to my hand, and it is probably owing solely to the appreciation therein of this latest book of Mr. George Moore's that the present notice is due. I had been wondering if there could possibly be two opinions about it, when THE QUARTIER LATIN unexpectedly settled the

question. Evidently there can.

The outlook of THE QUARTIER LATIN is that of art, and as Mr. Moore's is the same, it will be most fitting to consider "Evelyn Innes" from the artistic stand-point. Mr. Moore, judging from internal evidence alone, has come largely under the spell of Meredith. Indeed, "Evelyn" reads like a very inferior copy of "Sandra Belloni," from the ambitious attempt, through dozens of weary pages, at similar introspection, to the constantly reminiscent turn of the sentences. But in Meredith we have real thought going to the roots of things; in Moore, merely vapourings of an hysteria abnormally sexual. Has Moore forgotten Meredith's canon of art in fiction: "The realistic method of a conscientious transcription of all the visible, and a repetition of all the audible, is mainly accountable for our present branfulness . . . from which, as from an undrained fen, steams the malady of sameness—our modern malady"— that he has in "Evelyn Innes" unconsciously given us such perfect proof of it? The function of the artist is to be selective, to touch in suggestion with high light and shadow so judiciously blended that we do not perceive where the visible ends and imagination begins. Mr. Moore, far from having this power, runs to deadly replication of details absolutely foreign to the matter in hand; so that his work bears much the relation to art that an endless panoramic scene-painting does to a picture of Leighton's. Only the time necessary for a performance limits the one, and the number of pages that go to the making of a six-shilling novel the other. Otherwise "Evelyn" might have run through as many thousand pages as it does hundreds. Here is an average sample of how the thing is

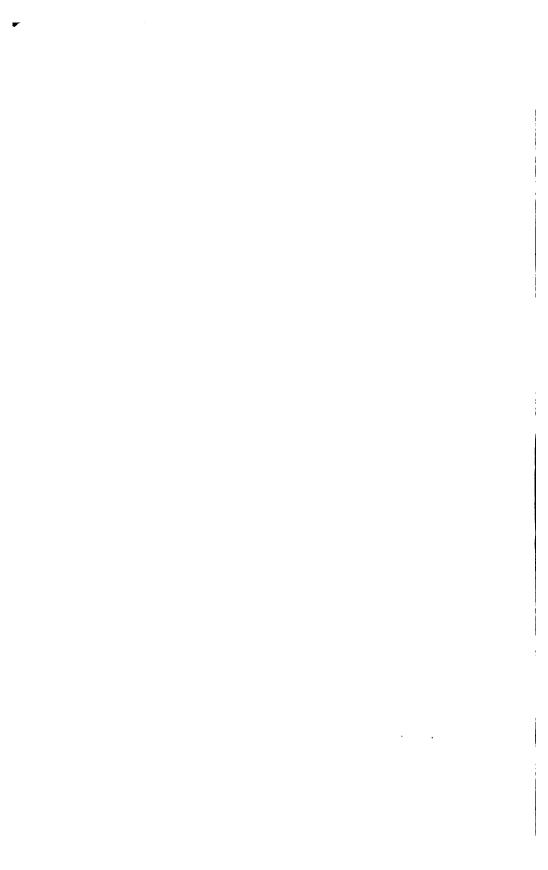
"At this moment they were interrupted by a loud caw, and looking round, Evelyn saw the convent jackdaw.

The bird hopped about, feigning an interest in the worms, but getting gradually nearer the two women. At last, with a triumphant caw caw, he flew on to Sister



AUTUMN

Drawn by G. O. Onions



Mary John's shoulder, eyeing Evelyn all the while, clearly

bent on making her acquaintance.

"'He'll come on your shoulder presently,' said Sister Mary John, and after some plausive coquetting, the bird fluttered on to Evelyn's shoulder, and Sister Mary John said:—

"'You wait; you'll see what he'll do.'

"Evelyn remained quite still, feeling the bird's bill caressing her neck. When she looked round she noticed a wicked sparkle in his eyes.

"'Pretend,' said Sister Mary John, 'not to notice

him.'

"Evelyn did as she was bidden, and, satisfied that he was no longer observed, the bird plunged his beak into Evelyn's hair, pulled at it as hard as he could, and then flew away, cawing with delight.

"'That' is one of his favourite tricks. We are so fond of him, and so afraid that one day a cat will take him. But there is Mother Hilda Mary coming to fetch you for

your lesson.'

"Evelyn bade Sister Mary John good-bye and went

forward to meet her instructress."

And there the incident ends. This is mere inanity of padding, and excerpt after excerpt like it might be given, of matter that in no way sheds a light on, or carries forward, the subject. Even when the matter is pertinent it neither rises above the level of platitude nor the language of journalism.

As to the truthfulness to life of Mr. Moore's characters, that, I suppose, is largely a matter of opinion. Evelyn is, of course, the central figure, and possible enough, but I hope she is far from being "typical" of her sex. She is unhealthy to start with, neurotic, incapable of love as of continuity, incontinently sexuous, dishonest,—one could add on adjectives by the page. Her lovers are only so many animal attractions for her, and she has a nauseous way of "throwing" herself at them on the advent of the psychological moment—when she is lucky enough to be able to forestall it—which is not always.

"When the small, grey, smiling eyes looked at her, a delicious sensation penetrated the very tissues of her flesh, and she experienced the tremor of a decisive moment." Then there is her synchronous intimacy with two lovers, and her despicable deception of both, though, truth to tell, the lovers are priggish and insignificant enough to elicit no personal sympathy from us on their situation. Brainless, also, she is. Critics speak of her "awakening to the spiritual" when such consciousness

as she exhibits is merely the subjective side of a fresh sex-attraction. To change of colour she is as plastic as a chameleon; becomes vaguely transcendental with Ulick, and religious with Monsignor—under whose spell she is when the book closes, and at whom she would "throw" herself in turn were it continued longer. For the sake of the race, women like her are, I hope, rare.

The other characters are undeserving of notice. A society in which a book like this passes for coin of value

is still in the intellectual age of its milk-teeth.

JAMES FERGUSON.



Bookplate by J. J. Guthrie

FIRST NUMBERS.

I.-TEMPLE BAR.

HE first number of Temple Bar, described as a London magazine for town and country readers, was published in December, 1860, under the editorship of the late George Augustus Sala. Upon the cover is depicted old Temple Bar, which was removed a few years ago to make room for the busy traffic of the Strand. The magazine contains some twenty-four pages of advertisements, among which the following are not without interest:—

New work by Mr. Charles Dickens. In number 84 of All the Year Round, will be commenced, Great Expectations, by Charles Dickens. A new serial story. To be continued from week to week, until completed in about tight months.

New ready, Mr. Tennyson's May Queen, choicely printed, and illustrated from designs by E. V. B.

Two pages further on is announced, A handsomly illustrated edition of Mrs. Gatty's Parables from Nature. Designs by W. Holman Hunt, Otto Speckter, C. W. Cope, R.A., E. Warren, J. E. Millais, H. Calderon, and G. Thomas. Few of the others call for any particular notice, with the exception of The Author's own edition of the Biglow Papers. Newly edited with a preface by the author of Tom Brown's School Days; and Shakespeare's Tempest, illustrated by Birket Foster, Gustave Doré, and others.

The contents proper of Temple Bar begin with the first instalment of the novel "For Better, for Worse." Next to this is placed a long well-written review of Hepworth Dixon's "Personal History of Lord Bacon." Then follows "The Northern Muse," a poem of some thirty-four stanzas, by William Stigant, author of "A Vision of Barbarossa, and other Poems," which, according to the Athenaum was "a volume to be set apart from ephemeral books of verse." After this comes by far the most interesting piece of work in the number, an account of the origin and development of French journalism, entitled "The Father of the French Press." This was, of course, Renaudot, physician and philanthropist, who established the first Mont-de-Piete in Paris, and founded the Gasette, to which the great Richelieu was wont to contribute. On the subject of the then modern French newspaper our author waxes eloquent:

"In crémeries, where students with empty pockets congregate; in pewter-countered wine-shops, where the patois of Brittany and of Marseilles pleasantly commingle; in black wood-sheds, where the Auvergnat works and screeches;—from garret to porter's hole, from the Quartier d'Antin to the Montagne Sainte-Geneviève, is this paper, call it Patrie or Presse, thumbed and devoured. It is by turns lively and grandiose. It gives to a fracas in the street the dignity of an historical event; but, then, on historical events proper, it is, as a rule, silent." This paragraph, written nearly forty

years ago has lost little of its truth to-day.

A sonnet, "Two Rocks," by Edmund Yates, is good of its kind; and, to students of Finnish mythology, John Oxenford's paper on "The Kalewala," an epic poem made up of a strange cycle of legends, must have been interesting. The next contribution is a somewhat commonplace short story, "Gold and Dross." The first instalment of "Travels in the County of Middlesex," by the Editor, is most entertaining, and full of the out-of-the-way knowledge which characterised all the productions of his ready pen. With the exception of the poem on Temple Bar, from which we quote two stanzas, it will be sufficient to give the titles of the other contributions. These are: "Notes on Circumstantial Evidence;" "Soldiers and Volunteers;" also "Over the Lebanon to Baalbek," by J. C. M. Bellew; "Always with us," by F. D. Finlay; and an interesting paper on "Criminal Lunatics."

"For evermore through Temple Bar A mighty music rolls, A troublous motion urging on The march of human souls; The City palpitates around With streets that seethe and roar, And still that living sea of sound Aches to an unseen shore : The music goes and comes—who knows From whence it comes or whither goes? O City!—Poet darkly veiled, Unveil thy secret heart, Breathe out thy song of toil, and show The Prophet that thou art; Sing, Life is equal in us all-Blind arms stretcht out on air To touch the robe of Beauty, who Is with us unaware-Part of the Eden yet untrod, Th' unfathomable secret, -God!'

In conclusion, the magazine, which ends with a pretty love-poem by Mortimer Collins, shows in its first number evidences of that literary excellence and interesting variety of matter, which have enabled it so successfully to weather the journalistic storms of thirty-eight years.

E. H. MOYLE COOPER.



NOTES.

London Life, a new fledgling, modestly declares itself to be the smartest paper in London—and time is too precious to enter into a dispute over this point, which, after all, means what? That it is smart and up-to-date, and full of sparkling bon mots, is most true—as a glance in its pages will prove, and therefore its town crier is expensively unnecessary and superlatives out of place. The breezy interviews by R. G., which in style are a happy mixture of Artemus Ward and the late lamented Bill Nye, are alone worth the price of the paper, and en passant excite one's merry wonder as to whether the redoubtable scribe ever honours his subject with proof sheets.

The Windmill, Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Limited, a new art magazine, in the form of a quarterly, has just made its bow to the public. It purposes to give its readers "good, honest wheat—free from chaff." We make pause to say that it must depend on itself for supplying this honest wheat—as for the absence of chaff, that will fitter lie with the reviews. For our own part, we wish to praise the handsome frontispiece "Bacchanalians," by Amy Sawyer, and the rambling but interesting prefatory notice by Gleeson White, written in a rather more cynical vein than is usual with this author. The cover design, by Starr Wood, and title page, by James Thorpe, are well executed. The quarterlyis devoted almost entirely to stories, which are printed on deckle-edge antique, with plate paper illustrations and drawings distributed between, and in shape and make-up shows excellent taste. We hope it will find the large circle of readers which it deserves.

H.I.M. Whistler and H.R.H. Macmonnies (as such in the Kingdom of Art) have astonished the Art Colony of Paris by collaborating in a new art-school venture. The school is situated in the Passage Stanislas, off the Rue Notre Dame des Champs—

and the names of these great masters will no doubt attract a large number of students, and ensure the immediate success of the undertaking. The outer wall of the school bears the legend "Academy Whistler," and is decorated with the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack. The proprietress of the school is Mnue. Rossi, known as "Carmen"—who for the last seven years has been Whistler's model. It is owing to her instigation that Whistler has established the school. The prices will be the same as at Julian's; and two or three free scholarships will be founded for the deserving. That Whistler should have consented at last to the fetters of routine work and teaching, may be a mortification of the flesh for that gentleman, but it will be a decided gain for future art.

In the present issue of the *The Artist*, we have an ablywritten article on "Her Majesty the American Woman," by S. C. de Soissons, sicklied o'er in parts by the pale cast of French thought. As to the illustrations, we look in them in vain for American traits and characteristics. Yet these character studies of the fair American are by no less artists than Charles Dana Gibson, A. B. Wenzell, Theodore V. Chominski, Boldini, and W. T. Smedley. Gibson and Smedley produce nondescript types. Wenzell's typical American Girl is a typical comospolitan Jewess. Boldini's, an Italian. And Chominski's, a Russian, for aught we know. Gibson is, as the article states, the Court painter to the fair sex of America—and a better example of his powers might easily have been selected. We do not often speak of the camera in the same breath with hallowed Art—much less point out its superiority. But in the present instance we must cite a concurrent article in *Harmswoorth's* (that fearfully cheap magazine), on "American Wives of English Husbands," illustrated by a number of reproductions from photographs of various Duchesses, Countesses, Ladies, &c., which gave a far better impression of the Transatlantic beauty.

We take the following from the Autumn Special Number of The Drapers' Record, as an eloquent testimonial of the wide-spread interest the advertisements in The QUARTIER LATIN have attracted. Such a criticism in the journal which has the largest circulation of any trade paper in the world is—together with the frequent notices and articles that have appeared in the press in England and abroad—a guarantee that the pictorial and attractive form of advertising adopted by our magazine has more than justified the trouble and pains expended upon it. The blocks referred to in the article, and specially reproduced therein in colour, are the Table-of-Contents of the November, '97, number, by H. A. Hogg; Centre-piece Cover design of the May number, '98, by G. O. Onions; Cheviot House, Scotch Tailors, Paris, by F. D. Marsh; John Wanamaker, Merchant, Paris and New York, by H. G. F.; Remington Typewriter, by H. A. Hogg; Spaulding & Co., Jewellers, New York and Paris, by A. Campbell Cross.

NOTES ON ADVERTISING.

The above title contains a dual significance, of which only one at a time will be likely to strike the casual reader, that one according to his accustomed mental bias. I mean that the heading I have chosen for the words of advice and wisdom following may suggest either the judicious employment of advertising with knowledge and skill as a means of arriving at a certain end, or the study of the Beautiful, as applied to that means. I propose to consider both questions equally, and if at times I seem to subjugate the economical to the beautiful, it is because I am assured that the best is always cheapest in the long run, and the long run is, as every advertiser is aware, the run that pays.

We have proceeded so far along a certain path in this latter part of the 19th century that it may be laid down as an almost universally accepted fact, if not as a positive axiom, that judicious advertising is an essential to success in any and every

kind of enterprise.

Judicious advertising cannot be altogether summed up in the curt and witty style of a certain expert, who, being appealed to for his opinion, replied with a smile, "Advertise!" "Yes, but how?" urged his interlocutor. The oracle spread out his hands and shrugged his shoulders, "That really does not matter," said he. Advertise! That is all that is necessary."

But that is not quite the fact. Something more than bare repetition and reiteration is required, though even that, continued long enough, would not be without its due effect, I grant

-but what a waste of ammunition !

An advertisement should be clear, concise, and, above all, striking. It should convey the largest possible amount of in-formation in the briefest possible manner. It must be interesting and catchy, or it will not arrest attention, and above all, and this should be specially born in mind when considering sheets of such size as some of our oldest and best-established London journals issue, it must be so arranged as to stand out amongst other announcements, or it will be lost in the mass. The position of an advertisement may, in my opinion, even be considered secondary to its arrangement, for what would be a bad position for the usual stereotyped square might prove the most attractive corner of the whole page with an original or daring bit of design. Uniformity is the death of truly effective advertising, and it is much to be regretted that, even at the present day, publishers are so loth to disturb their evenly-arranged sheets to admit of innovations on the regulation 6th, 8th, or half-page. Of course, with a whole page one is under no such restrictions, and in that fact lies, beyond other merit, a decided value for the outlay. Under almost any conditions, as will be readily conceded by all, by far the most effective advertisement is that pictorially illustrated, and who will be bold enough to deny that, as a beautiful thing will invariably attract more attention than an ugly one, so

it follows "as the night the day," that the more charming the advertisement the greater the amount of attention it will attract? And that is the ne plus ultra of the réclame—to attract attention. It can do no more; if it does any less it is worthless. Beautiful advertising has made great strides of late. The advance, indeed, from the primitive woodcuts which formed the only attraction of our earliest illustrated papers is so great as to be almost beyond compare. There is no analogy between the advertisement pages of a typical modern issue on beautiful paper, clearly printed, sometimes accompanied by graceful and charming illustrations serving at a glance to point the moral and adorn the tale, and the flimsy, rough, and often even illegible, production of only some 50 or 60 years ago. But in regard to the Art in its widest sense, the graceful delineation, the skilful and artistic grouping and arrangement of colours employed in our pictorial advertisements, there is still much, very much, room for improvement. The subjects, inevitably homely perhaps, are generally treated in as conventionally commonplace a manner as possible, as if to permit the introduction of a spark of fancy or imagination would be at once to be misunderstood of the multitude. Not a very good compliment to the intelligence of the great British public, surely; yet there are no real grounds for such a supposition, the appreciation instantly called forth by any effort in the opposite direction rather pointing to the contrary.

THE QUARTIEE LATIN, an artistic magazine, which I may justly term the pioneer in the development of artistic advertising, has given me permission to prove my theory by drawing upon their liberal store of illustrations. The care and judgment exercise in relation to each advertisement that appears in this journal will be appreciated when I state that an original design is produced for each order given, and sometimes as many as three or four drawings are rejected before the critical suscep-

tibilities of the Editors are satisfied.

Nor would I admit for a moment that such a proceeding could "degrade Art," as some of our dear good Philistines, who think it, like their religion, too precious for everyday use, would be inclined to argue. On the contrary, nothing can do that, but Art can yet do a great deal more towards ennobling

and uplifting commerce.

I must refer for a moment to the cover design, surely the most effective advertisement possible of the magazine itself. It is frequently varied, while nevertheless the title and other characteristics are so displayed, that there could never be the slightest difficulty in its identification. This appears to be a better advertisement than the unchanging cover of green, red, fawn, or drab hue adopted by most contemporary publications. The old idea of recognising a journal by its colour has long been exploded and rendered nil by the multiplication of periodicals of every size, shade, and form.

The element of variety thus introduced is also, on their own confession, distinctly pleasing and interesting to the subscribers

of this periodical.



IN THE BURGOMASTER'S PEW

Drawn by Charles Pepper

The same may be said regarding the manner of presenting the table of contents, which are included each month in a new The old method of losing the index of a magazine in a mass of advertising matter, often necessitating a rigorous search therefore is here superseded by the plan of devoting a separate page to the purpose with an accompanying decorative or illustrative design, thus making a dry list of matter and names an artistic pleasure to the eye. The design (No. 1) by Mr. H. A. Hogg, of London, is selected at random from the great number of table of contents designs that have appeared, and will explain better than words the nature of these drawings. The effective use of red in the costume of the encroyable, and the dash of pink on the dress of the girl shows what can be done with two-colour work. The subject chosen is in keeping with the magazine, and visitors to Paris will recognise in the sketchy bit of background the Luxembourg Gardens and towers of St. Sulpice. characteristic and particularly interesting cover was that designed for a recent issue by G. O. Onions, and reproduced at the foot of the preceding page. Its artistic merit will be plain to every critic, and its charm cannot fail to recommend it. A fine example of artistic advertisement is by the well-known American artist, F. D. Marsh. The use of colour to form the tartan background, and the happy conformity of this design to its intended purpose, the advertisement of a Parisian Scotch establishment (the Cheviot House) gives rise to the reflection that the artist's pencil may often accomplish what words should fail to do, the instantaneous presentation to the public's eye of the advertiser's idea. Below is a peculiarly clever and effective advertisement designed for the house of John Wanamaker, a man who, being the greatest merchant in the world, may be expected to appreciate advertising at its proper value. The designs in THE QUARTIER LATIN for the regular advertisers are constantly varied, and in this way interest in them is encouraged and even increased. The Remington Typewriter, as other advertisers, has been advertised in a series of original designs. One of these is reproduced on the next page. It is also by Mr. H. A. Hogg, and, as a change from the conventional typewriter girl, portrays a mediæval clerk with the clumsy writing paraphernalia of that date. The moral is obvious to all, and the company's motto is made doubly effective by this contrasting glance into the dreadful past. I will conclude with an advertisement designed especially for Messrs. Spaulding & Co. by Mr. Campbell Cross. anywhere, this could not fail to attract attention. It is happy, significant, and with the minimum amount of type, its purpose and raison d'être are seen to be fulfilled. The entire design, needless to say, is suggestive of jewellery.

The happy thought of relieving black and white advertisements, illustrations and type alike, with a judicious use of red, meets with popular favour, and the honour of developing this idea must be given to THE QUARTIER LATIN. Various other publications more or less of this genre, the Sketch. West End

Review, Black and White, and so on, now introduce this warm tint into their full-page illustrations and supplements. In many of last year's Christmas numbers its presence was decidedly conspicuous, but in THE QUARTIER LATIN alone it is applied to the advertisements, while the illustrations in the body of the book, beautifully "got up," it is true, remain severely black and white. The consequence is, of course, that the announcements "stand out" to a remarkable degree, and the advertiser has here a bonne bouche of which he is not slow to take the fullest advantage.



AN INVOCATION.

Spirit of Greece, that with thy wings of Morn And radiant brow—still loving, yet forlorn!— Lingerest on earth, which thou in love would'st fain The Arcadian seat of beauty make again;

Thy ministering visitations cease,
For the dear heart afire of lovely Greece
Shall throb no more—by Greed and Mammon slain;
Alloyed the clay, and broken is the mould
That formed her children in the days of old.
And thou, that once on them didst breathe, when they
Became the inspired equals of the gods,
Must breathe on us, poor clods of baser clay,
In vain; for clods inspired—lo! still are clods.

W.



LIST OF DESIGNERS OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

| Dent, Publisher | ••• | H. A. Hogg |
|-------------------------------|-----|-------------------|
| Wanamaker, Merchant | | H. G. F. |
| The Cheviot House, Tailors | ••• | A. G. |
| Vitti, Art Academy | ••• | A. STAUB |
| Glendenning, Malt Wine | ••• | H. G. FANGEL |
| Mutual Reserve Fund Life Ass. | ••• | H. A. Hogg |
| Confiserie des Tuileries | | A. CAMPBELL CROSS |
| Hotel Haute Loire | ••• | LESTER RALPH |
| Spaulding & Co., Jewellers | ••• | ALFRED JONES |

THE OUARTIER LATIN, published formerly as a mid-monthly, appears now on the first of each month.

Arrangements have been Mark made for binding the issues of the first and second years of The Ouartier Latin (July, 1896 -June, 1897, and July, 1897-

May, 1808). The volumes are bound in reversed cloth, covered with a design by Mr. Alfred Jones, stamped in gold, who has also made the title-page decorations, etc. The natural deckle of the paper is preserved, but the tops of the volumes are trimmed and gilded, and by special binding the silk cords are kept in each copy. In the arrangement of the pictorial

advertisements, monthly covers, etc., great care has been taken to render the volumes as handsome and attractive as possible. With this end in view the difference between the price for covers, on the one hand, and for covers and binding, on the other, has been cut down as much as possible, to encourage our subscribers to have their binding orders go through us, our binder having particular instructions regarding the make-up and paging of the volume.

For binding purposes, the copies must be sent as follows: For Vol. I., July, 1896-June, 1897; for Vol. II., July, 1897-May, 1898, inclusive. Return carriage will be paid by us.

| , | | | | | s. | d. |
|--|--------|-----------|-----|-----|----|----|
| Cover | ••• | ••• | ••• | ••• | 4 | 0 |
| Cover and binding | ••• | ••• | ••• | ••• | 4 | 6 |
| (Copies to be sent us in | good c | ondition. | .) | | | |
| Volume complete (cover, binding, copies, etc.) | | | | | | 0 |
| 1 | | 1 | | | | |

J. M. DENT & CO., 29, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON.

Artistic Posters.

THE QUARTIER LATIN POSTERS.

GIRL WITH GOLD BRANCH. By H. G. F. Lithograph by WATERLOW, London.

A Handsome Poster, in six Colours and Gold.

This poster may be ordered from Messrs. J. M. DENT, 29, Bedford St., London, price 2s. 6d., post paid. In Paris it may be obtained at DESCHAMP'S, 21, rue Bonaparte, SAGOT'S, 39^{Nes} bis rue Châteaudun, and other dealers, price 2 frs. 50.

GIRL WITH PALETTE. By LOUIS RHEAD. Lithograph by CHAIX, Paris. At the recent Rhead Exhibition in Paris, this poster attracted much attention, being considered among the best of this well-known artist's productions.

In three colours, 20 × 30 in. Price, and ordered, as above.

CONFISERIE DES TUILERIES



1, Rue du Vingt-Neuf-Juillet, Paris

Designed by A. Campbell Cross

Che Quartier Latin,

A little Book devoted to the Arts.

Trist Wood, Editor.

Published at the commencement of each month.

AGENTS:

In AMERICA the trade supplied by The International News Company, 83, Duane Street, New York; And all wholesale news companies in the U.S. and Canada: Albany, Boston, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Detroit, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Newark, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Pniladelphia, Pittsburgh, Providence, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle, Springfield, Troy, Washington, Montreal, Toronto. In FRANCE the trade supplied by

Eugene Lequien, 15, Boulevard de la Chapelle, Paris.

TERMS:

FRANCE:

Single number, 50 centimes; post paid, 65 centimes. Yearly subscription, post paid, 7 francs 80.

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA:

Single number, 10 cents.

Yearly subscription, \$1.20; post paid direct from Paris, \$1.55. GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, THE COLONIES, AND CONTINENT:

| Single number | | | ••• | ••• | Post paid | ъ. | 71 |
|---------------|----|-----|-----|-----|-----------|----|----|
| Six months | •• | ••• | ••• | ••• | ,, | 3 | 9 |
| One Year | | | | | | 7 | 6 |

Rates of advertisement furnished on application.

All communications to be addressed to

I. M. DENT & Co.,

29 AND 30, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

All contributions to be addressed to

THE EDITOR,

32, RUE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ, PARIS.

or 29 BEDFORD STREET, LONDON.

Stamps for the return of MSS. and drawings must be enclosed. Equivalent foreign postage accepted. Where this condition is not fulfilled, contributions will not be considered. Without responsibility, all efforts to return contributions will be made.

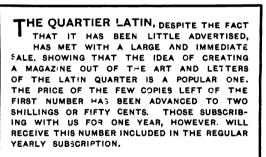
Printed for the proprietors by

WERTHEIMER, LEA & CO., CIRCUS PLACE, LONDON WALL, and published at 29, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND



Designed by Lester Ralph









American Art Association of Paris



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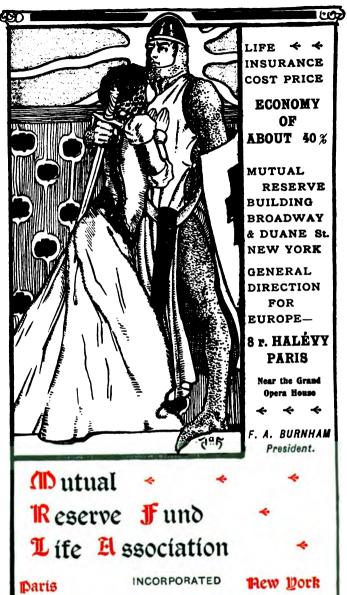
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Centrepiece of Cover Louis Ginnett Table - of - Contents design . . . JAMES J. GUTHRIE Frontispiece, When the Daily Work in the Field is done (drawing) . . B. H. SMALE Forget Thee (poem) AER KEEM The Trees . . . ARTHUR FARWELL. The Woman with Nine Souls (poem) NORA HOPPER An Early Explorer (drawing) . . W. EDWARD WIGFALL An October Night's Dream . . . CHARLES SIBLEIGH "My Pipe" (rondeau) . . . J. SHREEVE LEE A Letter of Gleeson By White's J. J. Guthrie A Princess of Florence (drawing) . DION CALTHROP "O Who will o'er the Downs so Free! (rondeau re-. . . A. STANLEY COOKE double) A Woman's Case . HERBERT JAMIESON The Lady and the Book (drawing) . CHARLES PEPPER " Mars Henry's" Ultimatum . . CHAS. WM. AYTON Grief (drawing) . LEIGH ELLIS The Girls of the Beaux-Arts (drawing) . . . HENRI GOUSSÉ Que le Baiser ne Meurt Point! (poem, from the MARY K. DAVEY When Hope was Dead. F. ERNEST HOLMAN Asa Thor (drawing) . . . CARL LINDIN Harvest (poem) . . KATHLEEN HAYDN GREEN In Sock and Buskin "THE OWL" Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Lady Macbeth (portrait) G. O. ONIONS Love Grown Wise (poem) John E. Ellam First Numbers. II.—The Cornhill Magazine E. H. MOYLE COOPER Notes, Personals An American Art Association Menu (design) . E. S. CRAWFORD The Token (drawing) ETHEL K. BURGESS On being asked to write in an Album (lines). . J. HEALY List of Designers of Advertisements

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·B·H·SMALE

The Quartier Latin

Vol. V

NOVEMBER, 1898

No 27



FORGET THEE.

Forget thee! When the Spring forgets
Its blossoms and its bees;
Forget thee! When the Fall forgets
The heavy-fruited trees;
Forget thee! Yea, I will forget
As soon as these.

Forget thee! When the Dawn forgets
The watching mountains gray;
Forget thee! When the Brook forgets
Its laughter on the way.
Forget thee! O, I will forget
As soon as they.

AER KEEM.

THE TREES.



N the days before man attained supremacy upon the earth the trees were the chief claimants to that honour. In those days they were not, I assure you, the home-abiding, harmless and peaceable creatures that they are now, but were addicted to arrogance, assertiveness, conceit, violence, and all manner of evil ways, although not wanting at times in tenderer emotions. In fact, they could walk about as they pleased, using their roots for legs — planting themselves in the earth, as men plant themselves nowadays in chairs, only when they wished to dine. It was

very comical, you may imagine, to see a scrubby little fir-tree stumping across the desert by the side of a slender and gracious palm, almost a dozen times its own height, telling him of the severity of the winter at home in Norway. The friendship of the fir tree and the palm was an old one. When Heine wrote of their state of separation and longing for each other, he was not aware that the passion was deeprooted and of old. And it was most absurd to see a lordly and courteous pine tree, out for a morning stroll, offering at least a dozen arms at once to as many lady birches of the forest, and endeavouring to sustain his end of a gallant conversation with each. How disgracefully often he did step on their toes! And how delightful to witness his embarassment and to hear his gracious apologies. I strongly suspect those lady birches of purposely putting their toes in his way, for his gallantries most evidently amused them, and they often turned aside, the other side from which he was conversing for the moment, and laughed in their sleeves. And, oh! upon other occasions, when only his lady-love birch was there, how wildly he embraced her, with a plurality of arms that made the poor palm, which happened to be looking over a neighbouring hill, green with jealously. Alas! they could not fly into the depths of the wood to keep their tryst, any more than a Tristan and Isolde of to-day could fly into a gathering of King Marke's Court for the same purpose.

There were, of course, enmities and feuds without

By J. J. G. number. The prickly pear was always brushing up against the tender maple in the most annoying way, but the latter displayed the greatest forbearance, disdaining to take advantage of anyone of inferior size. The Ulmáceæ and the Salicáceæ were involved for generations in a feud which threatened the entire destruction of both families, and was only terminated when the race of trees was vanquished and overthrown once for all by the magician Abracadabra, as will be duly narrated. This feud began through the indiscretion of a member of the Salicáceæ, who, to prove a wager regarding the age of a certain spinster of the Ulmáceæ, took advantage of his first opportunity and summarily cut her in two in the middle to find out how old Let us pause to say that the most dire he was. consequences would ensue, should any aspiring magician succeed in releasing the trees again to their pedestrian state. It was a feather in the cap of the Ulmáceæ when Birnam Wood (which was made up of that family) came to Dunsinane, where there was a forest of the Salicaceæ fast rooted in the ground. They illtreated them spitefully, coming upon them unawares, and made faces, or leaves, at them in the most insulting manner, knowing it was most unlikely that the Salicaceæ would ever be in a position to retaliate. I fear that the judgment day of trees has unpleasantness in store for both families.

The trees were annoyed to the verge of distraction by birds, who insisted upon building their nests in them while they were asleep. Under such circumstances, a tree upon awakening would first stand on its head and endeavour to shake out the offending nests, eggs and all; and if this did not suffice, it would employ, to have its leaves combed out, the services of the cactus, who made an excellent living in this manner. Alas! it is all very different now, and the poor trees must submit, without murmuring, to the grossest indignities.

0 0

The Oak, being given to arrogance, and accounting himself king among trees, one day sent a message to all the trees, by the wind, inviting them to convene and hold a public discussion as to their respective merits. In those days, the wind and the trees were good friends and on equal terms, both being nomadic by nature. They therefore performed various services for each other, as occasion demanded, the wind bearing messages for the trees, and the latter in their turn assisting the wind to

stop, when unable to of its own accord by virtue of its reckless and uncontrollable spirit. All that is changed now, and the wind, being fickle, sneers a bit at the trees-so irrevocably fallen from their high estate. On the occasion mentioned, however, the wind delivered the message to all parts of treedom, and whoever was there at the time, might have seen palms striding, vines crawling, cypresses treading funereally, willows tottering feebly, ashes walking briskly, and myriad others all proceeding to the scene of the debate.

Having arrived, they were arranged in a large circle, with those who had come prepared to set forth their virtues, in an open space in the centre. Thereupon the Oak, who had appointed himself master of ceremonies,

stepped forth and addressed the assemblage.

"Setting aside all false modesty," he began (only a few heard a little Hazel Bush say "Ahem!" in an undertone), "I, the acknowledged king among trees, have invited you, my loyal subjects, to set forth to-day your respective and several merits, to the end that a better understanding may be arrived at among you, and your individual rights and proper spheres be universally recognised."

"A good way to set about it," grumbled an old Elm;

but the remark passed unnoticed.

"And that this may be a festive occasion as well," the Oak continued, "I have laid out on the hillside yonder a large amount of refreshments," adding, with a twinkle in his eye, "principally liquid."

The young Ash, who was a reckless fellow, and knew it would be a very strong tree who could break his bones, was seen to move off promptly in the direction of the

hillside.

"Although my royal prerogative," continued the Oak, "would seem to make it fitting that I should first address the convention upon the subject of my own acknowledged rights and superior qualifications, yet because they are so obvious and already well understood, I will waive that prerogative and ask for a few words from our brother the Elm.

This magnanimous speech was followed by a loud knocking together of branches and rustling of leaves, for the Oak was, despite all his arrogance, a good fellow, and even had he not been, there are always a multitude of those who are ready to espouse the cause of anyone who has sufficient spirit and address and lack of modesty to proclaim himself ruler.

The Elm stepped forward—a gruff old fellow—and

began in a voice which showed that he did not intend to

be bullied by any conceited Oak.

"I should like to observe," said the Elm, "that as to superior qualifications, I can show as many as anybody." (Cushing's Manual was not popular with them, and so they dispensed with such refinements as addressing the chair.) "If my legs are shorter than the Oak's," he went on, "my arms are longer to make up for it, and moreover my tongue is not hung so nearly at the centre of oscillation."

"Gently, gently," said the Oak, who fortunately possessed, in common with other conceited people, that faculty which prevents them from too easily losing their The surly honesty of the Elm, in fact, rather temper.

amused him.

"It's all very well to say 'gently,'" retorted the Elm, a bit ruffled, "but if any self-respecting tree will allow that the preliminary remarks of the Oak were what might be called gentle, let him stand up and proclaim it.'

"I rise to a point of order," cried the Ash, returning just in time to see that there was a fight brewing. "I was given to understand that this was to be a festive

occasion."

"And so it is," said the Oak, in a tone of dignified authority. "Perhaps some one else less ill-humoured than

the Elm will volunteer to make a few remarks."

"I will," said the Apple Tree—a jolly little chap—and the Elm retired grumbling. "I may not be as handsome as some, but I am much more useful than—well, than that Ash there, who never—"
"Have a care," broke in the Ash, "or in a few

moments you may be neither handsome nor useful."

"No offence," answered the Apple Tree, cheerfully; "when it comes to the point, I can drink as merrily as you; but until you find some employment as useful as polishing up apples, I shall not allow that you are my equal."

"Oh, keep to your trade," said the Ash; "I prefer

being a gentleman of leisure."

A tall and stately Palm Tree now stepped forward, and executed a series of the most polite bows ever seen up to

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed all the lady trees in the assemblage; "oh, how charming!"

"I am sure," said the new speaker, "that, in the matter of height, you will all give me the palm." (Even the Elm laughed outright, for it was the first pun ever made.) "My particular clain to your respect and esteem," he

continued, "lies in my renunciation, by virtue of which I live, not as I might, in the luxury of cheerful valleys, but in the sandy deserts, where I give what shade I can to the poor camels."

Let me tell you that in those days camels were esteemed above Arabs, or, in fact, any men.

"Pooh?" remarked the Quince, who was an epicurean, "this stoicism is all foolishness. Give me the luxurious soil of Japan and the outline of Fuji in the distance, and—"
"I rice to a point of order" interrupted the Ash. "We

"I rise to a point of order," interrupted the Ash. "We were listening to an eloquent discourse from the Palm, and now this miserable little Quince has to get up and tell us what he thinks.'

The Ash was undoubtedly a little exhilarated by the

refreshments in which he had indulged.

"I'd like to see you giving up your life of luxury for a

few beastly camels," said the Quince.

"A plague on the camels," retorted the Ash, "the Palm can make a speech worth listening to, and you can't, and there is an end of it."

"Order!" roared the Oak, who was beginning to feel rather left out of the discussion, and now wildly waved

his arms about in the air.

At this the Aspen was taken with such a violent fit of trembling, that his friend the Mulberry Tree was obliged to run and fetch him cold water. The Palm was meanwhile executing a second series of bows more elaborate than the first, and waiting his opportunity to resume speaking.

"I do not wish to discuss ethics with the Quince," he said politely, "but I should like to ask which of us has

the most to show for his method of living—?"
"You certainly have the most neck," interrupted the Quince.

The familiar voice of the Ash was heard. "I rise to a point of----

"Silence!" roared the Oak.

"I was about to ask," said the Palm, "which were the

better eating, quince or cocoanuts?"

"Do camels eat cocoanuts?" ingenuously asked a little Rose Bush, who could not very well keep pace with the discussion, but wanted to say at least one word in the

great convention.

"A truce to this squabbling," growled the Elm, who had long remained silent, "that has nothing to do with the case. I knew how it would be when these small trees once began talking. Let us hear a word of wisdom from the Cypress."

The Cypress stepped forward with a most funereal mien.

"My friends," he began slowly, "it is indeed vain to continue further this useless discussion. In the end you must all bow to me."

The Ash gave a start, and was evidently growing more and more uncontrollable. The Aspen had fainted

away entirely.

"I am," continued the Cypress, "the guardian of graves and tombs; the dignity of no other calling approaches to that of mine—"

"Treason," bellowed the Oak, black in the face with

rage.

The Ash could contain himself no longer.

"I rise—" But he rose for the last time. With one accord the entire assemblage pounced upon him, and oh, what was worse, upon each other as well, for, I regret to say, many had come with no other purpose than to settle their ancient grudges.

And that is how it began. Such a crashing of boughs you never heard, and never will hear until the judgment day of trees. They thrashed, they stamped, they clubbed, they butted one another until finally nobody knew with whom he was fighting or why. And when they could fight no longer, they crawled home upon all fours—or all twenty-fours, if you will—and planted their aching selves in the earth for a long rest.

It was just at this juncture, when the race of man was gaining the ascendancy, that the magician Abracadabra stepped in, and, learning through his arts the state of affairs with the trees, contrived to throw a spell over them, which obliged them to remain for ever implanted in the earth. And when the wind is feeling rather bored, and wishes to indulge in a little innocent amusement, it visits the trees and reminds them of the fatal invitation of the Oak; and even to this day they tremble and moan to think of the awful cudgelling they each received.

ARTHUR FARWELL.

THE WOMAN WITH NINE SOULS.

A JAPANESE LEGEND.



HE Gods that give and undo, and withhold and gather,
The Gods that darkened the lamp in my father's shrine,
The Gods that lighted their flame in the heart of my father
Gave, for the greatening of grief, to this body of mine,
Souls that are nine.

Soul of the water of tears, soul of sea-water,
Soul of earth-clod, soul of the fire divine,
Souls of hope and of fear, and desire, hope's daughter,
Soul of a flower, and soul of the crystal fine;
My souls are nine.

My flower-soul laughs when Spring brings the flowers of cherry;

My sea-soul burns when the sun turns the sea to wine;
My soul of earth in the season of harvest's merry;
But how shall I comfort the sorrowful souls of mine?
My souls are nine.

How shall I turn my maiden heart to a lover?
My fire soul seeketh a fire-soul to be mine;
Then my desire with water of tears brims over,
And all my life lies low like a broken shrine:
My souls are nine.

Ah, Gods too lavish! great Gods of the lord my father, Undo your gift, for my life is a marred design With too much colour. Undo it, or slay me rather, For I at the wind's will go, and no love is mine, Whose souls are nine.

NORA HOPPER.



AN EARLY EXPLORER

Drawn by W. Edwara Wigfall

AN OCTOBER NIGHT'S DREAM.

OR a word she said, I closed the book I was

reading and went out into the street.

It was about six o'clock in the evening, and though October was drawing to an end, the night was by no means cold. In fact it could hardly be said to be night, for all the street lamps were not yet lighted, and the towers of Notre-Dame could still be distinguished, just across the river, enveloped in a strange, uncertain,

misty light.

There are times in the life of every man when it seems absolutely necessary to quarrel with some one, even, it may be, with his best friend, and that for no reason whatever. No explanation can be offered, but the fact remains. On this particular evening nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. We had finished dinner early, and, while the coffee was infusing, Dora, without the slightest suggestion on my part, had taken down her violin and was playing a certain weird Hungarian air that I so love to hear. On any other evening I should have been charmed, but that night the music maddened me, and I showed her my resentment. It was a climax,so to avoid a senseless quarrel with one to whom I have never said a harsh word, I closed the book I was reading and, ignoring the remark she had made, went out into the street.

I walked on, hurriedly, aimlessly, that weird air still ringing through my brain. I crossed the Pont St. Louis and passed by the garden that hides under the shadow of the massive towers of the old cathedral. The few leaves that still clung to the overhanging branches of the trees shone brilliantly near the yellow, flickering gas jets. They were not many, for in Paris the leaves fall while they are yet green, torn down by the first winds and rains of the close of the year. They were not many, but they had been granted the supreme favour of a caress from the hand of autumn, and all she touches turns to red and gold. They seemed proud of their colours, but I pitied them, for I knew that on the morrow they might be swept aside by the slow methodical sweep of the gardener, or relentlessly chased along the muddy street by the envious wind.

Over the parapet of the quay hung an indistinct figure, an angler, for whom old Izaak has written his book in vain. I think I smiled at the sight of this solitary, woebegone fisher, so unwilling to give the lie to the sentiment that hope springs eternal. . . . And that air still rang through my brain.

So I walked on until I came to the Petit Pont, which I crossed, hardly stopping to cast a glance at the reflection of the great round moon that shimmered on the swift but silent waters of the Seine.

Soon I found myself being carried along the Boulevard St. Michel by a noisy band of fils-à-papa, and other students, who occasionally find time to enliven a quarter which otherwise would be far from gay. Seeing another group taking their after-dinner coffee on the terrasse of a café, I suddenly remembered that mine would probably by that time be waiting me in the Rue St. Louis. I did not feel inclined to turn back yet, so I went on, deciding to take a coffee at the Café Procope, in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, which was only five minutes' walk from where I was standing.

Arrived at the Procope I took a seat at the red marble table in the little salle at the back of the café. And while I waited for the coffee I had ordered, I studied the painting on the wall facing me. It is a picture in oils, by Thomas, and represents Danton and Marat playing chess: and the king is being mated. They are shown playing on the very table at which I was sitting: the table on which Voltaire and many others have played chess; and which, later on, was broken by Hébert, while making a speech to the assassins of Louis XVI.

The coffee had been poured out, but I sat looking steadily at the painting, and pondering over the events that had taken place in Paris during the hundred years that had passed since Marat and Danton played chess in the Café Procope.

I think I must have gone to sleep. At any rate, when I heard some one cry "Echec, et mat/" I raised my head and did not feel at all surprised at seeing, to my right and at the end of the table, Monsieur de Voltaire playing chess with a little, fat man in a wig that gave one the idea it was an heirloom.

The face of Voltaire was lit by a kindly, good-natured smile, very different from the smile he is represented as bestowing on his arch-enemies, the theologians. It was not the scholar's mate, nor the fool's mate, that had undone his opponent, but from what I remember the victory had not been difficult. "If I had done this... and not done that... " and the defeated one mumbled excuses. If he had followed his own choice... Why didn't he? But what is that animated

conversation in an undertone that I hear going on to the left? Is it a plot against the Government that is being hatched? Evidently a number of habitues think it is, for there is quite a crowd around the principal personage of the little group which has attracted my attention. It is, in fact, a plot, but not against the Government. That is the Chévalier de La Morlière, a man of undoubted talent, but a great rascal all the same, who has hit on a means of making money by a novel species of blackmail. He had invented a system of extorting their hard-earned francs from the authors and actors of the Comédie Française, which, I can see in my dream, is situated exactly in front of the Procope. And it is precisely the details of his scheme that he is developing to a band of boon companions. They are the pioneers of that abomination of the French stage, the claque.

After a short time, the group of conspirators disappears, and I see another group enter. This time it is Renée Duvallon and her friend Philippe de Moriac, with about half-a-dozen other artists who have stepped across from the Comédie. Philippe is excited and speaks in a loud tone; Renée seems sullen, and says

little.

"I tell thee he loves thee," cries Philippe, as soon as he enters, and he marches backwards and forwards nervously.

Renée takes a seat before she replies, and then it is

quietly, almost conciliatorily, that she answers:
"Well, what if he does? What is that to thee?—or to me, for the matter of that—if I don't love him?"
"If!"

"If! Always thy ifs! All day long thou hast been too disagreeable to be supported, and then to-night, when Clovis played that horrible tune thou art so fond

And then she hums that air that had haunted me for

the last two hours!

"Come, then," she says, "sit down by me, and finish telling me that story of the knight who lost the red rose."

And he sits down and kisses her, so tenderly, that the red roses of her own cheek grow but slightly redder under the light touch of his lips.

"Yes, it was in 1789 that the Bastille --"

I wake with a start, for the history of the latter quarter of the 18th century is so distasteful to me that I think the very mention of the word "Bastille" would wake me, even though I were dead.

So I got up and, without tasting the icy-cold coffee which stood before me, I went home.

I embraced Dora, and the word she had said was remembered no more.

CHARLES SIBLEIGH.



"MY PIPE."

RONDEAU.

My pipe I smoke when troubles come, When Fear has voice, and Hope is dumb, When doubts perplex and fret the mind, And some short respite I would find From griefs that heart and brain benumb.

Despair's dark depths no more I plumb, But count my joys—no slender sum— As on my quiet couch reclined, My pipe I smoke.

Swarmed cares that round me buzz and drum,
Smoke-startled, fly with lessening hum;
And should my Chloë prove unkind,
I wait her smiles with heart resigned,
While in the firelight, prone and mum,
My pipe I smoke.

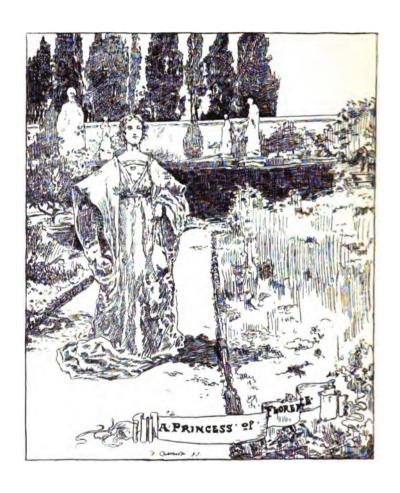
J. SHREEVE LEE.

A LETTER OF GLEESON WHITE'S.

E publish the following letter from Mr. Gleeson White—whose recent death has been such an irreparable loss to the world of art and literature—to Mr. A. Stanley Cooke, of Brighton, one of our contributors, not only on account of its intrinsic interest, but as showing Mr. White's generous and genuine devotion to the cause of letters, Mr. Cooke, at the time, being personally unknown to its writer. The rondeau redouble referred to was "On the Downs"—subsequently a contribution to THE QUARTIER LATIN (November, 1897). In this connection it may be of interest to say, especially to those appreciative of this form of poetry, that Mr. White, an ultimate authority on such matters, wrote his opinion of the rondeau "My Pipe," in our present number, as the best composition of its nature that he knew.

My dear Sir,—For my delay I owe you an apology, but your package only reached me to-day. Since my little anthology ["Ballades and Rondeaus"] was published I have had many courteous letters and examples of new work, some of which (to be honest) have caused some little trouble to acknowledge kindly and yet truthfully; but in your case I can speak quite frankly. You have caught the spirit of the forms, and I think the Rondeau Redoublé is quite a memorable instance of ease within their formal measures. The Pantoum—which I never essayed (I wrote and destroyed many hundreds of the others)—seems to me also ingenious and very clever. Oddly enough, at first, the Rondeau Redoublé, which I expect you like best (we all do those that are the least spontaneous) did not touch me, yet some of its lines are distinctly worth existing. "Fill sundown air with sunshine melodies," is, so far as I know, a new thought charmingly phrased. I shall prove my gratitude by asking for more, and if you knew how solicitous I am to ward off MSS. as a rule, you would at least believe that my appreciation of your work is not merely formal. You make splendid failures of some lines—and extremely good successes of others—with always a good mastery of the mechanism of the ver-e, hence the real pleasure you give to one who, by virtue of circumstances, gets wearied of the commonplace. If you were near me I should dare to point out your weaknesses and to fully encourage you to go on rhyming, for here and again is a really delightful thought deftly and admirably turned.

12, Philbeach Gardens, Earl's Court, S.W., June 15th, 1892.



Drawn by Dion Calthrop

"O WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE!"

RONDRAU REDOUBLÉ.

What is the charm, and wherein lies the spell
That leads us hitherward of our free wills,
To wonder why in beauty they excel,
These lovely Downs—God's everlasting hills?

'Tis not alone that tender colour fills

The gracious curves of summit, slope, and dell—
Nor lovely hue nor form the question stills—

"What is the charm and wherein lies the spell?"

Is it sweet music of the tinkling bell,
Or freedom's happy range, or lark that trills;
Delight of velvet sward, or thymy smell,
That leads us hitherward of our free wills?

To seek a solace for our petty ills,

To find it in each softly-folded swell—

Where nothing harsh abides, nor aught that chills—

To wonder why in beauty they excel.

In pearly tints of opalescent shell,

The hill-tops shimmer, and the distance thrills:
Encrowned with gold of furze, serene they dwell,
These lowly Downs—God's everlasting hills.

With perfumed wind to turn the busy mills; With solitude, and haunts of peace as well; With silence sweeter than the sound of rills;

. . .

When all is said or sung, it fails to tell
What is the charm

A. STANLEY COOKE.

I.

HE commencement of August had seen the customary exodus from town, and London was deserted. In the streets a sprinkling of country cousins, betrayed by their healthy looks and unfashionable clothes, brushed shoulders with those unfortunate Londoners still confined to their posts of duty in the city. Conductors from the platforms of half-filled omnibuses disregarded no probable fares, whilst news-boys resorted to fictitious excitement to help on the sale of their papers. London's vitality seemed at its lowest ebb.

In business quarters the absence of people was not so marked; but a traveller westwards—along Piccadilly and the district beyond—at once realised the surrounding stagnation of life. One still met people, but in scattered, and uncertain numbers; and sunny looks, happy, satisfied expressions, were conspicuous by their absence. Among those sombre folk there were no bright-eyed, smartly-gowned young girls to add a touch of colour and variety. Sunshine and innocence were making holiday by the sea; men and women of the world were in possession of town.

It was a close, overcast afternoon, the warm, infrequent breeze making most ineffectual dissipation of the city's odours. One naturally sought the open spaces of Hyde Park, but there the desolation was more patent than elsewhere. Two riders had the whole length of the Row to themselves; stacks of disused chairs brought into melancholy prominence the protracted dearth of occupants; a policeman on duty was actually stifling a yawn.

On one of the public seats, its whole length to herself, sat a young woman. Grace Harwood had had a hard fight with life, and to-day she seemed to have come to the end of her resources. She had earned her bread by type-writing manuscripts, but most of her clients were now away from home, and work had temporarily ceased. The last coins in her pocket had been counted; one shilling and sixpence represented the means of existence.

As yet she scarcely felt depressed by the situation. The quiet repose of this unfrequented park infected her like a dream, and lent strange unreality to the struggle for life. She possessed but little, but she could sit here, and feel the full flow of her personality riding through her veins. What more could any woman want?





THE LADY AND THE BOOK

Drawn by Charles Pepper

Imagination, too, was very vivid and very sweet. She had been one of the gay, well-dressed throng peopling the park a few weeks back. Handsome young men, irreproachably clad, had doffed their hats to her, entertained her with the usual civilities. She had smiled at their compliments, retorted to their banter, and while favouring none, had been the favoured of all. She—now, she was only a poor type-writer, sitting in a deserted park with eighteenpence in her pocket.

As the afternoon wore on, her thoughts grew more serious and self-centred, and consequently more morbid. Like all women who have felt the hard pressure of circumstances, she realised how the fact of her womanhood hampered and endangered her. If only one might live and work without the persistent intrusion of sex!

She had had but one experience of love, and had paid dearly for it. Believing herself genuinely and honourably loved, and knowing at that time but little of life, she had given her heart in trust and keeping to a man considerably older than herself, and higher in social position. His passion had been roused by her innocence and good looks, and she was not long in discovering his dishonourable intentions. From the terrible ordeal he had prepared for her she had escaped, but not unscathed, for when a woman has had to fight for morality to the rejection of love's instincts she is never the same again. That episode had changed the current of her existence, and had led, through a series of interwoven misfortunes, to the cruel position in which she was presently placed.

In her pocket, that very moment (for a residue of love forbade its committal to the flames) lay a letter from him, received a couple of months before, and as yet unanswered. "If ever you are in want or trouble"—it ran "come to me, and I will take care of you." Slowly removing and unfolding the message, she read the lines afresh. She knew the man's character, the terrible meaning of his words, and yet—a glow of the old-time love swept over her heart at the moment, and turned

aside her horror and indignation.

Then she fell to musing on her fearful situation. On the one hand was probable starvation, on the other shame and dishonour. These were absolutely and hopelessly the only alternatives. She clenched her hands, driving the nails into her palms in the violent stress of thought. Bitter contempt of the world that heeded not her welfare, of men callous to women's honour, filled her eyes with passionate tears. Was fate so inexorable that she, loathing wrong-doing with all her heart, must yet abandon

every principle of virtue in the desperate effort to obtain bread? And this under God's sky-amongst a so-called civilised society—in the wealthiest city of the world.

Grace rose to her feet. The fact had been forgotten, but she had had no nourishment for over seven hours, and when the physical life is low, moral principles are always weaker. She did not feel hungry-but action of some sort seemed necessary, and, wending her way out of the park, she passed down towards Knightsbridge, still

battling hard with her griefs.

Vague ideas crossed her disordered mind of imploring some passer-by for assistance. Women were hardhearted and cynical, however; men sometimes yielded to generous impulses, but to ask from them would seem as though she were already surrendering her purity.

She had proceeded for nearly a mile, when a row of gay flags, cresting a brightly-painted building, attracted her attention. Led by a curious impulse, she crossed the road and read the words.

"Exhibition of International Art. Admission 1s."

A strong, quite irresistible, impulse came over her to go within. In a dazed way she argued feebly with herself, that she would realise her position better when her last penny was spent; she loved pictures, too, and for a time would lose herself and her trouble in their contemplation. There reasoning ceased. The shilling was forfeited, and she passed through the turnstile.

"Catalogue, miss? Sixpence each!"

She put down sixpence, bought one, and was penniless. Then she laughed out loud, and the attendant gazed at her in astonishment.

"That's my last coin—that's all!"

"Indeed, miss!" and the functionary looked uncomfortable.

Grace hurried on into the gallery. She must now

forget herself or go mad.

Round the walls of that admirably-hung, curiously unorthodox, wholly interesting exhibition—a symphony in Whistlerism, one might say -Grace slowly took her way, dwelling longest on those pictures which seemed responsive to her mood. There were few visitors besides herself, for picture seeing as a fashionable amusement ends with the closing of the Royal Academy, and so her attention was confined altogether to studying the paintings. At first it was difficult to consider them properlyher own trouble was too aggressive—but gradually something of the fine restfulness of art, its rare atmosphere, its infinite breadth—stole into her mind, crowding out the

personal matters that had lately loomed so large. She even smiled at Mr. Whistler's vagaries with the catalogue, and then, looking closely at his paintings, wondered why she had heard his name so often.

Her interest, at first forced, afterwards spontaneous, had helped to sustain her; but when three parts of the way round the centre gallery, a sudden faintness came over her, and compelled her to hurry to a seat. The room whirled around her; then she remembered the time of her last meal, and that all her money was spent. Closing her eyes, she clutched the cushioned arm of the seat; the reality of it all was back again—she was ill, miserably ill. There was no help for her now. She must go to the one man willing to take care of her—and pay his price. Yes, she was feeling better; things were steadier; in a minute or two she would be able to move.

Would it be her fault—her sin? She had not brought it upon herself. The world had beaten her down—that was all! Ah, could she only at that moment pass out of of life, fit and innocent for God's presence. God was very close to her now. Those works of art about her were dim mirrors men had made to catch the reflection of His face. That dark woman opposite, with the dreamy eyes, was looking through the veil of the future upon her Maker's brow. Grace held her breath before one picture; it was the supreme expression of love itself. If then death would only come now—now, and bring her eternal life indeed—love, Christ, God. To-morrow would be too late. A few hours more and her guilty soul might well shudder at the very thought of death.

She staggered to her feet, and as she did so her mind seem to grow clearer, her limbs stronger. She could weigh matters calmly now, and her resolution was soon taken. To-night she would go to him. Life, food, clothes, at any cost.

She had almost reached the door, when a picture by the entrance came obliquely into her range of sight. She

the entrance came obliquely into her range of sight. She stopped, a curious, numbing sensation passing through her. It was as though her exit was barred, all power of free will destroyed, for the canvas drew and fixed her attention with the strength and tenacity of a magnet.

Her catalogue gave the picture's name, "Sin"; the artist's, "Franz Stuck." Round the shoulders of a woman, and mingling with the masses of her long, dark hair, a large green snake was coiled, poison and venomous hate lurkng in its uplifted head. The woman's face was in shadow, so that at first one did not perceive its grim repulsiveness. Little by little, however, the frank evil in every distorted

feature—the haggard, restless eyes, the loose, coarse lips—forced themselves upon the view: the painter had shown consummate skill in carrying out his idea. Here indeed lived sin without any disguising cloak or mask—a warning and sermon in paint.

It seemed to Grace Harwood, still standing before the picture and drinking in its deep significance, that a great rush of waters was drowning her, and that now was the time to sink or swim. The contrast between right and wrong in her normal moods was none too sharply defined, her course of conduct being an easy, indeliberate flow, determined by hereditary and early-instilled principles. In ordinary moments her conception of the true nobility of life was vague and weak, but at the same time she managed to avoid all pit-falls—her will acting without any apparent reference to the moral standard set up in her character.

To her excited imagination the picture bore an awful significance. It was the vision of herself, sent to warn her of her impending fate. She was craving for life, sacrificing honour for life; but was life, shorn of its sweetest, purest elements, worth having? To drag about with her a woman's body, and yet to be without the soul of womanhood! To be, at last, as one of the bedraggled creatures of the streets—ghastly memories her only attendants! To speak hollowly, to live hollowly—to be a lie incarnate! Was she mad that she should desire to win the right to live on such terms?

Something seemed to stop in her head. It was the wheel of over-wrought thought. She tried to recall her last idea; there was only blankness in her brain, and a dreadful buzzing in her ears. Presently some one seemed to be whispering to her, "Home! home! nome!" and with unseeing eyes and aching heart she passed out into the street.

II.

Over a quiet lake, whose surface was never stirred beyond the faintest ripple, the sun was casting his last radiance. Overhead the glory still lingered, as though the gold-touched clouds were loth to lose their borrowed beauty. The day had been insufferably sultry, but a light breeze from the west was now at work allaying the heat, and restoring physical vitality to listless mortals. Occasionally the whistle of a train sounded in the distance; otherwise the silence was unbroken, save by the murmur of the trees.

In front of an ivy-clad, little house stretched a sloping

lawn, turfed and kept so well that it felt like carpet to the feet, and was an excellent foil to the struggling, unrestrained flower-beds lining it on either side. At the foot a narrow stream flowed, navigable in either direction for perhaps a mile, but leading to no place mentioned on any map. In its isolation and picturesqueness—its aloofness from the world, and yet its quiet possession of everything in life worth living for and aspiring to—the spot was the ideal home of the artist and thinker.

On two wicker chairs, drawn to the water's edge, a man and woman were seated, their souls surrendered to the soft ministry of the twilight hour. It was the time when speech comes gladly and spontaneously to the lips, and words have a flavour of personality which seems to shrink

before the blazing light of day.

The woman was sitting with closed eyes; the man was watching her with the keen gaze of affection, yet without the intrusive familiarity that is so often characteristic of masculine love. His cap was tilted back, revealing a high, broad forehead, from which the dark, curly hair was brushed away; the eyes were full of expression and, as habitually, alert. By the listless attitude of the limbs, the frank laziness of his present mood, you might have been momentarily deceived as to the measure of his vitality—a vitality both of body and mind which was the envy of his inferiorly-endowed friends.

"Sitting like that, Grace, you remind me of a picture." She opened her eyes with a startled but bright smile.

"I do? How is that?"

"Well—I saw it years back—so long ago, in fact, that I cannot remember where. The subject was Faith, and it showed a woman seated as you were, with closed eyes and a perfectly peaceful expression. I thought the treatment exceedingly novel—almost far-fetched, indeed—until I remembered that faith does not walk by sight. Do you believe in the influence of pictures, Grace?"

His gaze was then turned away, so he missed the shadow of reminiscence across her face as she earnestly

replied, "Yes!"

"So do I. It would seem strange to say it, dear, to anyone else, but I sometimes think that much of the reverence I have for womanhood has been derived from my fondness for art. One can't love beauty in form and character, and tune one's life to low ideals. Why, Grace, you are crying!"

"Yes, Robert-you don't know why."

Tact and kindness dictated silence. He watched the dwindling light through the trees; then, where its surface

had been disturbed, a circle spreading across the darkened water. The key to Nature's sweetest harmonies had been lately put within his grasp, and every thought

thrilled to an exquisite accompaniment.

"You asked me a very affecting question just now, Robert; that was why I was so silly. Six weeks ago—oh, it seems years and years past now!—I had an experience, a terrible temptation, from which you saved me Your reference to the influence of pictures brought it all back. I will tell you about it—now, while the mood is on me. You are good—and will understand—and perhaps love me still."

He drew his chair closer and pressed her hand in

silent sympathy.

"There is no doubt of that, dear."

"You remember the day when you brought me that

long story to type, and found me shockingly ill?"

He nodded. Had not that day seen the first link of their friendship fashioned—Grace Harwood, the woman who "typed" his manuscripts, awakening to distinct individuality in his eyes as a suffering human being worthy of his help and interest.

"I was without money, and you advanced me some, and then we grew to know each other; and now—but oh! Robert, I have never told you the worst. I was unstrung, fainting for food the previous evening, and I was tempted to do wrong; perhaps the greatest wrong a woman can do—to give herself to some one for money and for bread. I saw a picture, and it seemed to save me—or rather, it kept me safe and brave till you came. I ran home, saying to myself that I would hold out for a little longer—till the morning. And then you came."

Bit by bit the whole story was told, Grace minimising and withholding nothing. Her own dishonoured affection, her desperate necessity, the visit to the gallery, her agony of mind and soul, the impression created by the picture—every thought of her heart was laid bare. She commenced slowly and with difficulty, but the man's perfect sympathy, expressed in his whole face and mien, dissolved all her fears and made the confession easy. He understood her with the complete knowledge that another woman might have shown. Moved by this fresh, unexpected revelation of her suffering, his love touched a level even deeper than before.

When the tale was concluded, he bent forward and kissed her passionately, reverently. Her lips trembled under his. In that moment her sum of happiness was

complete.

She thought of her misery six weeks before, and contrasted it with the present. It all seemed a wonderful, incredible dream. Surely this peaceful scene—the trees, that distant peep of meadows, the calm, still water, the man beside her with the love-light in his eyes-was a mirage of her imagination! Her thoughts had lost the last taint of their disease. She scarcely knew herself. The old disgust of life had changed into an almost

pagan joy in existence.
"I wonder sometimes, Robert, if this is all real. Shall I not wake up and find you just an ordinary client, our intercourse still confined to the exchange of Postal Orders

for manuscripts more or less correctly copied!"

"No, no, Grace! Or if illusion it be, leave me to share it with you, please? I am resident, too, in your palace of dreams, and claim equal proprietorship in all your follies."

She laughed, but the words made her think. What an impossible task has cynicism in proving love an illusion, when its foundation is character, its corner-stones far-

seeing insight and trust!

The light had died between the trees; you could not see beyond them now. The blue from the sky had quite faded; a couple of bats dodged swiftly through the air, while a large moth, dimly seen, was haunting a neighbouring bush.

"How terribly you have suffered, Grace! That

"Oh, don't speak of him! He is gone out of my life

for ever. I am happy now."

"I will try to make up to you for all your sufferings. God helping me, your way shall be smooth, Grace, when you become my wife.'

Her heart was too full for speech, but she put her hand in his, and held it there. In the action love fore-

shadowed its own exquisite fulfilment.

HERBERT JAMIESON.

"MARS HENRY'S" ULTIMATUM.

"LAR' to goodness, ef dem two gals ain't got de debble in 'em dis night, sho'. Dey's bof got der heads tergedder close, like de big sunflowers dat grow in our yard. I knows dat sign, en I 'low dar's some'n' in de air," said Aunty Martin, as she, with the other negro servants, stood peering through the slats of the shutters into the brightly-lighted room, where the "white folks" were dancing.

"Hit ain't in de air you 'll find dat some'n'," answered

"Hit ain't in de air you'll find dat some'n'," answered old Pete, who accompanied his master everywhere, and whose admiration for "Mars Henry" was known throughout the county. "Hit ain't in de air you'll find dat some'n'," he repeated; hit's right dare in dat ball-room,

standin' flat-footed on de flo'."

"Who dat standin' flat-footed on de flo', you?"

"Mars Henry, dat's who; en he's dat some'n' dat you say is in de air too. Ain't I he'rd 'im say dis ve'y evenin' dat he 'low he 'll know jes' how he stan', or jes' how he don't stan', 'fore dis night wuz ober? He say he gwine fer to giv' Miss Marie a ultermattumeses!"

"Giv' her a w'atzesname?"

"A ultermattumses! en w'en Mars Henry say dat, you kin jes' bet he mean it, too. En Miss Marie, who been cuttin' up mighty pert wid 'im fer a long time,—Miss Marie,—she got fer to speak right out, jes' like dey do in meetin', even ef she do git Miss Nola fer to try en help her out; kaze Mars Henry, w'en he do git started, he powerful 'termined like. I see 'im make a mule team mov' long w'en nobody else could. Mars Henry, he scientific—he is."

The old darky would have used up the rest of the evening telling about his "Mars Henry," but Aunty Martin had a weakness for boasting too; and her favourites were never at a loss for her championship, so

she interrupted him with:

"Dat's all right 'bout your Mars Henry's 'termination, but I 'low he got to be a heep more of a scientisticus den he is now, ef he think, 'kase he giv' Miss Marie his watchyoumaycallum, dat he kin make her com' roun' en do as he say. She's jes' 'joyin' herself, en projec'kin' wid 'im, dat's all; en I tell you, old Pete, dar's some'n' in de air, en it ain't no Mars Henry, nor not'in' else you t'ink 'bout. Don't I know dem two gals better'n you?"

So the old darkies had it, and in a way both were right,



GRIEF

Drawn by Leigh Ellis

for there was "some'n' in de air," and Henry Tibbits' ultimatum was the cause thereof, and that "some'n'" the young girls were planning, was for the humiliation, rather than the glorification of old Pete's "Mars Henry," and was also to be a source of enlightenment for that old darky himself.

It was true that Marie had kept the determined Henry on the anxious bench for some time, and it was also true that Henry had made up his mind to have an answer tonight, and having told her so in as many words, now stood aloof, like a knight of old, waiting for the gauntlet

to be taken up.

She loved him—there was no doubt about that, and had he been less persistent, she would have come around with a grace and willingness that would have surprised him; but there was something so sweet in hearing him plead, then storm and plead again, that she had kept him off so long. She knew full well that she would give in in the end, but this ultimatum of his nettled her, and she resolved to make one more stand, and elude him just once more. But how?—that was the point, and to settle that point she sought the advice and assistance of her cousin Nola; and it was the action of the two, with their heads close together, that called forth the remarks of the old darkies.

No one noticed the girls as they slipped away from the merry dancers, and, putting on their wraps, stole softly to the fence at the side of the house, where a score or

more of vehicles of all kinds were standing.

They surprised their half-sleeping negro boy, and, ordering him to bring Mr. Henry's horse and carriage into the road, they told him he must get them home quickly, and if they arrived safely he should receive a big silver dollar. And then, when all was ready, off they went at a lively pace, and soon the lights and music were left behind.

In fifteen minutes Henry missed the girls, but seeing their cousins and their old servant around as usual, thought little of it, and had no idea of what had occurred; and so another fifteen minutes went by before he instituted a search, which led to the discovery that the girls were not in the dancing or the supper rooms, so he instructed old Pete to inquire of the maids upstairs, while he went to look about the grounds, where he soon found that his horse and carriage were gone.

With this discovery it dawned upon him, too, that there was mischief afoot, for experience had taught him that he could never be sure as to just what to expect from those

two girls under any circumstances or conditions, and he recalled with what apparent pleasure Marie had received his consent to delay her answer until the ride home; and so, jumping at the conclusion that they had started home in his rig, and thereby hoped to evade him, he vaulted upon old Pete's horse without waiting for that individual to return with the information as to whether the girls were in the house or not, and put out at a lively pace, hoping to overtake the runaways.

As he tore down the road, old Pete appeared. Looking after him and rubbing his eyes, he said, with a loud

whistle:-

"De good Lord, ef ebber I thought it wuz in dat hoss to git 'long like dat He been playin' 'possom mighty smart wid dis ole nigger, but he can't fool Mars Henry," with a chuckle, "'deed he can't, en dem gals can't nudder. He'll cotch'em, sure pop!" And more convinced if possible than ever as to "Mars Henry's" greatness, he went back to the house to think over what he had seen.

Meanwhile, the two girls kept their driver urging the horse on at a good pace, until they entered the long wooded lane about a mile from their home. Then, thinking that none could or would overtake them, and the horse showing signs of fatigue, they told their boy to let him walk, and, feeling well-pleased with the outcome of their coup, and the novel experience of their runaway ride, they began to sing a song, popular on the eastern shore of Maryland so long ago.

Sweetheart, the day has no gladness
While we thus linger apart,
Moonlight and starlight bring sadness—
Thou art the light of my heart.
Here in the darkness entreating,
Urging my love for thee,
Softly thy name I'm repeating,
Come thou, my love, back to me!

The moon was shining brightly, but the great trees, with their blending branches overhead, kept out the pale light, save here and there, where it fell upon the roadway in white patches, giving a weird, though pleasant, aspect to the darkened lane.

A gentle breeze swept through the trees; and the song rose in full unison, and so completely charmed the young negro boy, that he let the horse pick his own way along the road.

The young girls finished the first verse, and renewed their conversation as to just what each one thought Henry would do when he found out they had run away with his carriage, and then commenced the second:—

> What though the world be deceiving, Round us though shadows may lie, Safe in each other believing, Bravely love on, thou an

when, with a slow, gradual motion, the front wheels rose up, the carriage tipped, and the three occupants were landed on the grass beside the road, while the carriage, with two wheels in the air, rested on the other two, and a white and black object, which proved to be a cow, gave an angry switch of her tail, and sought another resting-place among the trees.

So slowly had the cow risen, that all three had ample time to clear the turning carriage, and although frightened, no one was hurt, and the darky, still holding

the reins, was the first to recover his speech.

"Lordy! I t'ought dat cow wuz one ob dem er' white Wat right she got in dis 'ere road places dare. any'ow."

For a moment the girls stood still, but the negro's voice aroused them, and they both burst out laughing at their situation, while the boy shifted all blame from his own shoulders to the broader ones of the cow.

Then came the task of righting the carriage. The horse was unhitched, and all three went eagerly to work; but the girls gave the young darkie little help, and the carriage settled back again at each effort.

It was while they were in the midst of this now serious matter that the rattle of a horse's hoofs was heard advancing down the road they had just travelled, and the three runaways stood silent, realising one another's fears. Marie was the first to speak.

"He's coming! I'm sure it is he! What shall we do! Quick! Here, into the bushes! You too!" turning to the now frightened darky. "In with you, and I'll tell you what you are to say; and mind you, you look sharp, or you lose your dollar, and I'll have you punished for upsetting us!"

"You all been singin' fo' 'im to come, an' I speck he is come," said the boy, as they all three hid away in the

bushes.

Then hastily giving him his instructions—which he grasped quickly, having full knowledge of what they were doing from what he had heard in their conversation during the ride, and commanding him that under no circumstances was he to betray them, Marie pushed him 0 207 d:-

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into the road just as the horseman's outlines showed up in the darkness.

Nearer and nearer came their pursuer. Faster and

faster beat the hearts of the hiding girls.

"Hello, what the devil's happened here! Oh! It's you, is it? and with my horse and carriage, you infernal young rascal. Who told you to take them? Where are the young ladies, Miss Marie and Miss Nola?"

"I donno, sir. I don lef'em bof back dar at de dance, an' I comes 'long dis way an' I run over a cow w'at wuz

in de road, an' dis here kerridge is upside down."

"What a glorious little liar that boy is," whispered Nola, as the two girls breathed easier after this first volley.

"What's that? You say you left both Miss Marie and

Miss Nola at the dance?"

"Yesser. Miss Marie, she come out to me, an' she says fer me to take your kerridge to her house, kaze Miss Nola, she wuz gwine home in some odder foke's kerridge, an' you an' Miss Marie wuz to come home in Miss Nola's kerridge."

"She said that you were to take my carriage to her

house?" asked the now bewildered Henry.

"Yesser, kaze you an' Miss Marie was to come home in Miss Nola's kerridge, and then you could take your own kerridge to your own home; but I don run over a cow, an' dis kerridge is upside down. Ain't you seen Miss Marie?"

Henry paid no attention to this last remark. He stood there muttering to himself, rubbing his legs, and looking at old Pete's horse and saddle. Presently he said:

"Here you, tie this beast to the fence; I'll be lame for a week riding such an old broken-down hack, and on such a saddle—and all for nothing, too. Come here," he continued, "get hold of that wheel there—up she goes! Now hitch up my horse, and be lively about it." And as the boy jumped to fulfil his commands, Henry went on muttering to himself: "So they haven't left the house after all, and I guess that's why old Pete whistled as I went down the road. This is what I get for being so hasty. Hang it all, how am I ever going to explain matters? And this to happen to-night, of all times."

He was pacing up and down the road as he talked, seemingly to have forgotten the negro's presence, and the hiding girls were enjoying his discomfiture, as only they could, when suddenly he turned to the waiting boy, and said a few words that caused their hearts to sink

lower than they ever sank before, and made their situa-

tion anything but an enjoyable one.

"Here, hitch that old saddle-beast on behind. I'll go on home with you. It's too late to return to the dance, and I'll try and see her to-night, and explain matters."

It was a good thing Henry did not notice the big white eyes of the boy, as he peered into the bushes, hoping for some sign to appear; but there was nothing to indicate the presence of the now frightened, though determined girls, and it was a scared and pale darky that gathered up the reins.

But Henry's next remark lightened the hearts of the

guilty three, for he said :-

"Drive lively there now; the others will be coming along this way in their carriages pretty soon, and I don't want them to reach home first; and mind you, don't you run over another cow."

"Dat's jes' w'at dey will be doin', sho'; dey will be comin' right 'long in dere kerridges, sho' nuff," and he

cracked his whip and away they went.

The boy had spoken louder than was necessary, and the hiding girls knew that the information was meant for them. They had not thought of the rest of the party that was to return by this road, and with gladdened hearts they welcomed the news.

The two girls crept from their hiding place among the bushes, and viewed the fast disappearing vehicle, and laughed and cried, and laughed again. Then, without saying a word, Nola walked to where the cow had taken up her new resting place, and giving a jerk to the rope which was fastened to the base of her horns, said:—

"Come along here; you have been the cause of all this trouble, and I vow you shan't lie there while we have to tramp this road. You are not as good as a dog,

but you're something; so along you go."

Marie stood in the middle of the road, watching the queer proceeding, which was being enacted with too much sincerity to be laughed at. Then they decided to walk slowly along towards their home, hoping that ere

long one of the carriages would overtake them.

It was a weary trio that, fortunately, the expected carriage overtook shortly on that lonely half-lit road, in the dead of night—those two girls and the cow; but that cow had served a purpose, for, not relishing the midnight walk, nor the loss of sleep, had been somewhat stubborn, and had occupied more or less of their thoughts, and consequently saved their nerves.

Of course explanations were necessary, and the girls

made a clean breast of the whole thing, and besought their cousins to help, or at least not to betray them, and to let them carry out the plot to the end, which the cousins agreed to do. As they had thought Henry had taken the girls home long ago, they had not felt uneasy about them.

At last they drove through their own gate. As the house came into view they could see the form of a man, pacing nervously up and down before the lighted hallway, and as the carriage swung around the great circle before the house, they heard a piping voice, the voice of their boy driver, saying as he ran along with the carriage:

"Is you dare, Miss Marie? Is you dare, Miss Nola?" "Yes," answered Nola. "Have you told him any-

thing?"

"No, miss; I ain't say a word cept w'at you year me say on de road. Mars Henry, he mighty worrit bout you, an' so wuz I. I kum mighty nigh goin' atter you on de old man's hoss, 'cept Mars Henry might fin' out."

"You are a good boy, and you will get your dollar to-morrow. Now, not another word," as the carriage stopped before the door.

Henry was down the steps in an instant, and was making the best of broken apologies, but neither of the young girls noticed him, and his humiliation was complete as they swept by him into the house and into their rooms. The cousins acted politely, though coolly, and soon Henry was seated in his carriage and on his way home, with these words of the darky boy ringing in his ears :

"I speck you make 'em bof mad, kaze you didn't take

her home like Miss Marie say you wuz gwine to."

The next morning, after spending a miserable night, Henry called; but the girls were indisposed, and, consequently, could not be seen. Then notes, flowers, and candies found their way to their rooms; but Henry sought in vain for an interview. Miss Marie was determined he should suffer for that ultimatum he had given her, and for the consequent happenings of that eventful night. But the story was too good to keep, and, fearing he might learn the truth from other lips than hers, and thereby regain the whip handle, as he would do, she decided to see him and allow him to apologise to his heart's content. So she summoned him to her presence; and before they parted, she told him all.

"And you will make me the happiest man on earth?"

"On one condition-on two," she answered.

"Name them-they are granted."

"That you will never, never again, give me an ultimatum—and you won't punish that dear darky boy."

"Wat I tell you bout Mars Henry dat night at de ball, w'en dem two gals giv' 'im de slip, en make 'em feel mighty humble like," was Aunty Martin's greeting to old Pete, as they again stood peering through the slats into the room where the happy pair were receiving the con-

gratulations of their friends.

"Well, it do seem like his ultermattumses didn't come round dat night somehow," softly returned old Pete, who, now that Miss Marie was to be his mistress, was for backing her up with the same ardour that had heretofore belonged solely to Mars Henry, "but he most suttinly did make dem mules git 'long," he said, making his last

But Aunty Martin had a prior claim on those girls, and she felt it to be her duty to give old Pete one more slap, so she said :- "He drive mules? Co'se he kin, I 'low dat. He even make your ole hoss mov' 'long 'sprisingly. Don't you talk to me! Human nater's thicker'en blood; en you fin' me de man w'at kin drive the most stubbern's mules dat dare ebber wuz, en right den an dar you got a man w'at's like a babe in dese yer two arms, w'en hit comes fer 'im to handle high-spirited gals like dem two. I done had de spe'ance on it."

CHARLES WILLIAM AYTON.





HE GIRLS OF THE BEAUX-ARTS.-All Paris has been amused, and the woman-rightists duly horrified, at the attitude of the male students of the French National School of Fine Arts towards their recently, and somewhat tardily, admitted sisters. hostile feeling generated by their

presence has, we blush to say, led to much ungallantry, and, on several occasions, to miniature riots. The girlartist's lot at the Beaux-Arts is not a happy one—and hysterics are all but epidemic.





THE GIRLS OF THE BEAUX-ARTS

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QUE LE BAISER NE MEURT POINT!

Let us live and die for Eve!
For love, torment sublime,
Is the only dream we weave
That outlives time.

When on highways desolate,
From snow-piled hearth we roam,
Even mourning shall be fête,
And exile, home;

Nor temptation, nor regret,
Shall earthly bliss alloy,
Nor shall eyes with tears be wet,
Except from joy,

When she with golden hair, Or brunette pale as night, Whose fondest love we share, Laughs clear and bright.

What profits talk of tombs
After the dark night falls?
Where the mouldering ruin glooms,
List, the dove calls!

From the sombre cypress glade, Mingling, in plaintive swell, Brightest hope with evening shade, Hear Philomel!

In the all engulfing grave, Glory 'dures perhaps a day; Naught else survives, nothing save Love's potent sway. Translated from the French of Catulle Mendès by Mary K. Davey There ambition buried deep
Of Death borrows this alone —
Its long unremembering sleep
Beneath the stone.

Cold and narrow beds they seem, Damp the sod, far off the sky; Yet there united lovers dream While time drifts by.

Death's dark hour draws on apace, When in sealèd oaken bier, One by one, there all the race Shall disappear.

Swallowed in eternal night,
Rose and star alike shall fade;
All things fair and pure and bright
In earth be laid.

Only kisses, honey-flame—
Deepest draught or simple taste,
Bitter, sweet, or without name,
Impure or chaste—

Burning with passion's fever, Or soul-wings brushing by — Twixt giver and receiver, Shall never die!

WHEN HOPE WAS DEAD.

"Ah, Love, could you and I with Fate conspire To change this sorry scheme of things entire, Would we not shatter it to bits, and then Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire."

HESE words from old Omar were in his mind as he sat down in the little Café, and leaning forward wearily, with his elbows on the table, lighted a

cigar and gazed moodily about him.

Across from where he sat, four people laughed and talked and opened wine, as if oblivious that such a thing as unhappiness existed. How he envied them. A man and a girl came in and seated themselves on his right. He watched the man as he helped the girl remove her coat, and noticed with a little pang how the man stealthily took the opportunity to let his face brush against her hair. How many times had he done the same thing when he had been with Her! He wondered if She ever came there now, and if so, who brought Her. How many times had they been in that little Café together! What good times had they had! He wondered vaguely if She was as fond of broiled live lobster as She used to be. And if She still preferred Milwaukee lager to musty ale.

He had done everything in his power to forget Her; he had dissipated in London; gambled in Monte Carlo; and champagne-supped in Paris—but to-night, his first night in Boston since the day when She had broken the engagement, he felt that the old love for Her was stronger

than ever.

It had been such a senseless affair, the breaking of the engagement—but She was very proud and had admitted of no explanations. He had been no worse than any young man about town. His acquaintance with the actress had dated long before he had met Her; and he had at least been true to Her, from the moment he had told Her that he loved Her, till Her sudden estrangement. The actress had been jealous of Her from the first. Then when the engagement was announced, he had broken from the actress entirely, put all the old thoughtless life behind him, and truly believed that it and the actress were done with.

For six months he had been the happiest man in the whole world. He had loved Her with all the passion of which his warm Southern nature was capable. And She

had loved him. He was sure of that.

One night he got a letter, a pleading, heart-sick letter from the actress. She was ill, very ill, she had written, and never likely to be better. There was something she wished to say to him. Would he write and tell her he would come and see her—just one night? It would not harm him, and would do her infinite good. She would, in all truth, feel better able to die, if she could see him. just once more.

Filled with sudden pity for her, and greatly shocked at her illness, he had written her a little note, perhaps a trifle more affectionate than it absolutely need have been—but then, the actress was a dying woman—and told her that he would come and see her the next

evening.

When the actress received this note, she had opened it slowly, read it carefully, and then smiled . . . and promptly remailed it to Her.

She had little known how complete her revenge

would be.

When he had called on Her the next day, She had refused to see him—returned him his ring and his letter to the actress, and ignored his presence the next time they had met. Then he had gone abroad and tried his best to forget Her. And to-night, sitting in the Café where they two had enjoyed so many happy little dinners, he realised perhaps more forcibly than he had ever before that he still loved Her above all else on earth, and would so love Her to the end.

He cursed himself for a fool, but he sadly realised that his return to Boston was due to the one fact that —She was there

He wondered where She was to-night. He had looked into Keith's, but the box She always had was empty. And now he had dropped in here, more from habit than anything else. Or was it in the hope that he might find Her here?

The people opposite had become almost hilarious, and they were still opening champagne. The couple at his right were talking in low tones, and the girl was looking at the man with a world of tenderness in her eyes. With a muttered curse, he shoved his chair back from the table, paid the waiter, and went out on the street. With quick strides he crossed the street by the Parker House, and walked on down by the Common and the Public Gardens. His heart was filled with bitterness and a fierce desire to see Her. He stopped finally in front of Her home. There were lights in Her room; and in the parlour a subdued flicker gave evidence of an open fire. His pulse quickened



ASA THOR.

Drawn by Carl Lindin. From B. E. Fogelberg's statue in the Swedish National Museum.

tained :-

as the shadowy outline of a girl's form was for a moment silhouetted against the window curtain.

He walked up and down a minute, and, in a sort of mechanical and foolish way, counted the cracks in the flagging of the walk. Then he went up the steps and rang the bell

After a moment, during which his heart beat hopefully, a maid came to the door and took his card. She went away with it, only to return, in a few minutes, to say that She was not at home. Not at home? The same old story! The year he had been away hadn't changed things then. The hope that had filled his heart was gone, like a lamp blown out, and he went down the steps dazed and unstrung. Not at home! It was all over. The longing that he had cherished secretly, almost unconsciously, was not to be satisfied. As he went toward his hotel he thought of many things. One thing he thought of made him laugh out loud; but it wasn't a good laugh to hear.

The next day a little scented envelope addressed to him arrived at his hotel. This was the message it con-

"My Dearest Boy,—I was really, really out last night when you called. Will you come again to-night? Oh, Jack, I have missed you so, and I know what it means now. Come to me to-night and I'll tell it all to you right in your arms. Come, Jack, I want you.—With all the love of my heart, MARY."

0 0 0

But hope and courage had for ever deserted him on the eve of victory. Upstairs, stretched across the bed, with the wintry sunshine streaming over the pillows, and a weary smile on his cold lips, Jack lay dead—a jest and victim of old Father Time.

F. ERNEST HOLMAN.

HARVEST.

Across the furrowed pathway of the sea
I sowed a crop of sand;
"Lo! what a golden gathering there shall be
When Harvest opes her hand!"
What my reward when reaping time had come?—
Only an empty store of wild sea-foam.

Amid the azure pathway of the sky
My store of tears I shed;
And cried, "There will fall star-gems by and by,
A harvest from o'erhead!"
What drenched the barren earth and dreary plains?—
My salty tears, that fed the Autumn rains.

Adown the fragrant pathway of the Spring
Sweet roses did I strew;
With hopeful eye a happy garnering
In Harvest-time 1 knew.
What did I gain?—whereat my soul yet grieves—
A meagre pile of pale and mouldy leaves!

Fate! ruler of grief's harvesting, despair,—
Fate! we have deified;
Tears evanescent, blighted leaves and bare,
Foam of the fleeting tide:
These to thine altar, thine own choice, we bring—
With satiate wrath accept the offering!

KATHLEEN HAYDN GREEN.

IN SOCK AND BUSKIN.

By The Owl." PROPOS of Mrs. Campbell's "Macbeth," the following is an extract from a letter of Mrs. Siddons. She says:—

"It was my custom to study my characters at night when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that on which I was to appear in the part for the first time, I shut myself up as usual when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words in my head; for the necessity of discrimination and development of character at that time of my life had scarcely entered into my imagination. But to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure in the silence of the night (a night I shall never forget) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose up to a degree that made it impossible for me to get further. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it as I ascended the stairs to go to bed seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting it out, and I threw myself on the bed without daring to stay even to take off my clothes."

. . .

A man is never a hero to his valet, nor, for that matter, is he an Apollo to his immediate family; but exceptions will crop up now and again to prove these hard and fast rules. The most recent is furnished by a brother of Mr. Forbes Robertson, who does not admire the illustrious actor as Macbeth so ardently as in the rôle of Hamlet, because—the Thane gives him no opportunity of showing his magnificent profile.

• • •

Miss Ellen Terry invariably wears her stage dresses trailing in front two or three inches beneath her feet, in order to "stretch grace as much as possible." This is one of the tricks of the trade, or rather the stage. Herein lies an infinitesimal part of her majestic length



Drawn by G. O. Onions .

and graceful sweep. "It was no easy task," she was heard to remark, "to learn to walk in them. I had many a stumble and many a tumble, before I mastered them to my satisfaction."

•

Those who saw "Sans Gêne" were astonished to find the completeness of Sir Henry's disguise as Napoleon. There was so little of Irving, as his audiences knew him, about it. The reason, he explained, was that in all his other characters he moved his eyebrows—those characteristic eyebrows! Not so, however, as Napoleon. He made them up sharp and straight, to denote indomitable determination, and they remained immovable throughout the impersonation.

. .

Sir Henry believes in hard work. No amount of pains, patience or trouble is too much for him where a result is aimed at. During rehearsals scenes are often repeated a score of times, which does not always please those who are not immediately concerned and consequently kept waiting. The members of the company claim to be able to discern in advance whether the rehearsal will be a short or long one. "If," said one of them, "he arrives wearing a felt hat, we know it won't last long; if a 'topper' we know what we're in for." What does Sherlock Holmes say to that?

• • •

The fire of genius is often accompanied by the fire of a furious temper; but, when seriously ruffled, the Divine Sarah is superb. Racked with passion, quivering with rage, she does not "break out," but turns her anger inwardly, and lashes herself into repose. A triumph of subjugation!

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Charles Wyndham is 58 years old, and was born at Liverpool. He studied medicine in Dublin. Later he went to America, and served in the medical department of the Federal Army during the Civil War of 1861. He then joined Mrs. John Wood's company in New York, and on his first appearance (as I learn from one of our contemporaries) "dried up" with stage fright. "Dearest, I am drunk with that enthusiasm of love, which once in a lifetime fills the soul of man," was his line. "Dearest, I am drunk," was all he could say.

THE LADY MACBETH OF MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

At the Lyceum, London. The final chord of introductory music, and total darkness! A frightful crash! (like an accident to the property thunder)—a suggestion of light;—three scarcely visible creatures in nets, scudding about, gesticulating and chanting, unintelligibly,

with comic effect; -total darkness again; a titter through the audience; another accident to the property thunder! and the first scene of "Macbeth" closes. Such is the representation of the three "secret, black, and midnight hags," which Shakespeare portrayed weird and gruesome, and over-production with distorted readings have made-funny; upon whose prophecies the audience are expected to believe that Macbeth and Lady Macbeth build their evil designs. Still more humorous are they in the second Heath scene, when Mr. Forbes Robertson makes his first entrance and at once creates a good impression as Macbeth, which he sustains throughout, adding to it by many masterly touches. He realises so satisfactorily the man who is "not without ambition but without the illness should attend it," that Mrs. Campbell is fortunate in the opportunity of playing the rôle of Lady Macbeth - whose character is perhaps more important than that of her husband, constituting the most powerful agent of Destiny in encompassing his destruction, and, therefore, being to a great extent dependent upon the actor's conception of his part-to so excellent a Macbeth.

As Mrs. Campbell enters, in the famous letter scene, she looks every inch Lady Macbeth. She reads the letter (unfortunately recalling those unconvincing witches) well, and expectation runs high; but in the soliloquy which immediately follows, wherein she resolves upon the murder of Banquo, intuitively fears Macbeth's tenderness of heart, and prays for his return, that she may chastise with the valour of her tongue all that impedes him from the golden round, her character appears to fade, and a strange elocution steps in to take its place, a sort of practised monotonic recitation of words of almost equal accent and equal duration. In the subsequent assassination and other scenes this rhythmic beating constantly recurs, ever reminding us that the text is written in blank verse, and making it so difficult for us to see before us the real Lady Macbeth. sleep-walking scene, in which her lines are in prose, is well enough conceived, but, unfortunately, the monotone that she uses to represent the talk of sleep is so near like her rhythmic reading of blank verse that, relatively, it loses much of its value.

In the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Mrs. Campbell was convincing. But then she was in a familiar atmosphere, wearing familiar dresses, and speaking a familiar language. When, however, she essays the rôles of Shakespeare, and enters the domain of blank verse, the beauty of its rhythm seems to charm her to such an extent that she translates all her emotions into its music. There is always some controversy amongst actors as to what constitutes the best Shakesperian readings. Some contend, as, I understand, Mrs. Campbell does, that the accentuation of the metre should not be broken up by pauses, inflexions, or other considerations of, shall I say, its prose meaning. Others, amongst whom I think I may include Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Beerbohm Tree, Forbes Robertson, Robert Taber, and Julia Arthur, strive, in different degrees, to make the rhythm judiciously subservient to the thought underlying the words.

Mrs. Campbell's passion for the rhythm of blank verse is so ardent that she appears to have come to the belief that by these ten-feet cadences she can give to the gamut of emotion a higher expression, a higher meaning. She loves it to such an extent that, by accentuating, she leads us to the impression that Lady Macbeth also loved the rhythm of blank verse. In the same way, Banquo's ghost leads to the impression that Macbeth, in the figment of his imagination, sees the corpse decked out and swathed in netting—as if the pallid face and hands are not sufficient

to excite supernatural dread.

But Mrs. Campbell's standpoint commands respect and consideration. It is not in the spirit of finding fault that I write, so much as in the belief that, in bounding the music of Shakespeare within the nutshell limitations of blank verse *rhythm*, she clips her interpretation of his characters of a world of possibilities. It is passing strange, too, that she should place these limitations upon the works of Shakespeare, the one man, above all, who, though he chose the form of blank verse to hold "the mirror up to Nature"—in commonplace remarks, we often fall unconsciously to talking in blank verse—yet understood the music of all the spheres.

Surely no one would suggest that Shakespeare, who regarded the stage as a world and the world as a stage, did not consider the rhythm of a pause, the rhythm of inflexion, the rhythm of silence, the rhythm of a look, the rhythm of a gesture, the rhythm of repose, the rhythm of

action, the rhythm of thought, the rhythm of the elements, the rhythm of darkness, the rhythm of light, the rhythm of soul, the rhythm of all nature, but meant to confine his creations within the rhythm of

Te-dee, te-dee, te-dee, te-dee.

The simple but impressive reading of Mr. Taber as Macduff, especially in the fourth act, when he is informed of the massacre of his wife and children, is very significant and instructive in this production-mad day, when actors rely so much upon their surroundings for effects. The scene is merely an ordinary exterior "drop" in the first groove, and the audience is deeply moved and held by Mr. Taber's acting—the art, pure and unbolstered.

My pencil was not pointed for a dissertation on this new elocution, but it crops up in almost every scene with one actor or another until it forces itself forward as the central distraction. It is not only popular but even cultivated, for have not Miss Georgina Thomas and master Garnet Vayne, the second and third apparitions, been coached into these faulty intonations? Is it not obvious that the natural, simple, sad recitation of a child is more spirituelle than any monotonic moaning of man's teaching?



On October 28th, Mr. R. Wanamaker, the recently re-elected President of the American Art Association of Paris, was tendered a farewell reception by its members on the occasion of his approaching departure for America.

The menu, in colours, by Mr. E. S. Crawford, which appears in our present number, was one of the exchange menus at the last Thanksgiving Banquet of the Association, and was selected as a present to the President, by whose courtesyit is reproduced.

LOVE GROWN WISE.

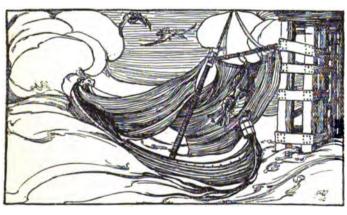
Ah, no! we will not foolish be; If thy love be denied to me, If my love be denied to thee,

Tis better far that we should part; Though Eros wound us with his dart, The balm of time will heal the smart.

And, in the future, we shall see
The wisdom of the stern decree
That brought such pain to thee and me.

JOHN E. ELLAM.





Adrift By Philip Connard

FIRST NUMBERS.

II.—THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

NDER the editorship of Thackeray, this magazine published by Smith Elder and Co., made its firs appearance in January, 1860. After the first instalment of "Framley Parsonage," an article on "The Chinese and the Outer Barbarians" claims our attention. As an exposition and criticism of the policy of the day regarding the East, the paper possesses considerable interest, and the following paragraph, in view of recent events, is worth quoting:—"We cannot afford to overthrow the government of China. Bad as it is, anarchy will track its downfall, and the few elements of order which yet remain will be whelmed in a convulsive desolation." The next two contributions are the first chapter of "Lovel the Widower," by the Editor, and "Studies in Animal Life." After this we have Father Prout's "Inaugurative Ode to the Author of Vanity Fair." The first stanza gives a fair idea of the whole:—

Ours is a faster, quicker age:
Yet erst at GOLDSMITH'S homely Wakefield Vicarage,
While Lady BLARNEY, from the West End, glozes
'Mid the Primroses,
"Fudge!" cries Squire THORNHILI,
Much to the wonder of young greenhorn Moses.
Such word of scorn ill
Matches the "Wisdom Fair" thy whim proposes

To hold on CORNHILL.

These witty verses are followed by an article on "Our Volunteers." "A Man of Letters of the Last Generation" is an interesting paper on Leigh Hunt. Hunt was above all a pleasant writer. In his essays we find a delightful spirit of keen enjoyment of the little things of life. He gossips about a variety of subjects — books, flowers, breakfast in summer, sleep, love, etc.—in a manner which suggests that he must have been something of a philosopher in his own way. But he did not content himself with writing in this style alone, for, together with his brother John, he spent two years in prison for printing in his paper, The Examiner, a very plain-spoken article on the Prince Regent. Touching on The Examiner, we will digress to quote our author:—"It was established with little premeditation, a literary ambition, and the hope of realising a modest wage for the work done. It found literature (poetry especially) sunk to the feeblest,

tamest, and most artificial of graces—the reaction upon the long-felt influence left by the debauchery of the Stuarts and the vulgarer coarseness of the early Georges."

There can be no doubt but that Hunt, in The Examiner, and in its successors, The Reflector, Indicator and Tatler, influenced for good both the general tone and the independence of literature. "His public conduct, his devotion to truth, whether in politics or art, won him admiration and illustrious friendships. In a society of many severed circles he formed one centre, around which were gathered Lamb, Ollier, Barnes, Mitchell, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Hazlitt, Blanchard, Forster, Carlyle, and many more. Few essayists have equalled, or approached, Leigh Hunt in the combined versatility, invention, and finish of his miscellaneous prosewritings; and few, indeed, have brought such varied sympathies to call forth the sympathies of the reader —and always to good purpose—in favour of kind-ness, of reflection, of natural pleasures, of culture, and of using the available resources of life. He vindicated human right against official wrong, and suffered imprisonment and denunciation more bitter than that poured on Shelley, whose political vindication burst forth with such a torrent of eloquence and imagination in the 'Revolt of Islam.' In society, Leigh Hunt was ever the perfect gentleman, not in the fashion, but always the scholar and the noble-minded man."

An article on "The Search for Sir John Franklin"; a poem entitled "The First Morning of 1860"; and No. 1 of the "Roundabout Papers" complete the number. In this last paper are a few words about the magazine itself:—"Our Cornhill Magazine owners strive to provide thee with facts as well as fiction; and though it does not become them to brag of their ordinary, at least they invite thee to a table where thou shalt sit in good company. That story of the Fox was written by one of the gallant seamen who sought for poor Franklin under the awful Arctic Night; that account of China is told by the man of all the empire most likely to know of what he speaks; those pages regarding Volunteers come from an honoured hand that has borne the sword in a hundred famous fields, and pointed the British guns in

the greatest siege in the world."

It is not too much to say that the successive conductors of the magazine have adhered closely to the principles thus duly set forth in the first number.

E. H. MOYLE COOPER.

NOTES.—DISTURBANCES IN A PARIS ART CLUB.

The annual elections at the American Art Association of Paris have taken place, and the result duly appears in the card of the Association in our advertisement pages. We certainly may congratulate the Association on its new roster of officers.

The Association, as all in Paris know, was the debating ground of a furious and long-standing fight this past year, which sprang up over THE QUARTIER LATIN, and culminated in a series of meetings in which our friend the enemy was utterly and hopelessly thrashed, beaten and squashed—with two votes of the entire assembly of members to his credit. In view of the result, it is somewhat amusing to say that our enemy was the instigator and caller of these meetings. The club, split into factions over the troubles referred to, might have suffered material damage had not the exploitation of the whole matter, and a searching investigation, thrown the entire weight of the sentiment of the members into one scale of the balance, and averted the prophesied crash. The recent elections were the tidal wave after the storm, and have swept away the last vestige of the old, distressful order of things.

Although this affair at the Association vitally concerned the magazine, and had become public property through the medium of the Paris press, we have refrained, so far, from making any comment, or giving any account. We offer our good wishes to the new officers, and hope them a prosperous administration. In doing so, however, we must state that—perhaps as an inevitable outcome of the desperate struggle in which reputations and interests were so deeply involved—there is, still, an undercurrent of bitter feeling among certain of the members, who believe that the Association's lenient and kindly efforts at effacing spots with whitewash have transgressed the bounds of its dignity. By the palliative and apathetically-sweet policy that that institution has adopted towards the unsuccessful few who were the cause—and head and front—of all this wrong and commotion, encouragement is given to further disturbances.

The friends of the Association, however, should feel no concern at this flare-up in their midst. Where, may we ask, is the club free from rows and ructions of one sort or another? Societies composed of artists are notoriously given over to rioting and revolutions, owing to the high-strung nature of the members, and their strongly-felt, but often divergent ideas. The highest art clubs of France are stirred up at times with internal disorders. And even those greatest of art associations—the two Salons—are no exception to the rule. The New Salon, in fact, owes its very existence to a secession of members from the Old. The American Art Association has, in the sum total, made enviable progress since its foundation; and under the presidency of Mr. Rodman Wanamaker has taken its rank among the leading art institutions of Europe. In saying this, the whole matter is summed up.



Designed by E. S. Crawford

. .



THE TOKEN

Drawn by Ethel K. Burgess

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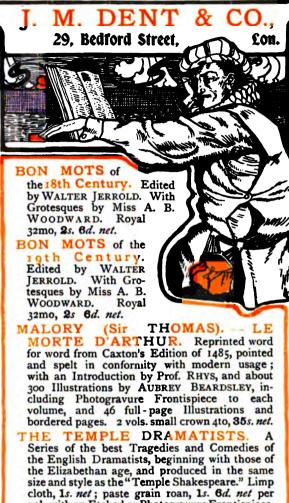
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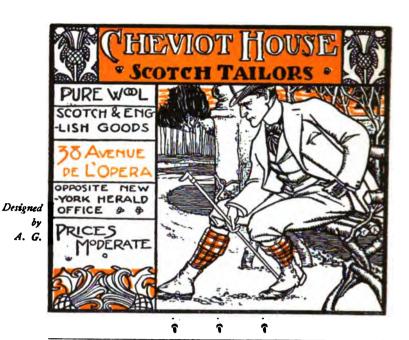


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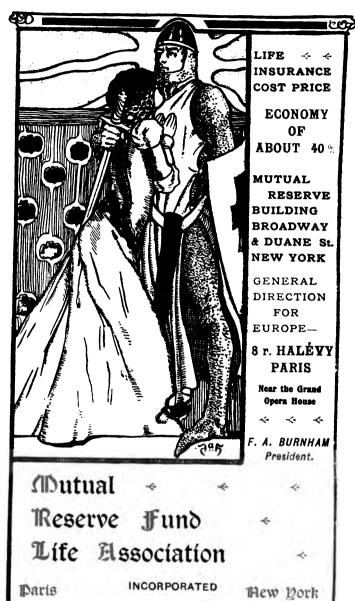
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The Quartier Latin

Vol. V

DECEMBER, 1898

No 28



ABLE OF CONTENTS.

Cover . . . ALFRED GARTH JONES

Frontispiece, Twilight (drawing) CHARLES PEARS The Psychological R. Douglas Masson Moment. The Last Glance (drawing) . . D. C. CALTHROP An Appreciation (poem). ff. A. ROBINSON The Weird Musician (drawing) . PHILIP CONNARD H. HEDDERWICK BROWNE Athirst (poem) MAUDE STERNER At the Boulevard A-. A. CAMPBELL CROSS Illustrations Christmas in Unhallowed Precincts. HORACE W. C. NEWTE ERNEST HASKELL In a Paris Café (drawing) . . . "Why so pale and wan, fond
Lover?" (drawing) ALFRED G. JONES . . J. J. GUTHRIE In the Woodland (drawing) . MARY KEEGAN A Bundle of Letters (continued). After the Service (drawing) . . . J. S. GORDON WM. THEO. PETERS Saint Ignatius (poem) W. E. WEBSTER The Serenade (drawing). Christmas Books . . . Alfred Garth Jones' "Milton" "THE OWL" In Sock and Buskin Wyndham in "The Jest" G. O. ONIONS (drawing) MAUDE BATTERSHALL The Incubus A. Lewis The Tempest (drawing) . . A. ROUBILLE In Paris (sketch) CHARLES PEARS Nocturne W. E. WIGFULL A Windy Day (drawing) . Mignonette (Villanelle) ST. GRORGE BEST List of Designers of Advertisements

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THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

HE Blase Poet selt that he had dined very well indeed. The wine-good old claret-he could aver, had been really remarkable, and that last cup of coffee had positively marked an epoch in his career. Valentine, his host, certainly knew a good cigarette

The Blast Poet went into the garden. "Hideous statuary! Vile masonry!" the poet denounced it all; spat metaphorically at a brazen Venus; and at the absurd heroics of an apoplectic gentleman called Achilles he discharged epigrams. "Caricatures," quoth he, shaking an admonitory finger at a shapeless mass of stone that tried hard to look like Apollo, "however happily they misinterpret their prototypes, are not the proper embellishments for a garden.

The stars were so splendid, that the Blase Poet became, for the moment, positively reconciled to Nature, and did them honour in a stanza of his own composition. Moreover, he addressed a stirring quatrain to the moon; but the majestic Luna evidently thought little of his rhymes, for she steered her silver course unemotionally through space—in maiden-meditation, fancy-free.

A slight cough warned him that he was not alone in the garden. Advancing, he beheld the Dear Creature-

sitting in solitude. She made room for him.

"How long you men take over your coffee! I preferred the stars to scandal in the drawing-room, and came here to spend an hour with them."
"The stars to scandal!" The poet affected concern.

" My dear madam," he remonstrated.

"Oh!" said the Dear Creature, "I heard you acclaiming them not a moment since. What a lovely night! thought you didn't care for Nature."

"Oh, the stars are right enough!" unpoetically returned the poet. "Valentine keeps an excellent chef,"

he added, with a reminiscent glow.

"Do you believe," asked the Dear Creature, "in the

transmigration of souls?"

"I would prefer," replied the Blase Poet, conscious of a sudden tightness at the chest, "to believe in the trans-

migration of livers. But what a question, madam!"
"You have not answered it, sir," was the response.
The Blase Poet reflected. "The Dear Creature,"
thought he, "clearly inclines to sentiment." He scanned her obliquely. Certainly she was still beautiful; beautiful with a cosy, conventional, almost suburban beauty. The

moon had just emerged from the shadow of a mountainash, and gave her the full benefit of its silver charm. The years had dealt very kindly with the Dear Creature, and what light blows Time had dealt, her artifice had cunningly concealed. The Blase Poet knew that she was painted; but then there was something intensely fascinating about painted faces. Rouge had for him all the sparkle and inconsequence of champagne. He was sure she was not a day over thirty; and he, blase one, had scarcely left his teens. He thought it would be very delightful to be sentimental with the Dear Creature, and sound the harmonies of her Philistine soul. Dear little worldly widow! how alluringly sweet she looked in the moonlight! Yes, certainly he would honour her with an affaire.

The Blass Poet descended from otiose heights—the moment his feet touched earth he became the Animated

Young Man

Slowly, at length, the Animated Young Man repeated the question, "Do I believe in the transmigration of souls?" For a moment he reflected; then, bending eagerly forward, he answered, "Yes, madam, I think I do. Hitherto I have avoided the subject, as being too hackneyed to admit of serious consideration; but when the question is breathed from such lips as yours, how could it seem——? You were not happy with your first husband, madam?"

"Poor Charles! Alas, no! I married his guineas."
"Then you have never loved? Now, love is the great transmigrator. Between those who love, and love truly, reciprocally, there is a rapid and constant interchange of soul! The soul, passing from the one body to the other, thrills the blood and inflames the senses so that—" The Animated Young Man paused, gazing heavenward.

"You are very young," said the Dear Creature gently. "In years, madam,—in years," he corrected her.

"But you do not allow the question sufficient scope."
"You mean that transmigration is not confined to

mortals only?"

"Yes, child," assented she.

He interpreted the maternal appellation in a sense favourable to the emotions which the moonlight, and possibly the claret, had created. Drawing imperceptibly nearer to the Dear Creature, he continued—"In life transmigration is possible only between mortals. After death, it may be, the soul will grow up symbolical of the human body whence it derived existence. Consequently, the virgin soul will realise its purity in the pale petals of

the lily; the sensuous will blossom into scarlet orchids; and the souls of all the Philistines will count themselves countless in the green and yellow of pumpkins and water-melons, while the choicer spirits embrace the rarer blossoms. But——" But the Dear Creature was hiding her smiles behind a tiny lace-fringed handkerchief. A faint odour of opoponax pervaded her vicinity. The Animated Young Man sighed deeply.

"I think," said he, "that women are quite incapable of love; they have sentimental attachments, but never

experience anything akin to passion."

The Dear Creature sighed deeply. "Have you found it

so?" she asked.

"I speak as a student of metaphysics," he answered.
"Tell me, madam, have you ever loved—really loved?"

Again the Dear Creature sighed. "May I confide in

you?" she asked.

He seized her hand and pressed it eagerly. "Madam—Gwendoline—let me call you Gwendoline—I am all

sympathy; tell me everything."

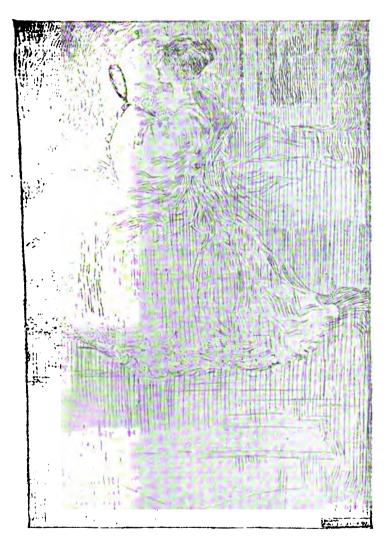
The Dear Creature rose. "Not now," she said, smoothing out her skirt. "I was going to tell you about your uncle, Lord Creesus; he proposed to me this morning. I know that he's sixty if he's a day—but he has money. I thought, perhaps, you might—how very late it's getting; it would never do for us to be discovered here. But, of course, you're quite harmless, and I'm old enough to be your mother."

"Never, madam!" replied the Blast Poet gallantly.
"Won't you call me Gwendoline?" bantered the Dear

Creature, as she tripped across the garden.

The Blasé Poet looked up. Immediately above him, half hidden among shrubbery, stood a hideously deformed little cupid. The thing's hands grasped a tiny bow, the cord of which was slack, intending, doubtless, to convey the impression that Love's messenger had just been loosed. And, as the Blasé poet looked, it seemed to grin.

R. Douglas Masson.



THE LAST GLANCE

Drawn by Dion Clayton Calthrop

AN APPRECIATION.

I never have seen the man in the moon—he isn't there, I swear, But whenever 'tis full I plainly see a girl with out-

streaming hair-

A girl with vaporous skirts spread wide, like a dancer poised, I see.

And as I look up at her ladyship, she laughs and looks down at me.

Oh! she must be lonely dancing there, alone through the endless years,

With the little stars to peep at her, and the music of the spheres

To time her delicate, airy steps, while the sound of the wind and rain

Tones deep and dull—she can hear it there—like a bass to the starry strain.

Majestic music, methinks too grand, too vast for the little girl,

Who looks to me of a moonlight night with her thin

grey skirts awhirl,
Till I feel sometimes she is very fain on a clear moonbeam to slide

Down a-down till she found the Earth, and—a welcome at my side.

For who in the world has ever marked my dancer up in the sky,

Or gazed amazed at her magic grace and her dainty pose, but I?

The time has been surely over-long, and centuries have rolled,

But fresh is she—ay, warm and young, when all's grown dead and cold.

And the Earth is waning—passe, too—and the old sun waxeth chill;

The man in the moon is a dreamer's dream, but the dancer danceth still.

So I like to think that she feels, at last, the thrill of applauding hands,

And her thousand years' deferred "Encore"-and I know she understands.

ff. A. ROBINSON.



THE WEIRD MUSICIAN

ATHIRST.

Give me thy lips, for, oh, my soul's athirst,
And at Love's fountain, sweet, I fain would drink.
What tho' the cheating draught should be accurst?
And Death himself lurk at the ruddy brink?
I fear him not, for Death is not Life's worst.

Give me thy lips, and even as I drain

The dregs of death, look in mine eyes with thine,
And crush me to thy breast despite the pain;

And let no tears dilute the strong rare wine
While its sweet poison steals o'er heart and brain.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.



By Philip Connard





"She stood considering Naniche for a second thus; and Naniche, watching her in all her beauty and her charm and pride of race, understood vaguely why Beryl had deserted Art—with a big A—for her."

AT THE BOULEVARD A-



Ву D. С.

HERE are twelve studios in the Boulevard A——
up near the Lion de Belfort, in the Latin
Quarter.

Illustrated by A. C. Cross

One passes a high white wall, with "defense d'afficher" upon it, enters at a little plain door, painted green, and on the other side is the usual flagged courtyard; the usual drab and valuable, but calmly irresponsible concierge; the usual pump, black with age and covered with ivy, and—an unusual garden. Most people take the studios in the Boulevard A—— because they cannot resist the garden.

Fancy to yourself hollyhocks and marigolds, stock and mignonette, roses, wallflowers, purple pansies, poppies, all jumbled together in one blazing mass of colour; and place in the path that divides it, the figure of a girl in a white frock—Naniche, perhaps, with a green sunshade; her hair—her charming, lank, unruly hair—straggling down either side of her face. Then consider that you are an artist "et violà tout," as Naniche herself

There is an intoxicating, ambition-stirring odour—a mixture of oil paint and plaster, turpentine and fixatif—permeating the court, especially in the Spring-time, which is also Salon time; a reminder that there are great pictures to be painted, great statues to be modelled, great lives to be lived. Then it is that the boys go out on the Boul' Mich' and buy Braun photographs of the Masters, and casts of Donatello, and despair and are happy by turns, the way people with nice artistic temperaments should be.

But, on the whole, they are a very decent lot—the men in the studios at the Boulevard A——. At least, Naniche says so—and Naniche knows.

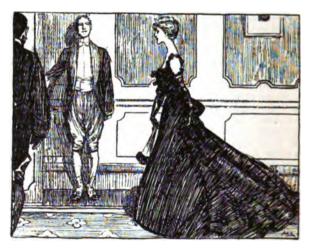
The series of little stories to follow, some grave, some gay, gathered from each door in passing to and fro through the courtyard, are merely impressions, jotted into an idler's notebook, during a happy year spent in this Bohemian abode.

STUDIO No. I.

Beryl occupies the first studio to the right of the Archway. His full name is Bertram Ackroyd Beryl, but lie has been rechristened "Ce petit Babs" by the fellows, chiefly, I believe, because he stands six feet one in his stockings. He is far and away the best painter in the court; and for this, and one or two other reasons besides, Naniche adores him.

So, when he fell in love with the Princess and dropped the capital A from Art, for the time being, Naniche wept, and posed badly—that is to say, nervously—for the life

This was as unpardonable as it was unprecedented. Then the Salon loomed in the distance, and every one began to compose great pictures—to be hung on the line or "skied" as the case might be—excepting Beryl. He was driving in the Bois, and making stupid, unworkmanlike little sketches of the Princess. His attention was claimed by balls and the opera, and various other frivolous diversions, which are the special prerogative of



Princesses from the Champs Elysées, and not of hardworking artists of the Latin Quarter. Naniche did not understand this; but she did know that it was barely three months to the first of May, and that on the first of May the exhibition of the Champ de Mars opens.

She also knew that it takes more than to support three months to paint a good picture, and more than ten to paint a great one. "great work" was therefore out of the question, but Naniche had fully made up her mind that Beryl should follow up his "mention" of last year with a "second medal" at the very least—and the Princess interfered materially with her plans. Naniche does not allow anybody to interfere with her plans. Her attitude towards the boys at the Boulevard A—— is of a somewhat maternal character, and she therefore excused

Beryl's failings, and, woman-like, allowed the fury of her wrath to concentrate upon the unconscious and, for that reason, defenceless head of the Princess. She sulked and was silent-to the disgust of Van Camp, who, attempting to paint her as an ambitious, and (he said) entirely original conception of the Lady of Shalott, found that Naniche, for the first time in his experience, did not readily adapt

herself to his idea.

When the first of March arrived, and the big square canvas still stood untouched in the middle of Beryl's studio, a desperate resolve was born, and grew apace in Naniche's breast.

This might have proved interesting, had it been put into execution; but, unfortunately, or fortunately, something happened which, rendering unnecessary her bolder

plan of action, answered her purpose as well.

It befell that the Princess, bored to extinction, took it into her charming head to visit Beryl's studio without warning. She was a wilful young person, and she was sick of the regulation red-carpet, flower-strewn pomp and circumstance which generally is the fate of little deities like herself.

Some one had told her that studios were-wellamusing, if you surprised them in all their primitive Latin Quarter Bohemianism. Of course, they didn't mean studios like those in the Boulevard A--, which are quite staid and proper, and sufficiently dull; but the Princess was not aware of the fine distinction which divides things in the Latin Quarter, any more than she was capable of taking Beryl seriously, or realising that a portrait might have a value, apart from its flattery or injustice to her particular self.

She arrived—an awe-inspiring personage, clad in a long black gown, and a hat with waving plumes, and leaning gracefully upon an ebon Directoire stick, nobbed in gold—at a moment when, providentially, Beryl was out! More providentially still, she was received by Naniche herself, who had just come across with a message from Van Camp for "Ce petit Babs."

Naniche wore the green velvet gown in which she had been posing, and her head was bound by a gold chain, through which her hair straggled picturesquely. When the Princess announced herself, she smiled with malicious triumph. We all fight our enemies best on our own

Naniche bowed gravely, and seated herself in Beryl's big Dutch armchair, indicating the divan for Madame la Princesse with an air which distinctly amused Her Serene Highness, who had inherited slightly radical tendencies

from an American mother.

She said, "You are M. Beryl's model, are you not?"

"I am," answered Naniche calmly.

"Ah!" said the Princess pleasantly, but in the tone of one born to command, "Then—since M. Beryl is away—you shall show me M. Beryl's things."

There was a pause.

Naniche felt that it was not a moment too soon, at this point, to inform her ladyship that there are some things that must, to a certain extent, always remain closed books to princesses—work, and good art, and other trifles of that sort, for instance.

She sat forward in her chair, pushed back her hair impatiently, and eyed the Princess with a stare of dignified superiority. Then she began hurling "home truths" at the Princess in a manner which, if not exactly tactful, was at any rate decidely effective—and unpleasant.

The Princess raised her head, and stared at Naniche

-but said nothing.

Naniche was very simple. Her remarks all tended to convey to the Princess the fact that Beryl was a genius, and that his friends expected much from him, and hoped much for him. If he dropped his work to admire the Princess, she explained, he would fall out of the race, and be lost, and that would break their hearts—Van Camp's, and Castillion's, and the Rivingtons', and—hers—because they were proud, unspeakably proud of "Ce petit Babs."

She said a great deal more, but it all resolved itself ultimately into a very obvious and direct accusation, that

the Princess was wasting Beryl's time!

When she had finished she rose, and led the Princess round the studio, showing her Beryl's studies, his land-scapes, the picture commended by the great L——, his

portrait of Lady Parkwell, which had created such a stir at the Royal Academy the year before, and his "mention" Salon picture of the same time.

And the Princess compared with them the trivial little sketches Beryl had made of her, and marvelled,

almost sadly.

What she said to Naniche was :-

"You have courage, mademoiselle!"
Naniche shrugged her shoulders expressively and

answered that "she didn't count."

Her tone suggested that Madame la Princesse did not count either, beside such a gigantic calamity, as Beryl's failure to appear in the Salon. Her words carried conviction.

"Madame la Princesse," she said, "does not understand. It is not to be supposed that Madame la Prin-

Whereupon the Princess smiled brilliantly and touched the ends of her feather boa with her slim black-gloved fingers.

She was a very spoiled Princess, and the truth amused her, simply because she hadn't heard it as often as you and I have.

What moved her to cross the studio, place her hands lightly on Naniche's shoulders, and look down into Naniche's eyes is not clear.

"I believe," she said softly, "that you love him-you

little model-girl."

Naniche returned the Princess's gaze steadily for a second, forgetting the Serene Highness part of it all, and remembering only that she was a woman, that the Princess was a woman, and that explanations were unnecessary. It was she who drew away eventually; but the hardness had gone out of her eyes, and she smiled honestly, and shrugged her shoulders again. She was thinking what she would do with her spoils.

The Princess drew her boa closely around her neck and stood up straight. Her eyes were bright, and her voice sounded designedly clear, to hide the tremor, which would not be entirely concealed. She stood considering Naniche for a second thus; and Naniche, watching her in all her beauty and her charm and pride of race, understood vaguely why Beryl had deserted Art—with a big A

The lady bent her head, thoughtfully contemplating the point of her patent shoe tip, upon the polished floor.

"The strange part of it is," she said nodding her head

and speaking as though she were merely finishing a sentence instead of a thought, "that I believe you are right." She broke off smiling, "It was courageous of you to tell me. I like courage."
"Why?" said Naniche.

"Oh! because I do," said Madame la Princesse.
Then she moved slowly across the floor with her trailing draperies, her Directoire stick, and her head held

But at the door she turned again and smiled back at

Naniche.

"Listen," she said; "I promise you that he shall not waste any more of his precious time driving, frivolling, idling with me. The Marquis"-as if speaking to herself-"will do very well for that, and your M. Beryl, with his grand talent, shall paint, paint, paint, all the time; and then you will be satisfied. Is it not so? I—I will do this myself." She laughed gleefully. "It is good of me, because the Marquis is stupid, and your Beryl he amused me—but, as you say, the Salon must have him this year, and we do not count."

Before Naniche could speak she had pushed open the door and disappeared, and a moment later Naniche heard the wheels of her carriage roll away down the

Boulevard.

Afterwards, the Princess wrote Beryl a charming note, a note quite gracious, courteous, fascinating—the sort that princesses know best how to write. It conveyed to him, with

the unmistakable stamp of finality, that he must not come to see her any more. Beryl swore, and sulked, by turns, for four days exactly; then he painted his Salon picture. The funny part of it was that he thought the credit of painting it belonged to himself.

MAUDE STERNER.



CHRISTMAS IN UNHALLOWED PRECINCTS.

RS. HASTINGS'" guests had eaten their Christmas dinner, decorously, if a trifle dully. Lillie Grover, a member of the Frivolity Chorus, who prided herself on her intimacy with the habits of society, after surveying the bronzed faces, the glazed linen of the men; the painted faces, the exposed persons of the women, declared to her neighbour that the company might almost be mistaken for the real thing.

The men, excepting a couple of stray stockbrokers, were, by birth, irreproachable. Elsie Hastings attracted to her table the smartest men that frequented similar gatherings. Her refinement, her prettiness of manner,

her sequence of moods, fascinated them.

One of these, as a means of escape from her mode of life, had once offered her marriage. Elsie's heart was so moved by such exceptional chivalry that, though in refusing she lost a possibility of life-long happiness, she felt such a lover deserved a better mate than her soiled self.

When Lillie Grover heard of this abnegation, she forgot the restraints imposed by good society, and used strong language in denouncing what she called Elsie's—pig-

headedness.

To-night Elsie was not her usual self. She was sad in demeanour, absent-minded when addressed. Her guests rallied her on her low spirits.

The day had certainly commenced inauspiciously.

She had expected a remembrance from her latest admirer. It had not arrived. But such depression was not to be accounted for by a trifling disappointment.

She shared with her guests ignorance of its cause. While the men dawdled over their cigars and stories, the conversation in the drawing-room was sufficiently futile to rival that of the aristocratic womenkind pertaining to Elsie's men guests.

Excepting Lillie, no one made pretence of entertaining her neighbour. They waited, their feet supported by chairs—heavy with food, flushed with wine, over-dressed, audacious with jewels. They were reserving their spon-

taneity for the men.

Now and again they alternated an undisguised yawn with mysterious toilette rites, performed with a tiny hand-mirror and powder-puff. These, when not in use, were concealed in the depths of apparently inaccessible pockets.

Those who listened to Miss Grover heard her reprove a fellow-chorister, who that evening made her début into this particular set, for drinking her coffee while the spoon lingered in the cup. She was then heard haranguing a redundant-figured lady, who called herself Mademoiselle Something, but who had been domiciled in London long enough to acquire a Cockney accent. "I'm sick of French cooking," said Lillie, "and for a whole week, when nine o'clock, the latest fashionable dinner-hour, came round, I merely had a couple of cutlets sent up to my boudoir on a silver dish."

Elsie had luxuriously nestled herself on a rug before the fire. She was intent in the fascinating pastime of watching the kaleidoscope presented by the glowing coals. Now and again she would stifle a sigh, a form of emotion she had long been a stranger to. To dissipate her increasing melancholy, her glance lingered on the luxuriousness of her drawing-room. Then she shut her eyes and contrasted this with the crowded workroom, the scanty food, the shabby finery peculiar to the days when she came to London to relieve her parents of the burden

of her support.

She counted in her mind girls of her acquaintance who had died from diseases primarily caused by the atmosphere of that workroom—a contingency provided against by legislation, but evaded by the German employer, who, knowing to the minute the time of the inspection, was enabled to make her dispositions accordingly

True, her opulence was purchased by a life that had many disadvantages. But when she gave this matter thought, she consoled herself by the trite reflection that millions of better women openly sell themselves, the sale

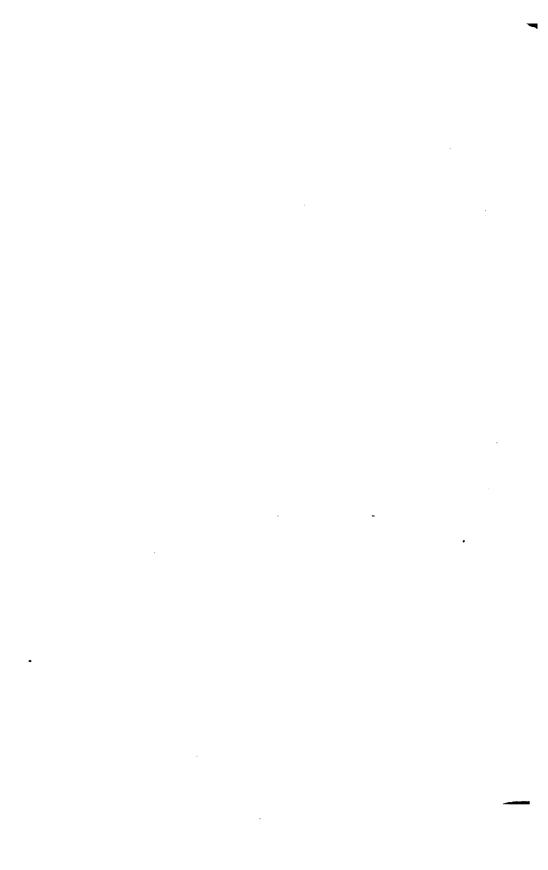
being dignified with the title of marriage.

Though Elsie could congratulate herself on the improvement in her material surroundings, the conviction did not relieve the depression that afflicted her. More than once her mind was inclined to wander to days before she came to London, more especially to celebrations of

Christmas.

But these vagaries were restrained with a determination that, though requiring considerable effort, had so often been performed that its action was automatic. Even the striking of an eight-day clock that decorated a corner of her room failed to soothe her, this being a form of consolation that had secured it a place in her favorite apartment. She was shaken from her reverie by the welcome that greeted the longed-for entrance of the men.

A magician's wand had been waved in Elsie's drawing-





IN A PARIS CAFÉ

Drawn by Ernest Haskell

room. Boredom and ennui had surrendered to pretty

petulance and animated conversation.

Music was suggested. Mademoiselle of the redundant charms sang a chansonette in cockney French. She accompanied herself. This was fairly accurate in the earlier part of the song, but wavered considerably towards the termination. The concluding stanzas were sung to a single chord. The audience had heard the song before. They talked during its performance and applauded its termination.

The efforts of each performer were similarly welcomed. When it came to Miss Grover's turn, she protested that to talk during music was latterly considered the very worst of bad form. This silenced her hearers for the two first lines of her ballad.

The conversation that ensued was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with glasses and decanters. The women heaved a sigh of relief. The men lit cigarettes. A youth in mixing a brandy and soda for Lillie Grover asked her how much mineral water she preferred. "What is usual for a lady, of course," she snapped.

More songs followed, chiefly recruited from the musichall. Elsie's guests joined in the chorus in proportion to their acquaintance with the words. In these the stray

stockbrokers were specially proficient.

Elsie meantime, in the words of one of her guests, "took rather a back seat." Never before had the inanity of the music-hall melodies, the vulgarity of the rhymes, the staleness of their subjects, been so glaring. Her guests annoyed her. If they had left at five minutes' notice, she would have been filled with delight. She was in the mind to take them by the shoulders and bundle them from the room. Once she almost shrieked aloud. The evening had got on her nerves. The glasses were replenished. The women lit cigarettes. Some one happened on a box of crackers. Laughter alternated with the feminine shriek of fright incidental to the pulling of these. The men and the women rakishly wore the paper caps furnished by the crackers. The glasses were replenished for the third time.

Games were proposed.

Games were highly popular in the best sets, commented Miss Grover. Games were played. They commenced with Consequences. The risqué complications induced by the fertile imaginations of Elsie's guests excited shouts of laughter. Consequences made way for Hunt the Slipper. This in turn surrendered to Hide and Seek. Elsie excused herself on the score of head-

ache. She still sat with a cigarette in her hand she had forgotten to light, gazing before her into the fire.

Now and again, more or less distant laughter reminded her of the progress of the game. One or two men who returned to bear her company she dismissed. She was a woman of moods. To-night she desired, before everything, solitude A lonely island in a remote sea-she could be happy there. She would have loved to wander in the depths of primeval forests. Rustling of leaves, singing of winds that had never known human presence, would have been music to her soul. Even if her guests would leave her, she would be almost satisfied. She wished to muse secure from interruption. She scarcely heard the voice that called from the door,

"What do you think, dear?—a hamper's just come for you. It's ever so big, and we're bringing it up. I hope you don't mind, but it'll be such fun opening it. We were playing Hide and Seek in the hall, and a young man left it. Said it'd been sent to an old address of yours last night, and as he was driving some friends to a Christmas party, he thought he'd leave it. And here it is—what a whopper!"

Noisy laughter ascended the stairs. Her guests tumbled into the room, dragging and coaxing a hamper. It was of large proportions and old-fashioned design.

The room rang with gaiety. It infected Elsie; in a

moment she was as exuberant as her guests.

"It's come at last. I knew it would!" She clapped her hands together with childish elation.

"Elsie!" they exclaimed, surprised at her sudden radiance.

"Oh, give me something to drink," she cried.
"Are you any better?" they asked.

"Rather. Now I'm going to enjoy myself."

"That's right, old girl," cried Lillie. She added, from the decanters: "Brandy or soda, or shall I ring for fiz?" "Both if you like," answered Elsie, with piquant reck-

Congratulations overwhelmed her. They now realised what a wet blanket she had been on the evening's

"I've been a stupid to night. That's all off now." cried Elsie, "I'll give you a toast. Till next Christmas or this time a hundred years, or what-" She held her glass high.

"Your favourite," suggested an old admirer.

"So be it," she cried. "Let us eat, drink and be loved. To-morrow we die."

They drank with unsteady hands.

"What shall we do now?" cried Elsie.

"Open your hamper," they chorused.

"Hang the hamper; I waited for it; it can wait for Let's dance."

A slight, frail girl, with imaginative green eyes, sat at the piano. The obstructing furniture was removed into the passage. The hamper occupied the centre of the room. The piano girl played a dreamy waltz. Elsie's

guests responded to the music.

The piano girl played a barn dance. They danced gaily, joyfully. The piano girl played a maddening galop. They danced wildly, fantastically. In all these gyrations Elsie was conspicuous. A sudden impulse seized the They joined hands and capered madly about dancers. the hamper.

They broke exhausted: Each woman hung heavily on

the arm of the adjacent man.

The glasses were again replenished. The men and women talked with voices subdued. Again the passion for solitude moved Elsie. The presence of others fatigued her. She yawned frequently. protractedly. This spread infectiously. Women saw more distinctly

the paint on each other's faces.

They became vaguely conscious of their own stupendous limitations. They feared the men would be bored. This fear was a sword, ever suspended by masculine caprice above their necks. Should it fall, at best it meant temporary impecuniosity. At worst it rolled their heads down the steep gradients of the night clubs, the Burlington Arcade, and finally-God knows where. Boredom is the courtesan's Sedan.

The evening threatened to splutter out. Many of them felt the glitter of the trembling sword. The crowsfeet of some defied veneering powder.

Lillie Grover saved the necks of many. "The hamper. We've forgotten the hamper. Let's open it," she cried.

Lillie and the hamper were enveloped by the others. Elsie sat apart in mental isolation. She watched the opening of the hamper curiously, coldly; with the detached interest she would regard the behaviour of the beings of another world.

If she thought at all about them she felt pity for their

childish facility in obtaining diversion.

The lid was removed by Lillie's deft hands. A smell peculiar to apple-lofts filled the room. Such eloquence from the country almost stifled senses long inured to town atmosphere.

The scent awoke recollections in Elsie's mind. potent were they that they all but overwhelmed her. It seemed like some more than usually realistic dream. Her guests assumed a mass of blurred colour. From this rose laughter. Coherent sentences were occasionally audible.

"What loads of hay!"

"Smells like Covent Garden market."

"Apples. What whoppers!"
"Labelled, eh?"

"' From the orchard."

Elsie trembled.

"Sausages. A goose."

"A game pie, and something written on it."

"'Cooked by-""

" Hush-

"'Cooked by little Mary.' It's a hoax!"

Shouts of laughter. A great fear stole into Elsie's

"A hare."

"Heavens: tarts. It must be a hoax."

"But there'll be a lovely present at the bottom."

"Parsnips and cauliflowers."

" More apples."

"And here's a letter. Four pages, closely written."
"The present, the present," at last some one shouted.

Heads knocked together in their eagerness to view the mystery. Lillie Grover triumphantly produced it. It was wrapped in folds of white paper.

"Goodness! It's labelled."

"What!" in chorus.

"'A present from mother."

" Gracious!"

Shouts of laughter tore the air.

Elsie's ears burned. The white paper cover had been hastily removed. It revealed a woollen wrapper of homely make, homelier design.

"There's more writing: read it," cried one.

"'For winter evenings. A present from mother.'"

"For winter evenings," repeated Lillie Grover, laughingly, proceeding to use it for the purpose for which it was intended by the donor. The contrast between the luxuriousness of her apparel and its homeliness was pathetic.

"It must be a mistake," cried another. "See to whom

it's addressed!"

"' Miss Prior."

"And the post mark's 'Hauthois Magna.'"



"Ethy so pale and wan, fond lover?"
Sucklin.

Drawn by Altred Garth Jones

Then the mists fell from Elsie's eyes, the dizziness fled

from her head. She sprang forward:—
"Stop," she cried. "Stop! how dare you." parted her guests. She almost fell upon Lillie Grover. "Give me that. How dare you—"

She was like a mother defending her young.

"Eh!"

"You're not fit to touch it. My mother made that. How could—how—oh, how could you!"

They fell back.

She spread out her arms as if to shield the home

offerings from the profanity of their gaze.

One or two tittered. She glared their superciliousness into silence. The eyes of many furtively sought the Then Elsie commenced to bundle the various decanters. articles into the hamper. Straw, present, poultry, were tumbled together.

She pressed the lid on the whole.

Her work completed, she rested with her elbow on the

hamper and stared vacantly about her.

"They hadn't forgotten me at home, you see." She

laughed a little laugh.

Miss Grover scarcely concealed her derision. Goodnatured Cockney Mademoiselle effusively praised the generosity of Elsie's parents. The stray stockbrokers thought it a splendid joke. Those of the men who cared to think about it felt rather sorry for Elsie. With the others it confirmed them in the opinion that Elsie always was a "rum girl."

"Cheer up, Elsie," said the green-eyed piano girl. "Remember your toast. Drink it again and forget.

Elsie stared before her. She only heard the ticking of a clock-not the r gnificent piece of furniture that adorned her room, b. a homelier, older relative that had told the hour to Elsie's great-grandfather.

Now she understood why her clock so often soothed E. It reminded her of home—of the clock her youth had heard ticking against the silence of night.

She again looked helplessly about her.

The words addressed to her some moments before enertrated her consciousness. "Eat, drink, and be penetrated her consciousness. merry, for to-morrow we die, eh! Why not? Don't think me 'down.' I'm comparing the old Christmas with today. No lying in bed and eating sweets; no lovely presents by the post; no-no anything exciting then, eh, girls!"

" No," they said in positive chorus. " Let's drink to the new times."

They all drank with the exception of Elsie.

"Makes me laugh to think of it," Elsie resumed.

"Laugh, laugh, laugh."

Her laugh seemed out of tune. They would have prevented it. She felt wound up. If she hesitated or stopped something would happen. She continued:—
"I lived in a farm then, a mile from the high road. If she hesitated or

Ordinary mornings breakfast at half-past seven in the big kitchen, with hams and rows of onions dangling from the roof. On Christmas Day, birthdays and Sundays, breakfast at eight. We'd come down and find on our plates cards bought at the nearest village, that we'd sent to each other. The home-post: the home-post."

Again she laughed. It jangled her hearers' nerves even

more than her previous effort at hilarity.

"At half-past ten my rustic lover would call-all smiles and velveteen."

"Ouite proper, I hope?" put in Lillie.

"He wanted to marry me," continued Elsie, seeming not to hear her friend's remark. "And when I came to town and did not write, he 'listed and-and-" Her She was lost in voice faltered. Her eyes dimmed. retrospection.

Lillie put her hestitation down to shame at confessing one of her acquaintance was a common soldier. She essayed consolation. "Even gentlemen enlist. Why, poor Jack Drake did when I broke him."

"They say I broke his heart, but I know men's hearts He went abroad where there was fighting, don't break. and-and-oh, we won't speak of that."

Then after a little pause:-

"What was I telling you about?"
"Christmas at home," sniggered one of the stray stock-

brokers. "Ah, yes. At eleven we'd walk across the fields to

church; evergreens and soapy-faced children. One, dinner. Such a feed. Father behind a great hunk of beef; mother looking after endless vegetables and the pudding. We all clapped our hands when it appeared. And we'd all have helpings according to our ages. In the afternoon we'd sit round the fire in the parlour and eat oranges and crack nuts. Father would read from a jest-book and we'd all laugh at last century's jokes as if they were the finest ever made. And mother, though she'd heard them every year for thirty years, would laugh most of all, because it pleased father. That brought us to tea."

"You surely had tea in the parlour," hinted Lillie. She

feared Elsie's confession of homely bringing up reflected

in some measure on herself.

"No," answered Elsie, "tea in the big kitchen, as endless as the dinner. And the cake. How we stuffed ourselves with it! And father made jokes and—and—after tea games. Romping, tiring games till the farm people would come in from their supper and there'd be a square dance. And then more cake and elderberry wine and crackers. And by-and-bye mother would wipe father's spectacles, and he'd read a chapter from the family Bible, which I found; I found! just imagine it, because father thought me so good. And then a short prayer. And then we'd all kiss father and mother and wish them—and wish them—"

She waited for words. They refused to come. She

repeated in monotone:-

"And then we'd all kiss father and mother and wish them—And I'd sit up half an hour with them because father thought me so—so——" She paused, a vacant look in her eyes. There were short catches in her breath.

"Drink this," said kindly Cockney Mademoiselle.
But Elsie did not drink. She sat staring. Her guests felt uncomfortable. The contents of the decanters refused consolation. Elsie had intended to caress them into laughter. Instead she had lashed them into sullen-

One or two suggestions were made to enliven the evening. Their feebleness was apparent. Every one knew the evening's gaiety was concluded. Goodnatured Cockney Mademoiselle attempted rescue.

"Elsie isn't quite herself. We'll leave her, and she'

pull herself quite together in no time."

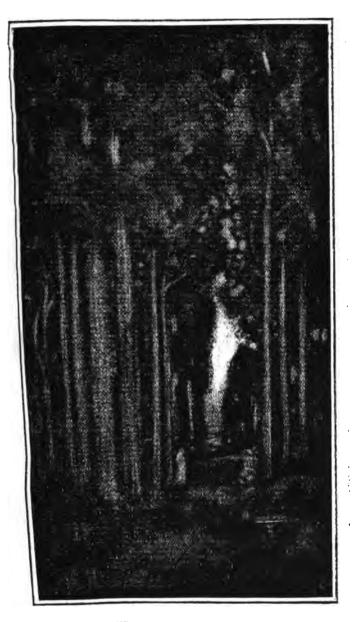
They rose eagerly. Five minutes later the last of

their broughams drove from her door.

"Mrs. Hastings" was alone with her pain. It filled her heart and seemed to exhaust her being. She longed for tears as a means of release; they refused to flow. Though her life seemed naked and ashamed, it was but a trifling trouble beside the pain that gnawed her soul.

Her mother's letter was still unread. Though she could guess the loving messages it contained, though she knew its perusal would increase her agony, she resisted an impulse to throw it on the fire. That letter, small enough punishment as it was, must be read. She braced herself for the effort and deciphered the crooked characters by the firelight.

It was four pages of living remembrances, mention of local gossip, anxiety at Elsie's infrequent letters, and



IN THE WOODI.AND

Drawn by J. J. Guthrie

particulars of her father's increasing infirmities. It concluded by hoping that Elsie would accept the wrapper and excuse its homeliness as its manufacture meant many hours of loving toil.

The pain was such at Elsie's heart that she shut her eyes. This gave her considerable relief. The ticking of

the clock smote upon her brain.

Elsie convinced herself it was all a mistake. She was either in the old kitchen at home, or she was in her luxurious London villa, and the hamper was a night-mare.

She opened her eyes fearsomely. There was no relief; only pain. She gathered the remembrances from home about her a little timidly but tenderly. Their very presence seemed a motherly reproach.

The pain at her her heart became violent. She closed her eyes, while the ticking of the clock imparted a

rhythmical throb to her agony.

After awhile she thought:

"Whether I'm right or hopelessly wrong—whether I'm happy or in trouble, making others happy or miserable, that's the only true thing: that ticking resolves

everything."

She again opened her eyes. And, oh, the pain at her heart! She feared she could bear it no longer. She longed for oblivion. She could have cried aloud. Ten o'clock struck. In a moment the old home, the old familiar scene was before her. Prayers for the absent one were mingled with those peculiar to the occasion. Her brothers and sisters had gone upstairs to bed. The old couple were lamenting the absence of the one who used to sit up with them because she was so good. Elsie feared her pent-up heart would break.

Then God had mercy upon her.

" Mrs. Hastings" was alone with her tears.

HORACE W. C. NEWTE.

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS.

A MYRZA was the première danseuse at the Opera for several seasons.

There was no one to compare with her-such

an ankle, such a figure, such a poise of the head.

I cannot speak from personal observation, as her life was lived many years ago, but so the journals said, and they ought to know, for they echoed the sentiments of the gilded youth of the time, who, alas! are dead, most

of them, too.

There are a few left, however, here and there in the world, and when they meet in Paris, in Vienna, in London, they put their pink and shining heads together, and once more, invoked from the buried past, La Myzza floats before them in spangles and gauze. Then they hold their sides and chuckle over her refusal of the Marquis de C., and the Duc de V., and many another, to bestow her favour, as she used to tell them herself with a charming shrug of her shoulder, on one of her own world, with no fortune but a talent for painting, and a love of nature—how ridiculous!

But, as I said, this all happened long ago; and I would not waste your time with an account of this, or any other poor gilded moth that passed through the glare and was forgotten, were it not that La Myrza dignified her

life by her devoted love.

Although she came from out the darkness into the light, and hovered about it, and beat her wings against it, she was not consumed in the flame; but, singed unto death, she had time before she fell, to flutter into the darkness again, so that no one saw her writhe and die.

0 0 0

In an attic very high up, so high indeed that an excellent view of Paris might be obtained—had a little soap and water ever been brought into touch with the small-paned window—lived an artist.

When I say lived, I may be laying myself open to an accusation of venial exaggeration. I should be nearer the truth if I said starved, and yet to starve is to live,

but-well, I am straining at gnats!

At the time this narrative begins, the place was empty, as the occupant was away, but poor and bare as it certainly looked, it was not difficult to discover his occupation (or want of it). There was a large, battered, flat tin box lying open on the floor and filled with empty thingsempty oil-bottles, empty turpentine bottles, empty tubes. A few much-worn, hog-hair brushes were scattered here and there, and a large square palette hung on a nail which had been pushed into a crack in the wall. On the floor, in another corner, was a tin basin with a broken earthen jug beside it, and next to that stood an empty easel.

There was no furniture except a rambling old bedstead, on which were a couple of threadbare blankets, together with a velvet coat, green with time, which was rolled into

a bundle at the head to do service as a pillow.

There had been a brave attempt to straighten things in that poor place, and a good deal of taste displayed in the arrangement of some canvases upon the slanting wall. They spoke eloquently of the green, fresh, French country, and they bore the signature, "A. Cazals."

The ceiling, which amounted to neither wall nor ceiling, but a combination of both, was terribly cracked with age, and stained with rain, but the canvases had been so deftly arranged as to partially conceal this dilapidation.

The occupant of this room was at that moment trying to impress the *concierge* and thereby to impress himself, with the fact that when things get very bad, as bad indeed as they can get, it is just the moment to expect them to take a turn for the better.

"Mais oui, monsieur, mais oui /" the good tempered woman agreed, with an encouraging smile and nod.

"Because you see," continued the painter, "when one is practically in a *cul-de-sac* there is nothing for it but to jump over the wall and thereby end it all, or turn back and go by another road, and the other road is the thing, n'est-ce pas, madame?"

"Mais out, monsieur, mais out!" replied the good woman, who had been surreptitiously looking in her

husband's coat pockets for a cigar.

Finding two, she handed them to the painter with a smile.

"Ah, madame?" raising his eyebrows deprecatingly

and with an eloquent gesture.

"My husband will be very glad," she answered, slipping them into one of his worn pockets and turning her back on him with a laugh.

She did not notice that the cigars, through no fault of hers, had fallen on the floor from under the painter's coat. He picked them up and smuggled them into a sound pocket. Then putting his head through the open upper part of the door,

i Merci, merci, madame."

[&]quot; Pas du tout, du tout, monsieur!"



AFTER THE SERVICE

Drawn by J. S. Gordon

" Bonsoir, madame!"

" Bonsoir, monsieur!"

The old man was so light-hearted that he mounted with the greatest ease as far as the entresol, without stopping to take breath.

The kind-hearted concierge had been there now nearly eleven years, and when she came Monsieur Cazals was

living much as now in his attic under the roof.

Every time he passed out and in—it was not every day, nor sometimes once a week, but it had been many times—he had stopped to say practically what he had Often he had used the same words said that day. precisely, and she had always made the smiling answer, "Mais oui, monsieur, mais oui!" Very often she had found the cigars, and he had been deprecating ever; but she had seldom failed to make him take them.

After reaching the entresol on the occasion of which we are speaking, the old man moved slowly, and it took him a long time to mount the last flight of stairs, which was

very narrow and steep, leading to his attic.

Moreover, he had not eaten properly for many days, but, as he said to himself over and over again, he had not the appetite of youth.

"You are an old man now, Antoine," he would mutter admonishingly, " you are an old man now, mon cher ami. You have stopped growing these fifty-five years at least. You ought not to be so hungry now, mon bon Antoine!"

But that day he did not think of hunger, he was like a boy who was all delight at prospect of his first smoke. He went to the velvet coat that served as pillow and felt in the pocket for matches. As he did so the joyous look faded from his eyes, and tears gathered there. He took out a packet. It was covered with old, blue linen, sewn up at one end with coarse thread.

A tear rolled down his withered cheek and fell upon the little package; then another. He held it reverently to his lips and put it back again. In another pocket he found the matches and, carefully striking one—he had

not many left-lit a cigar.

He took a few puffs with much satisfaction, then he pushed down the upper part of the low, slanting window and looked out. It was a late October afternoon, and a

bright but chilly sunlight shone over all.

He rubbed his numbed fingers together as he looked. He took an almost childish delight in the view, partly, perhaps, because he so seldom opened his window to enjoy it. He could see the great square towers of Notre-Dame, and innumerable spires of other churches, and a

section, too, of the Pont-Neuf, over which black objects

coming and going were in an incessant stream.

The beautiful spires of the Sainte Chapelle were bathed in the pale yellow light, and far over there, across the water, he could see the Invalides, where lay all that remained of the great little man who had done so much and failed. He could look down into the Jardin du Luxembourg, and he sighed when he did so.

By leaning out and looking round to the left he could catch a glimpse of the Boulevard St.-Michel, and a little of St.-Germain, where the gay and careless students were

thronging the cafés, and he sighed again.

He could, with a stretch of the imagination, see the opaline lights in the absinthe on the tables before them, and he could almost hear the merry words they were

exchanging with their fair companions.

Although he liked the feeling of bonne camaraderie, which the sight of the Boulevard inspired, still he was not altogether in sympathy with the Boulevards themselves, and he always shook his head when he gazed upon them, because they put so many of his memories out of joint, and jarred on his old-time susceptibilities.

He stooped a little as he stood there, not because he was too tall, for he was a small man, but because he was old, and memories and years had weighed him down

together.

There were a few people—only two or three—to whom he had often wished he might show that bird's-eye view of Paris, people who had never seen Paris at all, and who had spent their simple, uneventful lives far away in the Midi, far, far away at the foot of the Pyrenees.

But now, alas! it was too late to wish these things, too late, too late, and as Antoine Cazals thought this he threw the tiny end of his cigar away, and hastily shut the window. He sat on the side of his poor, big bed, he so withered, so old, so hopeless, and bowed his head.

An hour passed as the old man sat thinking and

nodding.

There was a grave down there in the Midi, at the foot of the Pyrenees. He had never seen it, but in thought his hand moved gently over the grass that had sprung up above it.

In thought he laid his head down upon it and wept his weary heart out, and as these things came to his spirit, the tears oozed out from between his withered fingers.

"Myrza!" he whispered, "Myrza! forgive me if I do it, Myrza, for oh! I am so poor, mignonne, so hopelessly, desperately poor, ma mie!

To be continued

SAINT IGNATIUS.

(SURNAMED THÉOPHONE.)

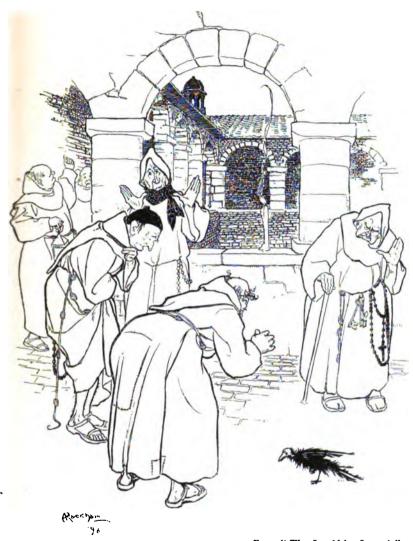
The twentieth of December furnished forth The closing sports. The amphitheatre Was packed with human heads, tier above tier: Keen vestal virgins, senators and knights. Freedmen and plebs, matrons and half-grown lads. And high up, on rich cushions, Cæsar lolled. With heavy eyelids and congested cheeks, His stiff lacerna clasped with cameos, A wreath of gilded laurel on his brow: One fat hand trimmed with scarabees and sards Toyed softly with a peacock-feather fan. Below, there knelt in the arena, Saint Ignatius, the Bishop of Antioch, That very morning fetched to Rome by way Of Asia, Macedonia and Greece, A venerable beard fell to his waist. His strong face spoke of passions overcome. But his blue eyes were innocent as a child's. Indeed, the rumour ran he had been that child Whom Jesus took upon His lap and blessed; Whence his regard was ever young and pure. Two lions were let loose out of the grille: Crouching, they swayed their mighty tails and yawned. But Saint Ignatius raised his hands and prayed, " I am the grain of God that must be ground, Ground by the fierce to make the bread of Christ." Lo! the whole scene around him disappeared; Cæsar, the cruel vestal virgins, all The angry rabble thirsting for his blood Melted away, and in their place arose A lovely vision: troops of little children, While in their midst the Christ holding a child: And Saint Ignatius saw it was himself; And heard an infinitely sweet voice say: " Suffer little children to come unto Me. For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS



THE SERENADE

Drawn by W. E. Webster



From "The Ingoldsby Legends"
Illustration by A. Rackham

J. M. DENT & Co., London

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

HE large number of handsome books published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. for the New Year prevents a complete notice of them, or even a catalogue, in our pages; but we think it will not be

without interest to our readers to say a word or two about several of these, and to adjoin pictorial ex-

tracts from their pages.

pages.
The cordial welcome by the Press and public that has been extended to the edition of



"The Ingoldsby Legends," with illustrations by A. Rackham (large crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net), shows that the publication of these classical and ever-interesting bits of literature, in artistic form and embellished with art that is fully equal in merit to the text, has been a happy idea. The volume, besides some ninety illustrations, contains twelve coloured plates, in which the singular charm and merit of the original drawings have been skilfully preserved. The drawing we reproduce (an illustration to the merry tale that all will recognise at once) gives a good idea of Mr. Rackham's handicraft in this publication.

The Banbury Cross Series of Children's Folk Lore and Other Stories have been republished at a more popular price, 6d. each net (in a superior style of bind-

ing Is. each). As is well known, the services of the best artists of the day have been engaged upon this series, and their continued and growing success has fully justified the publishers' original experiment, and, no doubt, will equally justify their present venture in making so great a reduction—the reasons for which they set forth:

reasons for which they set forth:

So wide an acceptance have these little books received, and so gratifying is the appreciation of the genuine merit of the series among the general public, that it has been decided, with a view of still further



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extending their popularity, to issue the whole series in a somewhat plainer binding at sixpence per volume, a price which will enable any one desirous of presenting a child with a really acceptable gift to secure the entire set of 12 volumes with an outlay equivalent to the purchase of a single volume of ordinary Christmas literature.

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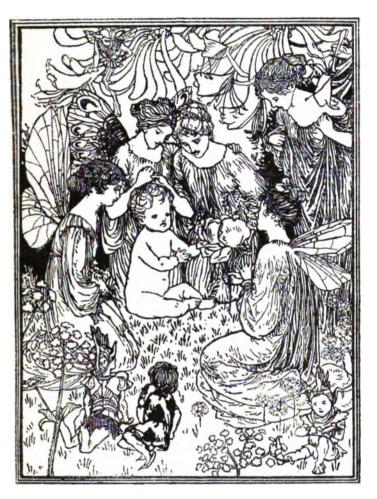
The playful fancy and pure grace of Anning Bell's genius and style, which have found ample scope in the field presented by "Midsummer Night's Dream." have made that volume not only popular with the younger folk, for



Banbury Cross Series. Drawing by Mrs. H, I. Adam

sateen cloth, 5s. net. Commenting on this work the *Daily* Chronicle has pro-nounced it "The most beautiful decorated piece of work that has yet been produced in

England."



Drawing by Anning Bell in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream"

ALFRED GARTH JONES' "MILTON." *

MONG the many handsome books published recently we must single out the volume of "The Minor Poems of John Milton," illustrated by Mr. A. G. Jones, printed by the Chiswick Press for Messrs. George Bell & Sons. Mr. Jones' tastes and qualifications have evidently made this work a labour of love; and the formal and classical ideals of the poet find, at last, their best interpretation through the medium of his art. There are some sixty drawings and decorations in the book; and though these are uniformly chaste and severe in style, sufficient variety has been introduced to prevent any monotony in turning from page to page.

any monotony in turning from page to page.

Among the best of Mr. Jones' drawings we may cite the two first to "Il Penseroso," one of which, through the courtesy of the publishers, we reproduce on the opposite page; the title decoration to "Lycidas" and next following illustration; and the introductory page decoration to

" Čomus."

The aims of the artist, happily set forth in the short prefatory notice, have been so faithfully carried out, that we quote this notice in full as the best criticism that could

be passed on the volume:-

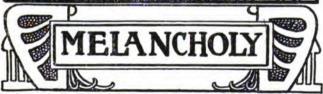
In illustrating the shorter poems of Milton the maker of these designs has naturally chosen those subjects that most appealed to him. In interpretation and execution he has striven to keep to what he conceives to be the Miltonic spirit, and has aimed generally at avoiding incident as likely to obscure that intention. For the same reason he has dispensed with abundance of merely decorative detail; the marked sanity and severity of Milton's writing seeming to be incompatible with the elaborate and often intricate design so much in vogue at the present day, whereby the poetic feeling in decoration is in danger of degenerating into a commonplace formalism.

In Milton's work there is a rare combination of graceful scholarship and classic method with the high and severe ethical ideals of the Puritan, which is perhaps hardly expressible in the medium of the draughtsman's art; and if he has leant rather to the severer side and the more solemn aspect of the poet's work, it is in the belief that this aspect is the one which presents itself to the great mass of his readers. The charm of Milton is chiefly of an intellectual kind, appealing to the thinker and the scholar, and in the eyes of such the designer would hope that his work, deficient though it may be in accessory graces, will not be found out of sympathy with the spirit of the poet.

^{* &}quot;The Minor Poems of John Milton." Illustrated and decorated by A. Garth Jones. London. George Bell & Sons; post 8vo, 6s.; also limited edition on Japanese vellum, 215.



By
A. G. Jones
in
"John
Milton"



IN SOCK AND BUSKIN.

By "The Owl"

WYNDHAM IN "THE IEST"

At the Criterion, London. What shall MR. CHARLES or can be said in praise of this great actor that has not already been written? Whether as Bob Sackett in "Brighton," Geoffrey Gordon in "The Great Divorce Case," Charles Greythorne in "Pink Dominoes," Peregrine Porter in

"Fourteen Days," Lord Oldacre in "The Candidate," Mr. Hedley in "The Headless Man," Dazzle in "London - Assurance," Rover in "Wild Oats," Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal," David Garrick in the play of that title (what a treat were he to revive all these!), or as Cesare in "The Jest," he is always the fascinating artist, refined, scholarly, subtle, with methods so simple yet trenchant, that to watch him affords the keenest pleasure to the theatre-goer, and is the best of educa-

tions to the young actor.

In some respects, Cesare is the best part Mr. Wyndham has had in the new plays of the past four years. It has been likened to Cyrano because Cesare at first sacrifices his own love for Fiorella to help his rival. In the second act, however, Cesare, contrary to Cyrano, marries the object of his adoration, and in this, "The Jest" is more dramatically concise than "Cyrano de Bergerac." But Messrs. Parker and Carson's play is not satisfactory. They have not illumined the subject of "The Jest" with such masterful skill, care, and originality of detail as Mons. Rostrand has his masterpiece. The evolution of thought and character, the impelling motives, sequences and transitions of action, though often worked out with much beauty and strength, are more often out of joint and distressing to the con-centration of attention. But such flaws are not so serious as to destroy the interest in many finely conceived passages, affording Mr. Wyndham scenes and opportunities of giving us a liberal taste of his rare abilities, opportunities which, with his accustomed zeal, he uses to their uttermost. It may be that some of the blame attributed to the author is due to the actors who support Mr. Wyndham. The romantic school is ever the test of an actor's calibre. In doublet and hose, both grace of movement and eloquence of diction must go hand in hand with true conception and convincing renditions. There is a pitiable demonstration of the contrary of this in "The Jest." Perhaps it is because



Drawn
by
G. O. Onions



Mr. Wyndham's acting is so transcendentally superior to that of the players who surround him, with the exception of Mr. Bishop, whose work is always within the magic circle of art, that they pale into comparative automatons beside him, and this does not derogate so much from their general sincerity and special abilities, as it tends to exalt the masterly work of Charles Wyndham. Miss Moore, who was so admirable and naïve in "The Liars," seems in "The Jest," but to speak her lines, hardly impressing us with any of Fiorella's emotions. Mr. Bellew attitudinises and elocutes; so earnestly, I admit, that he succeeds in a measure in making us believe he is Cosmo, but he is less that impetuous youth, that winning, passionate lover, than the self-conscious ornamental actor. Mr. Fernie makes a very fine effort, but misses the subjective side of the mad Orsino; this may not be entirely his fault; the part very likely lacks repression and subtlety; still, he might subdue much that goes before the climax, which he plays admirably. Miss Brooke, with all her personal charm, dignity and beauty of voice, does not make Annunziato's exalted words ring true. Miss Talbot's Teresa was somewhat forced and declamatory. The minor parts were much more satisfactorily rendered.

Mr. Wyndham must take upon himself the burden of exposing their artificiality, for it is his absolute freedom from the least taint of any of these defects that makes their slightest fault glaringly evident. His bearing is so easy and unstrained. His acting is so rich in colour, a very kaleidoscope of emotions, changing at will to magnanimity, tenderness, love, joy, courage, hope, resolution, exultation, jealousy, remorse, pity, despair, humility; giving to each its exact shade and gradation of intensity; showing nature her very form and feature. His dynamic force and magnetism even disseminate truth in an atmosphere of untruth. This unfavourable condition, however, should not exist. It does not exist on the French stage at its best. There the smallest part is represented by a thoroughly schooled actor. thought occurs: cannot Mr. Wyndham rehearse and instruct the actors about him, thought for thought, detai for detail? The answer at a hazard is, that, as far as is possible, he does so; but some will not, others, in the face of long contracted habits, cannot learn, and the work of it all is too long and arduous for an actor-manager to accomplish during his productions. Here rests the crying need for a school, where the solid foundations and technique of acting are taught. Not a mere rule-ofthumb academy where individuality is suppressed, but rather a school where it is fostered and developed, leaving to such actors as Charles Wyndham the pleasant duty of aiding the student in practically polishing his work.

0 0 0

It would be well for Her Majesty's and The Globe Theatres to look to their laurels. If report speak

true, another and most formidable rival will shortly darken their horizons in the shape of an entirely new version of "The Three Musketeers.' It is to be entitled "The Three Dusky Dears." Stage-struck Virginia beauties may apply at Mohawk's.

0 0 0

Actors are proverbially generous. They may be touchy about the centre of the stage; jealous of the limelight's rays; hurt over an interrupted point or a laugh; but they seldom let their left hands know what their right hands give. "The little Church around the Corner" will tell you so. It is situated in Twenty-ninth Street, near Fifth Avenue, in the City of New York. It was very poor many years ago, but that suddenly changed, and it is now wealthy and famous. And it came about this way:—

A poor actor died in a strange land without kith or kin, but like mortals who strut and fret their hour upon life's stage, his remains needed interring. His friends made the pardonable error of imagining that the finer the church edifice the finer the religion within, and so they knocked at the gates of an imposing House of God and sought Christian burial for their colleague. The minister, with fat capon lined, nodded his head gravely and negatively to denote that the idea was preposterous. "Go," said he, in all his official pride, "go to the little church around the corner." The little church around the corner was a meek and lowly looking edifice. Dr. Houghton, its pastor, as the imposing edifice minister in his great wisdom had prophesied, made no distinction between the body of a poor actor and that of a rich stockbroker, and undertook to perform the last reverential rites to the departed player. The story soon leaked out, and the reputation of the good Doctor spread apace. "The little Church around the Corner" had cast its bread upon the waters, and within a few short months it

came back in the shape of subscriptions and benefits galore. Since that time some of the most honoured of America's actors and actresses have been married in the little Church, and others, amongst whom was the late Mr. Edwin Booth, have passed to their last resting-place through its portals.

0 (

Charles Frohman is gifted with no little histrionic talent. Some years ago, whilst in Paris, he called upon Sardou on business, and in the course of conversation wished to refer to a certain situation in one of that eminent dramatist's plays. Not being able to make himself understood in French, he removed his overcoat and enacted the scene so vividly that Sardou not only comprehended but heartily applauded him.

• • •

In his later days poor Lawrence Barrett would not countenance chaffing during performances. Therefore Louis James, prince of guyers, found him a most interesting subject for his jokes—but at the same time as difficult to disconcert. He upset him completely on one occasion. The play was "Julius Cæsar." Barrett played Brutus; James, Cassius. In the scene where Cassius pays a visit to Brutus to arrange the conspiracy, Brutus was seen suddenly to act in a strange manner. He was evidently holding something in his hand that he was trying to conceal, and seemed anxious but unable to get rid of. His toga, alas, like a modern lady's dress, was not blessed with pockets. The explanation of the matter was that Cassius on greeting him had gently deposited in his hand—an egg.

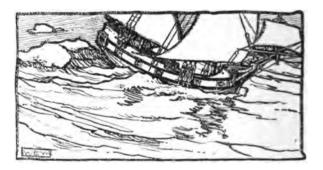
. . .

The representation of birds, beasts and fishes who talk and cavort about in pantomime with truly human intelligence is as old as the stage. Aristophanes used them; and later, during the reign of Edward VI., we read of a play called "Æsop's Crow," which was performed by the King's players, in which most of the actors dressed as birds. The custom did not meet with universal approval, as the following "controversie" shows: "Maister Ferrers, then maister of the King's

Majesties pastimes, Maister Willot, the King's astronomer, and Maister Stremer the King's divine, jolly good bed-fellows, chatted away the midnight oil one night, and Maister Willot discommended the devise of actors being birds, saying it was not comicall to make either speechlesse things to speake, or brutish things to commun reasonably. Mr. Stremer,

ngs to commun reasonably. Mr. Stremer, my lorde's divine, being more divine in this point, held the contrary parte, affirming that beasts and foules have reason, and that as much as men, yea, and in some points more."





Drawn by W. E. Wigfull

THE INCUBUS.

UT over the bay the moon made a glittering white path leading up to Naples Close in beneath the sheer Sorrento rock the darkness lay thick and cavernous out to the sharp line where the cliff's shadow ended. At the shadow's edge the ripples danced and sparkled, elate in the moonlight. On a balcony, high above the water, two people, moved by the still beauty of the night, drew close together, listening silently to the small, lazy waves which, far below, swished softly against the narrow beach. A boat drifted out of the darkness, a speck upon the white path, and a woman's voice, singing, came up to them on the puffs of the damp,

This man and this woman were happy, knowing the infrequency of happiness; they were happy in the zest and fulness that comes of mutual understanding. The woman sighed unconsciously, and the man spoke in a low tone, loth to break the exquisite hush about them.

"What is it, dear? You are happy?"

"Yes," she answered, with a depth in her voice which answered all his doubts.

"Why do you sigh?" he asked.

"I am remembering another night, a beautiful night, when we heard that wonderful voice in the open air at Berlin. You were sad and strange. . . . I have so often wondered why," she went on timidly. "Ah, why do you do that?" He had drawn away his hand.
"Don't speak of that night," he said quickly; "we are

There came a little sinking at her heart. For a moment she stopped breathing; then she said, quietly:

"I have always wondered whether it was the woman herself, the singer, who meant something to you that you never told me. We were very happy. We had been all day, a June day, in the fields. At night we came home with the cornflowers—do you remember? There was a concert and a woman was singing. We could not see her; but I saw you start with surprise and something like dismay. You left me for a moment, and when you came back there was a strange look in your eyes that said to my reading, 'Yes, I was right; it is she.'"

She waited, but he did not speak. "I have never

asked you what it meant, but tell me now while we are happy and alone, so that it will go out of my mind for

ever. Tell me, did you know her?"

"Yes."

She trembled a little at his voice, and then, with a nervous laugh:

"You didn't sometime-

"Yes," he said, "I loved her."

She could not see his face in the darkness; but his voice said plainer than any words, "If you ask me, I will speak." But there was an ominous note, a warning that struck her with a chill. She shivered, and drew in her breath, knowing that she had gone too far to turn back.

" Is that all?"

" No."

"Will you tell me?" she whispered. "What?—did she love you?'

There was a gasp in the voice that she tried to make calm. "And you?-you?-did you?-

"Yes," he answered again, his voice dull, almost indifferent.

In a moment she had passed through the high window into the dark room. Somewhere in the darkness her hand brushed a chair. She held it tightly with a sense of relief. "Why, why did I come in? What is it? What is changed? I am the same; he is the same. We love each other-nothing can change that. Is it not true? Tell me, tell me," she repeated to herself passionately, "is it not true? What was it that—that——" A storm swept over her. She could not think. Then she spoke to herself calmly. She repeated to herself the intonations of his voice. It was torture. But, after all, she was no foolish girl; she was a woman, beloved, trusting, trusted, with memories of happiness. Ah, the word pierced her. He too had memories, and some were not of her. What should she do? She fought to escape this agony of mind. It was senseless; she wanted to accept this fact as quietly as might be. She wanted no tears, no reproaches, no scenes. She wanted to understand. But what could she do with this hateful emotion that tore her throat with violence? Cry? That was hysterical and useless. She thought of him, and knew that he, too, suffered; she understood his helplessness and loved him. He could not come to her-what could he say? She knew, too, that she trusted him absolutely. "But we love each other," she whispered insistently; "what does anything matter?" And, yet, with the sob that shook her, she knew that always, to the end of life, this moment would return to her. She could be reasonable, sensible; but, oh! could she forget?

Suddenly, with a passionate gesture, she swept aside all thoughts and reasoning; she was out upon the balcony, on her knees beside him, her arms about his neck, sobbing out the trouble of her heart.

Far out across the bay the lights of Naples twinkled, a gigantic arc along the shore. Down the towering cone of Vesuvius glowed a ruddy stream of lava. Near by

all was dark and silent.

MAUDE BATTERSHALL.





THE TEMPEST

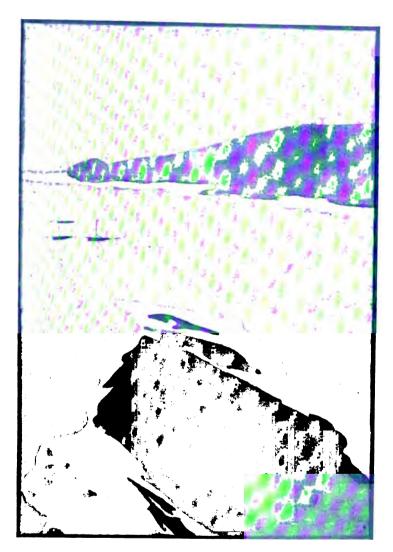
Drawn by A. Lewis



Chorus of females in background: What ridiculous clothes those foreigners do wear!

THE SONG OF STRADELLA AND OTHER SONGS,
Written by Anna Gannon.

Philadelphia and London: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY. 1898



NOCTURNE

Drawn by Charles Pears





A WINDY DAY

Drawn by W. E. Wigfull

MIGNONETTE.

VILLANELLE.

This bunch of withered mignonette

My lady gave with good-byes tender,
White April skies with tears were wet.

With what sweet mixture of regret
Did her fair hands that night surrender
This bunch of withered mignonette!

How soon for us that evening, set

The half-hid moon in watery splendor,
While April skies with tears were wet!

Slow dragged a twelvemonth by, and yet Each day but dearer seemed to render This bunch of withered mignonette.

Alas my hopes! The sad coquette

Now spurns me for a stripling slender,
While April skies with tears are wet.

No more for her I'll moan and fret.

But straight to-morrow morn I'll send her,
While April skies with tears are wet,
This bunch of withered mignonette.

ST. GEORGE BEST.

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THE OUARTIER LATIN, published formerly as a mid-monthly, appears now on the first of each month.

Arrangements have been made Mark for binding the issues of the first by and second years of the Quartier A. C. Cross Latin (July, 1896, to May, 1898). The volumes are bound in canvas with cover design by Mr. Alfred Jones, stamped in gold, who has also made the title-page decoration,

etc. The natural deckle of the paper is preserved, but the tops of the volumes are trimmed and gilded, and by special binding the silk cords are kept in each copy. In the arrangement of the pictorial advertisements, monthly covers, etc., great care has been taken to render the volumes as handsome and attractive as possible. with this end in view the difference between the price for covers, on the one hand, and for covers and binding, on the other, has been cut down as much as

possible, to encourage our subscribers to have their binding orders sent to us, our binder having particular instructions regarding the make-up and paging of the volume.

The volumes may be bound each six months (from January and July), or yearly (from July) to suit the taste of our subscribers. When bound yearly, two volumes are included in one cover. Indices are arranged accordingly.

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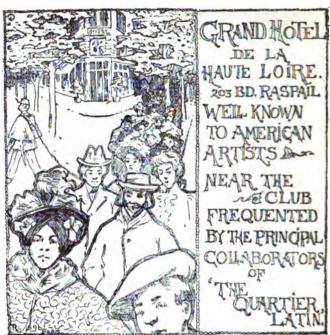
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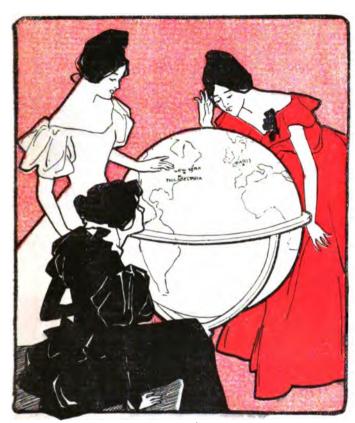
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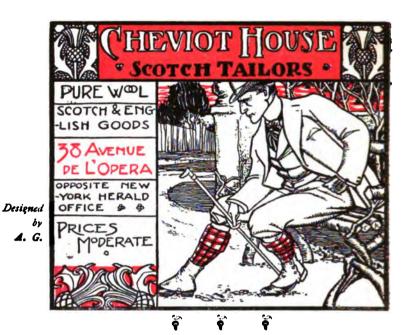


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The Quartier Katin

Vol. VI

JANUARY, 1899

No 29



ABLE OF CONTENTS.

. . ALFRED GARTH JONES

| Reverie | |
|--|---|
| (drawing) | JAMES DURDEN |
| A Studio Party | - |
| in the Latin | |
| Quarter | WELLA DAYR |
| The Rose Bush | |
| | WILLIAM SHACKLETON |
| Illustration to | |
| Poe's "Ula- | |
| lume" | Sydney Prentice |
| The Song of the | |
| Cross | MARK DERIGENS |
| Lion de Belfort (drawing) | JOHN P. PEMBERTON |
| Solitude (drawing) | J. J. Guthrie |
| Down Channel (drawing) | J. J. GUTHRIE W. E. WIGFULL |
| At the Boulevard A | MAUDE STERNER |
| Illustrations | A. CAMPBELL CROSS |
| 4 Bit of the Yorkshire Coast (drawing) | CHARLES PEARS |
| Ex Libris | A. G. Jones |
| Ballade | ff. A. Robinson |
| Rosalind Telleth How She would be | |
| Loved | M. GREEN |
| | w. |
| 1 Bundle of Letters (conclusion) | |
| The Death of Death (drawing) | |
| The Country Road (drawing) | J. B. YEATS |
| Art on the Stage | "THE OWL" |
| Mrs. Kendal as the Elder Miss | C. O. Oussins |
| Blossom (drawing) | G. O. Unions |
| The Conciergerie (drawing) | NORMAN A. HILL |
| Tom Brace's Scheme | MONT. ST. LO. |
| Illustration | H. A. Hogg |
| It the Window (drawing) | GILBERT JAMES |
| Arrofel | CONSTANCE COMPTON |
| The Crusader's Return (from Le Rire) | MARSTON |
| Note | A. |
| I Indu Killer (dramina) | A ROUBLLE |
| 1 Lady Killer (drawing) | WILLIAM SHACKLETON |
| Toast (poem) | WALTER SMITH |
| ist of Designers of Advertisements | *************************************** |
| | |

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A STUDIO PARTY IN THE LATIN OUARTER.

By One of the Guests.

AVING arrived at the address inscribed on our invitation cards, we passed through the conventional Parisian "porte cochère" and ascended to the fifth floor, where we found the door standing hospitably open, inviting entrance to a Japanese lanternlighted corridor. At the far end of this corridor, seated on a high stool, was a charming little Pierrot, who, with a comprehensive sweep of his tiny hand, indicated to ladies and gentlemen their respective disrobing rooms, by delivering in high-pitched tones the following an-nouncement: "Les dames à droite; les messieurs à gauche." Before being permitted to enter the sacred precincts of the studio, we were all blindfolded by order of our hosts, who rejoiced in the temporary but exceedingly appropriate titles of Damon and Pythias! We were then led in one by one, and presented with a lighted taper each. After a few short minutes had elapsed, during which some confusion occurred, owing to the efforts made by Damon and Pythias to arrange their blindfolded and taper-burdened guests to the complete satisfaction of all, we were allowed to remove the bands from our eyes and contemplate, at our ease, the wondrous scene before us. We had been placed in two rows, ladies on one side, gentlemen on the other, of a table on which burned fiercely, in a dish, some strange and fearful compound, whose livid light lent us the appearance of corpses. We gazed our fill at this remnant of the sorcerer's art, which burned itself out rather rapidly; and once again the hue of health adorned our cheeks! At this juncture, we also extinguished our tapers, as they had begun to melt, and were showing a decided tendency to transform themselves into hoops and corkscrews.

The next item on the programme was an autographical competition; each guest, armed with a pencil as long and as thick as a man's arm, had to inscribe his or her name upon a sheet of paper affixed to the wall. At the close of this trial of skill, the paper was covered with hieroglyphic scrawls, which result was not very flattering to our writing capabilities.

During all this time, three dark-skinned musicians had

been playing away most perseveringly, noticing which



THE ROSE BUSH

Drawn by William Shackleton

kindness on their part, we determined to show a practical appreciation of it by dancing, which we accordingly did without further delay. Now and again, a heated couple would seek the cool night air on the little balcony, to which one gained easy access from the studio by mounting some movable steps, and where one could see, twinkling brightly up in the clear, dark sky, one or two silver stars.

When the dancing had come to an end, there ensued a short interval for repose, during which some of the guests had their portraits executed de profil on charcoal paper. Then Damon and Pythias disappeared from our midst abruptly, to return a moment later arrayed in full cook's costume—snowy jackets and caps complete. Their appearance, thus attired, awakened in our minds a vision of supper, and we were glad when, a few minutes after, this vision became a pleasant reality, of which we partook in the form of turkey salad, cress sandwiches, and all sorts of other dainties—and, by way of beverage, some delicious cherry-coloured punch, which we drank out of quaint little bowls, each guest retaining his bowl as a souvenir.

Supper over, we re-entered the studio, where we arranged ourselves in a picturesque group, Damon and Pythias being desirous of handing us down to posterity by means of flashlight pictures!

A little before midnight, the signal for departure was given, and down the stairs we tramped, our hosts lighting the way with two immense candles, from which the grease dropped abundantly on our retreating forms.

Soon we had left the dear old Latin Quarter with its merry student life behind us. We were in the act of crossing that bridge so familiar to the student, the Pont des Arts, when the old Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois sent out its midnight peal to the great city, and, instinctively, we stayed our steps for a moment, while the words of the well-known song rose to our lips, "I stood on the bridge at midnight, as the clock was striking the hour." We went no further than these two lines, for there was no moon rising o'er the city "behind the old church tower."

WELLA DAYE.

(The above is printed to show the astonished Philistine that all studio parties in the Latin Quarter are not "Orientals."—ED.)



Illustrating Edgar Allan Poe's ULALUME

Drawn by Sydney Prentice

THE SONG OF THE CROSS.

. . . . "The aspects of any one truth are countless as the tears of a multitude."



I.

ET the world hear my voice!

For my song shall rise above tears

Till the whole great earth rejoice,

And men forget their fears.

H.

I am the Life and the Death;
The weapon and joy of the
Lord;
The inward and outflowing breath;
The blade and the hilt of His

sword.

III.

I am—to-day and to-morrow— The one thing never vain; The symbol of pitying sorrow, The emblem of infinite pain.

IV.

I am the world's release;
I am the end of the Life—
The gate of the path to Peace;
But I myself am—Strife.

٧.

My weight is—to-day and to-morrow—
As much as a man may gain
Of the knowledge of pitying sorrow,
And knowledge of infinite pain;
I am the symbol of sorrow,
The innermost emblem of pain.

MARK PERUGINI



LION DE BELFORT, PARIS

Drawn by J. P. Femberton



SOLITUDE

Drawn by J. J. Guthrie

•



DOWN CHANNEL

Drawn by W. Edward Wigfull



STUDIO No. II.

PHEY say you cannot fit a square peg into a round Illustrated hole, and this is a true tale which illustrates the by

A. C. Cross

Stuyvesant Mott is a cousin of Van Camp's. He is a swell, and a personage in his own country; but why he came, and shared Van's studio for three months, instead of remaining over in his proper place on the right side of the Seine, at the Binda, or the Grand, or wherever it is Stuyvesant Motts usually congregate, was, and is to this day, a mystery.

Stuyvesant was badly addicted to frock coats and top hats, and the latest thing in gloves. He was smoothfaced, ingenuous, and given to talking a great deal, chiefly of himself. But, apart from these things and a tendency to boast of his enormous success with the fair sex, he was a harmless child, and, I maintain, did not deserve his fate. That Van accepted resignedly the holes burnt by Stuyvesant's cigarettes in his best Persian praying rug, I He also tolerated in an almost cheerful spirit Stuyvesant's beautiful trans-Atlantic and utterly demoralising system of over-"tipping" the concierge and the old woman who called herself his femme de chambre, and even allowed Stuvyesant to make love to Naniche (beneath whose sway he, of course, fell at once) in moderation.

But when Stuyvesant overstepped the bounds, and informed Van, with a significant smile and a wave of his perfectly manicured hands, that Naniche had told him (Stuyvesant) that she was ready to die for him, or words equivalent to this extravagant assertion, Van glared at him with the air of a man whose patience has at last given out.

He eyed Stuyvesant contemptuously, and made a savage dab at the poster he was concocting on the easel. (Van has a genius for poster-making. When he is hard up, he turns out things which delight the world and bring him in cheques of astonishing largeness.)
In answer to Van's stare of disgust, Stuyvesant nodded

his head and set his lips together, in the irritating fashion

which mysteriously suggests triumph.

He was dining that night at Bignon's, with an old college chum of his, and he buttoned his long, light Newmarket carefully over his evening clothes, and prepared to depart.

As he opened the door of the ante-room, looked up from the easel, and remarked meditatively-

"I'll bet you anything that Naniche won't look at you." Stuyvesant continued smiling the superior smile, and Van pursued with an air of carefully-assumed indifference: "I'll bet you she wouldn't come, if you wrote and made

fifty appointments."
"H'm," murmured Stuyvesant, in what he considered

a maddening way.

"If you're so deuced clever, I'll tell you what you do to prove it," said Van Camp slowly. "You write a note to Naniche, and ask her to meet you in the courtyard to-



Van accepted resignedly the holes burnt in kis best Persian praying rug

night at, say, two—that is, in the morning, I mean, of course—and I'll see that she gets it. Then, if the——" " I shan't

"I can't," began Stuyvesant, deprecatingly.

get away from Bangley—you know Bangley?"
"Yes, I know Bangley," assented Van; "but that's a
way of getting out of it." He made a few more absentminded dabs at the face of the poster-lady.

Then Stuyvesant stepped back into the room and

laughed.

"Of course not," he chuckled; "I don't mind in the least. May be a jolly lark. Now, what is it you want me to write? You'll lose your bet, anyhow."

"I don't care a damn what you write," returned Van. "It isn't my affair. What I say is, that she won't come." "How will you know?" asked Stuyvesant, after he

had written and sealed the note.

"I'll take your word for it, of course," said Van sweetly. "Don't wake me up when you get home to-night," he added. "I've got a model to-morrow, and I'm going to get up early," which was all in the nature of a challenge. But the story comes now:—

Van told a lie; but he is not a liar—that is, habitually. This I say by way of excuse, because, when Stuyvesant had taken his departure, Van did not retire to rest. He set to work instead with energetic vigour that lasted far into the night, and surprised Castillion, who came in to call upon him, and was requested to "get out," with

more frankness than politeness.

When the work was finished, Van opened his door, and looked out cautiously into the courtyard. There had been a snowstorm the night before, but it had grown warmer during the day, and dirty rivulets ran down the paths, and made puddles by the studio walls. was a moon which lighted things generally, like a calcium in a melodrama, and an air of calm stillness further heightened this effect. The gleam in Durblan's studio. at the far end of the garden, was the only spot in the landscape not distinctly blue and silver, and that shone out with a biting yellowness, contrasting queerly with the soft shadows made by the moonlight.

Van slipped stealthily down the four steps which led to his own place, and walked along until he reached a point about half-way between his and Beryl's atelier. In his hand he carried something large and imposingly white; and his tall, lank, ridiculously high-shouldered figure seemed to be shaken at frequent intervals by a

deeply agitating emotion.

The proceedings with which he followed these actions were, to say the least, not characterised by what the sane and ordinarily disposed mind would have called usual. From the conventional standpoint they appeared, in

fact, slightly mad.

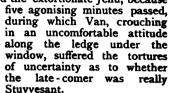
He stood away from his handiwork at last, eyed with a sense of artistic appreciation the effect produced, and finally hurried back to Studio No. 2, closing the door carefully after him; all of which was irregular, not to say

mysterious.

A few moments later, when the window of the anteroom looking out on to the court was raised an inch or so, with the evident desire to create as little disturbance as possible (a difficult matter touching windows in Paris), things became positively ghoulish.

0 0

The clock of St. Sulpice struck two sharp peals on the stillness, and a cab—Stuyvesant's cab—clattered up the Boulevard and stopped with a jerk at No. —. It took some time evidently to complete arrangements between the youth in question and the extortionate Jehu, because



But presently the fiacre drove noisily away, and a figure appeared at the top of the courtyard, and began to move with delicious aimlessness and want of purpose toward him.

of purpose toward him.

That Stuyvesant had been dining heavily was obviously

illustrated by his gait.

He wore the air of a man who would be glad of support if support were available, but who was making the best of a lack of it; and his hat was set at a rakish angle upon his rumpled hair.

Where his Newmarket gaped open the dead white of his shirt-front gleamed, and an end of his silk muffler floated with airy carelessness behind him. He advanced recklessly, splashing his way among the puddles, and, judging from his unconcerned expression, it was clear that he had completely for-



gotten his appointment with Naniche—a stance not surprising considering the character of

the interval.

But as he reached the stage in his journey across the courtyard where it became necessary for him to distinguish which of the distressingly similar doorways was the particular one for which he was bound, something white and slim and interesting arrested his attention. It was Naniche! She seemed to be standing, or, rather, clinging against the wall under Van's window, both hands grasping the frostbitten ivy, her chin raised a little in supplication. About the Figure there was something utterly incongruous and grotesque, but Stuyvesant was much too drunk to stick at details.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Is that you, Naniche? It is cold, isn't it?"

The Figure sobbed slightly.

"Yes," it said in tremulous tones, "it is. I-I got your note—and I came—because I—didn't under-

Stuyvesant considered. He appeared to be gently forcing himself to remember something he had for the moment forgotten.

"Oh yes I yes ! " he cried suddenly. "I know now, Naniche. It's all right. It's a bet. Van'll tell you

all about it !"

"But," said the Figure, beginning severely, this why you have brought me here, monsieur? Is this—" the calm broke, and the voice trembled with tears. "It is always so. If one loves, one must suffer. I was so happy, so unspeakably happy, when I got your note—and now-

The wailing accents were pitiful to hear, and Stuyvesant shifted from one foot to the other, uncomfortably conscious that something was expected of him-what, he

did not clearly comprehend.

But he blinked an apology, and waved his hand with

deprecating earnestness toward the Figure.
"I say, Naniche, aren't you a—er—bit strong? I didn't know you loved me so much."

"Yes, you did. You told Van that I loved you. told Van that I told you so."

"Damned shabby of him to repeat," murmured Stuy-

vesant. Then, with inspiration-

"But you didn't, did you? So you oughtn't to mind."
"I didn't! What—do—you—mean?"
"Why! that you didn't tell me you loved me, of course," he explained, wisely nodding his head.

The Figure seemed to shrink, if possible, more closely against the wall. The grim pallor of its face was increased somewhat by the moonlight, and the tragically fixed stare of the eyes, peering beneath long, irregular wisps of hair, gave it the look of a hunted thing, driven to bay. It lifted up its voice and wept at this point.

"Perhaps you will deny that you promised—yes—here

on this very spot-to marry me?"

Stuyvesant started.

His expression of amiable stupidity changed first to one of amazement, then to distinct fear. Quickly through his mind there passed a review of the occasions upon which he remembered having been sufficiently intoxicated to make a recollection of the words he had said or the promises he had given, a practical impossibility. Therefore, that he had inadvertently asked Naniche's hand in marriage was quite probable, though, of course, a consummation of such an act would be ridiculous—mad—preposterous—out of the question.

"I say, Naniche," he said gravely, "I didn't, did I?"
"Yes," coldly—" you did. Here on this very spot,

before witnesses."

"Damn it!" shouted Stuyvesant, "I couldn't besides——"

"I shall hold you to your word," solemnly and

inexorably.

"Great Cæsar! Naniche, you don't mean it? You

can't-my people--"

Poor Stuyvesant's knees shook. He had a vision of his stately home up the Hudson—his mother—his sister, who was about to marry an English lord—and himself, the heir, bringing home as his wife a model from the Latin Quarter!

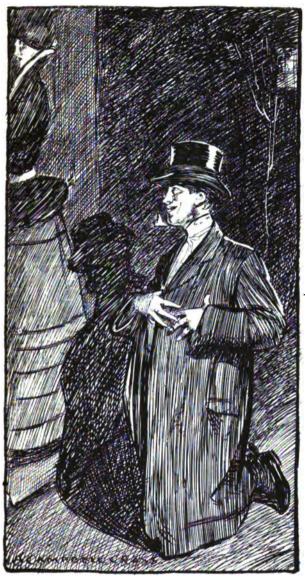
Tears rose in his eyes as the full horror of the situation

unfolded itself before his partially numbed senses.

If there was anything to be done with this white, immovable Figure, this stern, judicially accusing thing !—it was

through pity.

Stuyvesant looked around him once or twice with a sort of grim desperation—then down on his knees, into the dirty snow, he fell at the Figure's feet! He was so beautifully abject that his own mother wouldn't have recognised him, and so bedraggled that even his valet would have pitied him. His hat dropped absurdly over his eyes, and the tails of the long sometime "smart" Newmarket dragged along in the wet, whilst his shirt, which had been so spotless—so thoroughly the shirt of the exquisite—was spattered with mud and crumpled badly.



"You won't hold me to it, will you, Naniche?" he whined.

"You won't hold me to it, will you, Naniche?" he whined. "It isn't for my sake -but because-

"Listen," said the Figure, standing perfectly still, and speaking first in a voice which contained a suspicious note of huskiness, then more clearly: " I will release you from your promise on one condition only. You shall promise me - now, here—as you kneel—never to boast about a woman again. Never to lie, and say that she encouraged you when she hadn't. Never to do these things so long as you live. Swear!"

I swear!" murmured the culprit weakly.

"The day you do it, I, in my full rights, will come forth and force you to marry me. Remember, I have proofs."

"I swear!" repeated Stuyvesant.
Then the Figure said: "You may rise and touch my hand in token that you will not break your oath."

Stuyvesant bowed his head humbly and began to pull himself painfully to his feet, and when he had finally raised himself, he would never have been recognised as the same youth who had departed, six hours before, immaculate and self-assured.

He stepped forward and held out his hand diffidently; but as the Figure did not advance to meet him, or move, he grasped what he believed to be its hand. Ghastly to relate, it was not a hand. The sound of Michelet paper crackled characteristically under his fingers—and a large and exceedingly realistic poster fell forward against his shirt bosom.

When Stuyvesant entered the studio he presented a meek and lowly appearance. Van was smoking a long pipe, calmly reposing in a far corner of the room.

As the Prodigal pushed open the ante-chamber door, he raised one eye carelessly from his book and asked him

what time it was.

"I thought you were going to bed," remarked Stuyvesant, in a suppressed tone of irritation, by way of

"Oh, I didn't!" yawned Van, throwing his long legs over the arm of his chair and twisting his body so as to get a better view of his young relative. "Great Scott! Did you fall out of the cab?" he chuckled. "You must have been badly screwed this time, and no mistake."

Stuyvesant assumed an attitude indicative of as much dignity as his exceedingly soiled and dishevelled appearance would admit.

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A BIT OF THE YORKSHIRE COAST

Drawn by Charles Pears

"Yes," he said grimly, "I was—horribly; but I didn't fall out of the cab!"

Then he betook himself, sorely aching, dejected and

saddened, to bed.

He went back to New York by the next steamer—because the boys at the Boulevard A—— are apt to express their appreciation in a matter of this sort—crudely.

MAUDE STERNER.





Drawn by Alfred G. Jones

BALLADE.

THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE AND THE LADY.

I am a willow-pattern plate,
Correct in glaze and azure hue;
I hang in long discounted state,
On dadoed walls, demodé too,
Where alien folk, with altered view,
Regard me with disdainful stare;
None marking in my china blue,
The glamour of the days that were.

Ah, yes! I know I'm out of date,
But she—poor darling—still is true
To her first love, and sees me yet
A chosen vessel for the few.
I'm cracked and stitched, and dull with glue,
No charm lies in me anywhere;
But she—she holds a magic clue—
The glamour of the days that were.

Now are the times no man can wait
The dear delays of art: A crew
Of restless Décadents they prate,
Of deeds they have no heart to do,
Ah! quiet, cultured days—for you!
For clinging frocks, and floating hair!
When she was young, before she knew
The glamour of the days that were.

L'ENVOY.

Lady, there floats between us two,
A silvery veil we ill could spare:
Each sees the other sweetly through
The glamour of the days that were.

ff. A. ROBINSON.

ROSALIND TELLETH HOW SHE WOULD BE LOVED.

marriage to Rosalind. Rosalind had rejected him. As he was in every respect an eligible young man, we warmly canvassed the propriety of her doing so. After listening some time, apparently unconcerned, Rosalind launched a vigorous protest against men as lovers, perhaps with a special reference to the unfortunate Bentivoglio. This took place under the stately beech trees of a forest where we journeyed one Saturday afternoon. We lay on the grass with our backs against one of the largest of the woody patriarchs, while a few yards from us our bicycles formed

a sort of circular rampart.

"I have been reading," said Rosalind, "a love scene from a play of that great, unread Englishman, William Shakespeare. It is of no consequence which play, but it charmed me by its sportive and spontaneous grace. On one side was manly passion and courtly homage; on the other"-here the eyes of Rosalind flashed brightly with emotion-"was queenly tenderness and soft acceptance of woman's destiny. I could wish that I had been the lady of that scene; I believe that the lover would have had no cause to regret it." Here Bentivoglio sighed deeply. "But, indeed," continued the unkind fair one, "this is not how love is made nowadays, and the blunt avowals and spasmodic trivialities of modern lovers fall harshly on ears that have become acquainted, even in literature, with such honeyed vows. Do you ever think, you men, how you should approach the woman you love?"

"We do! we do!" answered a hoarse chorus of masculine voices, whose very tones revealed much ineffectual pondering on this interesting subject. The curves of Rosalind's face assumed a delicious roundness; one red lip slid up, disclosing a row of pearly teeth. She

was manifestly moved to laughter.

"If so," she said, "then I must pity your misdirected energies. As it seems to me, you come hot and breathless to the pursuit, caring little how or why you conquer us, relying solely on the prerogative of man, and sometimes you are mistaken." This last very maliciously. "Do you know how you appear to the eyes of a woman? Have you ever considered yourselves in any looking-glass except a material one, which indeed you use as much as

we? Let me tell you! We meet you strutting along the street, dressed in some weird combination, which may be a fashion, if that is an excuse. You are smoking furiously, beating the air with your sticks, hustling the passers-by; your heads are full of every thought but of her you pretend to love. It is a great mercy if you are not ogling every girl you meet, as though you thought your reputation with your adored would be increased by the number of scalps at your belt."

"And there is no doubt that that is so," interrupted the

cynical relater of these circumstances.
"Continue to think this," said Rosalind, "until you are undeceived. The remark is characteristic of your youth. What is there that is so very important in the affection of men? I don't say it's good for us to live alone, but at least we can endure that calamity with patience; but when that happens to men, how morose and blase they Then after a time they marry their cooks or their washerwomen, or they bring in creatures from the streets, only to escape what they are so much afraid ofloneliness without love. Well then, since you need us more than we need you, who ought to study and obey the other? I remember a girl telling me that her fiance proposed to her while he was lighting a cigarette. here she extended a hand by no means formidable in appearance—"if that had happened to me, I should have imprinted on his face in red and white my appreciation of the favour he had done me."

Here Celia, who possesses some of the characteristics of her immortal namesake, interrupted plaintively, "Oh, Rosalind! if you had done that, you would have ruined your life's happiness."

"No, I shouldn't have cared a bit."

"Well then, you couldn't have loved him."
"No," said Rosalind decisively, "I have sufficient intuition not to love a man who could do a thing like that." Whereupon a babel of voices broke out, of which the burden was something like this: "Then that destroys the case, and vitiates your argument. This girl was in love, and consequently didn't care how she was proposed to, so long as it was done. You would not have been in love, and so would not have cared, even if his proposal had been couched in the most fantastic terms that were ever used by a hare-brained Romeo." Then over the neck, face and brows of Rosalind there swept a wave of colour Titian would have bartered his soul to imitate. Her hands, not unlike mountain snow, touched by the first rosy light of dawn, clasped each other firmly. One pearly tooth imprinted determination on the crimson lip below. For some minutes she sat silent, only she dug up

the loamy soil with her heel.

At last, as suits her sex, she began inconsequently: "Well, I don't care. If it's useless to appeal to the selfrespect of my sex, cannot I hope for something from the justice of yours? You may be common and dull; you may be selfish and vain; but at least you have reason, and reason is justice, isn't it? We all see you the same; it's only our timidity"—here she put a caressing arm round Celia—"only that which prevents us saying so. So there! Who but man spills the afternoon coffee down his legs and on the carpets, and worse still, asks for a second cup! Who but man tears the dresses in the ball-room, and inflicts the pang of martyrdom on his partner's feet by his evolutions of a dancing bear? I have a sort of relic at home—the train of a dress that has gone through as many engagements as the flag of the 42nd. It's a pitiable sight, I assure you. Then, if at a public ball you have to get us some supper, you appear to grudge us every morsel we take. Some fellows really ought to bring a graduated medicine-glass, to put the champagne in, so as to see how much we consume. Somehow or other, you make up your minds that a girl is in love with you, and you offer a remedy. Some girls" -tickling Celia's neck pleasantly-"really don't know what to do with a husband. It's not in their line; but what would you have? one must be in the fashion. So there is the usual ceremony, which is really very charming, especially if one can have a good fit of hysterics when it's all over. For the first week, you seem to think you're living with an angel, and after that you love us just in proportion to your morality, which, for my part, I don't value at all, not I! But that's anticipating. That's what you offer us after marriage; but what do you do to lead us there? I have a vivid recollection of certain young gentlemen who have been good enough to spend a few with me for that ostensible purpose. Bentivoglio produced a large silk handkerchief, and hid his burning countenance. "It was very kind of them, no doubt. They certainly were very amusing. For one thing, they talked! Oh yes! they talked—about themselves; what fine fellows they were; and, still more interesting, what fine fellows they would have been if luck had not been against them. They gave me catalogues of their virtues, which contained everything outside the Ten Commandments, and lists of their accomplishments, of which there were none I did not possess

myself. Then sometimes," continued Rosalind, with a little grimace, changing for the nonce her mask of tragedy into one of comedy, "they kissed me!" Peculiar contortions appeared in the features of Bentivoglio, as he endeavoured to realise mathematically his share in these favours. "Sometimes their kisses tasted of wax; sometimes of tobacco; sometimes of 'special Scotch.' Sometimes they tried to jam my poor little nose out of position, or dash my hair into my eyes, or dint a hole in my forehead. Only one thing I can say, they did not 'suck forth my soul,' my soul, indeed! I scarcely know if a bevy of lovers ever had to be satisfied with so few incentives to passion." Then came a pause, full of memories.

"Well, have you finished?" we asked.

"There is just one touch to complete your character, messieurs les amoureux," said Rosalind, "and that is your chivalry. I used to think-you know, I was very badly brought up—that a lover's desire was to protect his mistress, to enshrine her with praise, and to repel every breath of scorn, every murmur of scandal that sought to touch her. However, I pity the girl whose reputation depends upon her lover's tongue. Not content with boasting of every favour he has obtained with lies and promises enough to make Ananias turn in his grave, your modern lover brings his imagination to the service of his mistress, and invents for her more charming tricks than she ever dared dream of in reading the Decamerone. How many a delicate lily has your ardent fancy invested with the blatant odour of an orchid? How many a white soul sinks beneath your conquering tongues and is besmirched with calumny? And for all this thanks, many thanks!"

Rosalind had risen; her voice sank to a whisper or a sigh, and her grey eyes seemed full of mist as she looked westward where, beneath the gnarled boughs of a long avenue of trees, the sun was sinking, his refining fire turning all to gold. The stately form of Rosalind, outlined by curves such as we thought only the ancients had seen, rose proudly above us—a statue of contemplative disdain. Her bronze hair flashed in a parting shower of sunbeams, and suddenly a smile ran across her face—a little closing of the eyelids, a darkening at the corners of the mouth, another dimple in the chin—and was gone. Which of us could have put it there?

Then Maggie Durham, who is a cheeky little thing, said, "I don't agree with you at all. I think men are awfully jolly. And for a girl to talk as you've been

talking-well!"

But Rosalind was so beautiful that we told the other to keep quiet, and waited with bowed heads for further reproofs. Rosalind did not appear to have noticed any

interruption.

"Some day, perhaps, I shall meet him," she said.
"He must he brave and tender, especially courteous, and not boastful. He must love me alone, but he must not disparage other girls to please my vanity. He will flatter me, but at least he will half mean it; and if he has my favour he will consider it too precious to speak of to any one but her who gave it. I think, too, that he ought to be tall, and his hair—his hair shall be of what colour God pleases."

Then, drawing a cigarette from her pocket-case, she lighted it, and mounting her bicycle, rode off, waving

her hand to us.

M. GREEN.



AT JULIAN'S.

Before his brand-new easel,
The nervous nouveau stood,
And mixed his costly pigments
In nervous, mixed-up mood;
For, on the throne before him,
In witching attitude,
The dainty model posed, and this
Was his first . . . attempt.

w.

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS.

Beeun in our last number

E stretched out his hands to her, as if she were

alive, before him.

"See how old I am, see, mignonne, and poor! Look at my coat, with its worn-out pockets and shabby seams | I have tried to mend it for a long time now, Myrza, but it is too old, too old—like me. They won't buy my pictures now, chérie. I was proud once, you remember, Myrza? I was proud once; but now you should see them, parbleu! They are proud now, and I cannot coax them into having a single one!" The old man rose half fiercely at this, throwing back his head, and beating his chest hard with his clenched hands.

"My work—mine, Myrza, and they will not have it! They are imbéciles, chérie, imbéciles! Seigneur! They will find out one day-one day; but it will be when I am gone, Myrza-too late for you and me, too late! If I could only make you understand, mignonne, I am sure you would forgive me. They are such beautiful letters, Myrza, and if they are our secrets; no one will understand quite but ourselves, *chérie*, even if the whole of France should read them! See!" the old man went on, in his tone of earnest persuasion, and taking out a folded manuscript from one of the pockets of taking out a folden manuscript from one of the pocacis of the velvet coat, "see! I have copied them all out so carefully. You are simply 'Myrza,' and I am 'Antoine'! They will make quite a big book, and they are so beautiful, ma mie! I will give them up now, Myrza, because I feel that you will understand"; and, taking off his old, shabby coat, he put on instead the older, but more jaunty, velvet one.

He removed the blue bundle from the pocket, and, reverently wrapping it in the other coat, put it at the

head of the bed.

Then, arranging his old, soft felt hat very carefully upon his head, where the hair only grew at the back, and was long there, he lit his last cigar, and, with the manuscript in his hand, descended to the street below.

As he went down, he heard unpleasing sounds issuing from the appartement of the concierge, and the repetition of the word "cigares," in the loud and guttural tones of the husband. The old man quietly put his behind his back as he went by. A piquancy was given to the discussion by a trail of smoke, which was wafted in at the door as he passed out.

He went down the Boulevard, and past the fountain in

THE DEATH OF DEATH

Drawn by Cyril Goldie the Place; over the river he went, leaving the "Rive Gauche" behind him, and on, on to the Rue Richelieu. He stopped at a publisher's there, and when he entered, one or two employes smiled, without taking the trouble to hide their mirth.

Perhaps he noticed this and was sensitive, or perhaps he was afraid of changing his mind. However, he

hurriedly laid the manuscript down.

"I will come back in a few days—it's a manuscript—for an answer," he said, and quickly left the office. He threaded his way back over the river, and to his own part of the world again. His old eyes had a little eager light in them, and his step was more alert. There was a certain amount of excitement about his look. It was unusual, and it soon faded, for the walk had been a fairly long one, and he was feeling very weak.

There were lights along the Boulevard now, and the

cafés looked warm and bright.

He walked very slowly past them. He thought, perhaps, some old friend, who had not died, might be inside, and, remembering other days, would beckon him to go and sit at his table.

But no such luck was in store for him that day, and he went slowly back to his attic and his view of Paris. But

he did not look out, for he was tired.

He changed his coat again, returning the blue bundle with great care to the pocket of the velvet jacket. Then he rolled it up at the head of his bed again. He was very weary, and very drowsy, and, almost as he stood,

he fell asleep.

He had a sharp pain, too, in his chest, which aroused him for a moment, but the drowsiness got the better of him, and his head fell heavily upon the velvet coat. He babbled on a little to Myrza, of days when they were children. He told her not to dance and laugh so much together—that it would kill her, and then he laughed and tried to dance as she did. He told her they would go to Paris, and be rich one day. And then he sank into drowsiness again. He called feebly to Myrza to bring him a little water, and he held out his hands feverishly to take it from her, and the tears rolled down his cheeks because she did not come.

Then he sank into heavy sleep.

There was great excitement at a certain publisher's in the Rue Richelieu. The cause of it was a manuscript which had been left three or four days previously by a person described and styled by the two employes who had set eves upon him as "un drôle de vieillard."

But the excitement was intense, nevertheless, for the manuscript, bearing the simple title "Lettres de Myrza à Antoine," was worth, to quote the publisher, a fortune to its author.

The publisher did not speak of himself in the matter, Who was the he was too enthusiastic, too curious.

author? There was no signature, no address.

The weeks passed on, and as the author did not make himself known, the firm decided to publish the letters and in that way startle, or force him, into doing so.

The book was everything that the publishers anticipated. It created a sensation, a furore. The title was on everybody's lips, and the volume in everybody's hand.

But the author? The appearance of the book had neither forced him into protesting or exulting.

He was dumb.

One morning, Madame la Concierge was studiously devouring her *Petit Journal*.

On a sudden she gave a little scream. Her husband, who was about taking his departure, gave a guttural growl of indifference, but stopped in surprise on seeing her face.

"Qu'il y a-t-il?" he asked quickly and suspiciously. She was fumbling in a box containing papers and letters and did not answer.

He seized the journal and scanned a page carefully, spelling over one or two headlines.

"Qu'il y a-t-il?" he repeated angrily.

"Tais-toi," she answered shortly, still fumbling in the box. "Ah! Dieu merci! I thought I had lost it!

He snatched a little piece of crumpled paper from her

hand. She gave a cry lest he should tear it.

He took it deliberately to the window and tried to spell it out while she stood with beads of perspiration on her forehead, though the day was cold.

"M—y—r—," then he threw it on the floor with an oath, and, banging the door after him, left her alone.

"Dieu merci!" she ejaculated, picking it up. "Myrza

à Antoine," she read, scanning the paper eagerly,
"Lettres—Rue Richelieu. Je ne veux pas qu'elles soient
publ—here were two or three dabs with the pencil, but no ending of the word. The hand had evidently failed.

She picked up I.e Petit Journal excitedly, and compared the two.

"Lettres de Myrza à Antoine, Paris, Dupont, 27 Rue Richelieu."

"It is the same. I will go."

She slipped the scrap of paper into her pocket, and putting a wrap about her shoulders, walked quickly out

into the street.

She found an acquaintance, her usual substitute when she went out, to replace her, and, getting into an omnibus at the Place St. Michel, was not long in reaching ber destination.

She asked for the head of the establishment.

"Monsieur Dupont, si c'est possible?"

The employes smiled at one another and coughed. "The head of the establishment is engaged, madame,"

said one, "will you tell me your business?"

"It is about 'Les Lettres de Myrza—," but before she could finish, he interrupted her with "Will you please to wait a moment, madame, I will carry your message"and he was gone.

In a moment he returned.

"Will you follow me, madame?"

The publisher asked her to be seated.

"You have come with some business concerning 'Lettres de Myrza à Antoine,' madame?"

"Oui, monsieur," and she handed him the scrap of

He looked at it, and then at her with a puzzled expression.
"I do not understand," he said. "You know the

author, madame?"

"Yes, monsieur, that is, I knew him. He is dead." "Dead!" echoed the publisher, "and his name, his

name, madame?"

"Cazals, Antoine Cazals, peintre. I don't know whether he was the author, monsieur, but I found this," indicating the piece of paper, "crushed up in his hand when he was dead. From what was said, it must have been pneumonia that killed him. I am the concierge where he lived — his appartement was up at the top and he was very, very poor, pauvre vieillard!" Her eyes filled with tears.

"Ah," exclaimed the publisher, "it must be the

same!"

"He had been dead many days before I found him," went on the concierge. "He had been dead many days, and it was the merest accident led me to him then. found this paper in his hand, monsieur, and kept it because I felt it to be a message from the dead. I only



A COUNTRY ROAD

Drawn by J. B. Yeats

saw a clue to it in Le Petit Journal this morning, and so came straight to you."

"It is too late," said the publisher, "the book is out; besides, how can you assure me that you are right? This is not signed."

"He left a bundle of letters behind; they were wrapped in blue linen, but they were addressed to himself, and in a woman's hand. They were signed 'Myrza.' There was a photograph, too, and a lock of hair "

"Did you read any of the letters?"

"One or two, but, finding they were all from the same person, and that they were love letters, I felt they belonged to the dead, so could not read any more."

"Have you not brought them?"
"No, they are buried with him."

The publisher called down a tube—"Bring me the manuscript of 'Lettres de Myrza à Antoine?" And when the manuscript was brought, and the door closed again-" Now, madame, see if you can find the letters you have read?"

She looked over a few pages carefully, but with no

"Take your time, madame," said the publisher, as the concierge looked helplessly at the closely written sheets. Presently she gave a little gasp. The publisher looked

at her interrogatively.

"Celle-là!" she cried, putting her finger on a page and handing it to him.

"That will do. I see the writing on the scrap of paper is the same as in the manuscript, though more feeble. And the letters were written by that woman after Will you give me your address, madame?" he continued. "I regret that this message has not reached us sooner. The book is published, and all over France by this time, but I thank you for the trouble you have taken." And he bowed the woman out.

The concierge has a cheque and a volume of the "Lettres," and when the spring comes she will plant flowers and put a stone upon the old man's grave. But now the wind whistles cheerlessly about it.

In the Midi, at the foot of the Pyrenees, the soft warm breezes play with the grass over another grave that long ago hid a lovely face, and a lonely, aching heart.

You wonder, and you well may wonder, why they

spent their lives apart.

Some tragedies are hidden under the sod, and so great

are they that one is amazed they do not burst forth and cry aloud. Instead, they lie quite still and sleep.

But this has cried aloud, as those who read the book can testify. It has told its story to many thousands, even now.

There are already people who visit the grave of Myrza

as they would a holy shrine.

She threw aside ambition, power, all that this world could give her, in the very height of an unparalleled success, that she might live out her life and end it, as it had begun, in all its simple sweetness and untarnished truth.

She did this for Antoine Cazals' sake, because he asked her.

He never followed her. Success came to him soon after, and, when it did, she asked no sacrifice of him, and he offered none.

He forgot her, and she died, broken by grief and weary waiting. When failure came, as it does often, and he was neglected and poor and lonely, he remembered her again. That is all.

MARY KEEGAN.



ART ON THE STAGE.

The recent appearance of Mrs. Kendal

By
"The Owl" MRS.

KENDAL

at the St. James's Theatre in that very pure, charming and clever, if not quite perfect, comedy, "The Elder Miss KENDAL. Blossom," gave Londoners a sharp reminder of the pity of allowing a comedienne of such rare calibre to stray so much from our Metropolis. Gifted with an abundance of delicate nervous force, she controls it with exquisite skill. As an actress alone, her name well merits the honourable place which she has established for it in the annals of the stage; but Mrs. Kendal, like all truly great artists, tempers her talents with graciousness, her art with modesty, and finds the keenest pleasure in advising, admonishing, and instructing those who have seriously chosen the stage for their life's study, thus deserving a double fee of public gratitude. Nevertheless, she deeply deplores the fact that hers is the one profession to which thousands aspire, and too many enter, without the least qualification: to which, in her own words, "there are no barriers." In all other callings, some fitness, some aptitude, some knowledge is required, but almost every handsome, straight-limbed, well-dressed young person feels that Providence could not have blessed him with these all and only important attributes, without predetermining for him, nay, even insisting on his following, the avocation of an actor. Now if anyone should have easily mastered her art, it is Mrs. Kendal. Descended, as she is, for generations, from a prolific line of actors, she was born and bred, so to speak, in the Theatre; yet she found, and still finds that nothing of any value can be accomplished without hard and persistent work. Her devotion to its power may be seen in the perfection of her mise en The careful and exquisite polish which she gives to the detail of her own part does not, in the least, deter her from taking equal pains with the play and its other interpreters. Very seldom, indeed, is one aware of any stage management at all, so completely is it concealed by her art.

Time plays divers tricks with divers persons, but he has laid his hand on Mrs. Kendal's heart gently. She will tell you with fervour that she does not regret the loss of her youth; that experience and knowledge have brought new hopes, new desires, fresh fields to delight, fresh worlds to explore, which more than compensate for its evanescent glory. Were she aware that her buoyant



Drawn by G. O. Onions •

spirit and earnest enthusiasm made this somewhat obvious, I am inclined to believe she would see just a little bit of humour in her delightfully modest apology for the vanished years. That Time has allowed her to play the part of Dorothy Blossom as she plays it, is the surest evidence that he has made the most generous compensations in her case.

In fact, after seeing her in "The Elder Miss Blossom," it would be rather difficult to speak of Mrs. Kendal quite apart from Dorothy Blossom. Dorothy is in the noontide of life. For three years she has lived in ecstatic expectation of the return of her first love, Andrew Quick, an explorer, to whom she believe herself engaged. By an artful complication Andrew is in equally blissful anticipation of marrying—not Dorothy, but her young niece, Sophia Blossom. Three years of delicious comedy before the play opens! Delicious, because founded upon the most pardonable of all human vanities, that of imagining we are loved by those we love, because we love them. Those who had the good fortune to see Mrs. Kendal as Dorothy Blossom, must have been deeply impressed by the calm strength of her affection for Andrew, her radiant happiness at his home-coming. It became something of a revelation in Mrs. Kendal's hands. To engender pity at Dorothy's misfortune and laughter at her mistake, at Dorothy's misrortune and laughter at her mistake, was the keynote of the comedy, and few, very few actresses could have struck it so exactly as did Mrs. Kendal. Well, this calm strength, this faith without guile is, in some way or other, part of Mrs. Kendal's nature. She is acting certainly, but acting that which she, in some form, by virtue of her constitution or education, has experienced, which enables her, the more readily and truly to get into touch with the soul of Dorothy. and truly to get into touch with the soul of Dorothy. Mrs. Kendal would not say that in order to act the part of a good woman, an actress must necessarily be good herself, any more than to play a murderess she must have killed somebody; but she would suggest that experience is the most trenchant school for the imagination, and that imagination is the very life of art. Of course, this vexing question as to whether real tears, or feigned ones are the best art on the stage must ever remain unsettled. Coquelin and Diderot favour the latter view; Irving commends the former. "If tears, he wrote," be produced at the actor's will and under his control they are true art; and happy is the actor who numbers them among his gifts." Mrs. Kendal tells of spending an afternoon in America with the elder Salvini, his son Alexander, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, and Modjeska—"A nice little tea party" she called it. When the subject came up, Salvini the elder said, "The mood the actor is in at the moment entirely governs his emotions and brings forth tears or keeps them back." Jefferson related that he had on one or two occasions shed real tears in "Rip Van Winkle," and that witnesses had come to him after those particular performances and told him his acting was noticeably inferior to his usual standard, not having moved them. Mrs. Kendal's view of it is, that "Art is inside of heart"—heart, I take it, being temperament; art the subjective control of it. She very often finds herself in quite the opposite mood to that of the woman whose feelings she must on the moment enact; then it is that art steps in, gently brushes aside her own emotions and calls forth those of her character.

Recurring to "The Elder Miss Blossom," we wanted more, much more of Dorothy, certainly of Mrs. Kendal's Dorothy, after the second act. Her love for Andrew and her mortification when she finds it unrequited are beautifully drawn; not so well the re-incarnation of her shattered hopes. It was all too sudden. We would like to have seen the noble Dorothy. despite her sorrow, trying to pick up the threads of the spinster life, which she had, during three years, gradually dropped. Who could have pointed this distinction with subtler finesse than Mrs. Kendal? Her assumption of gay resignation would have served to disarm and disconcert the downcast, manly Andrew, making it all the more difficult for him to prove the sincerity of his new-born love. The dramatic need for his going away would have "kept." The situation between Dorothy and Andrew was in the first place a happy idea; then it was ingeniously constructed and formed so solid a foundation that it would not have detracted one jot from the strength of the play to have added another story to the delicate structure of their comedy; and would, I think, have given more zest and longer life to the recollection of one of Mrs. Kendal's most enchanting creations.

. . .

The popular notion that actors and actresses cannot find happiness in intermarriage has made no impression on Mrs. Kendal. In a contribution to *Murray's Magazine* she once wrote: "My father was an actor, who said he believed that the greatest amount of domesticity and happiness in a life devoted to art could exist upon the stage, provided husbands and wives never parted. If, on

the contrary, a man, because he could earn f,10 a week more, went to one theatre, whilst his wife, for a similar reason, went to another, their interests tended to become divided; their feelings ran in separate grooves, and gradually a shadow would grow up at home which divided them for ever. On my expressing a wish that I should marry an actor, he said that only on this condition would he allow me to marry my husband-that we should never be parted. Mr. and Mrs. Kean

always acted together, and she endorsed my father's words."

The "divine Sarah" says "Had I not been an actress I would have been a nun." A nun? She would have been a saint.

Reliability is an all-important attribute of the successful modern actor. It is a virtue which lends grace to its possessor in all walks of life, but particularly the

stage walk, with its never ending chapter of unrehearsed accidents. Formerly, this was not so fully appreciated. No sane actor would now, for instance, be found guilty of the tricks which were practised by Palmer, the first and foremost Joseph Surface of the stage. He seldom studied his lines, and one of the happy excuses he set forth on every occasion was the accouchement of his wife. He would postpone an engagement or disappoint an audience without the least compunction. Once, at the

last moment, he sent the following message: "My best of friends, this is the most awful period of my life. I cannot be with you; my beloved wife, the partner of my sorrows and my joys, is just confined." He merely smiled with an accustomed

bland benignity when congratulated by the manager upon the happiness of having a wife who, at least once in two months, rendered him a contented father.

Pride springs eternal in the human breast. Be careful, O Managers! how you slight the

"extra gentlemen." They, too, have their feelings. When you prick them they also bleed. Each one, under his paint is yellow with envy; scarlet with ambition. Listen to an extract from Mathison's "Wail of the Banner Bearer."

"Well, what if I am only a banner-bearer? There's bigger blokes than me what begun as 'supers,' and see where they've got to. I needn't be offended? All right, old pal, I ain't, though I was 'urt when that utility cove said I was only a banner-bearer. Why, I should like to know where they'd be without us-all them old spoutin' tragedy merchants! They'd have no armies, consequently they couldn't rave at 'em, and lead 'em on to victory and things. They wouldn't 'ave no sennits, so they'd 'ave to cut out their potent, grave, and reverent seniors, an' that 'ud worry 'em. They wouldn't 'ave no hexcited citizens, and so they couldn't bury old Ceser nor praise him neither. They couldn't strew no fields with no dead soldiers. They'd 'ave nobody to chivy 'em when they came to the throne, or returned from the wars. They couldn't have no processions; as for balls and parties, and tornemongs, why, they couldn't give 'em. And where 'ud they often be without the distant 'ollerings?'" And further on: "They could do without me in the modern drama? The modern drama, my boy, ain't actin'. It's nothing but 'cuff-shootin'.' You just has to stand against a mankel-shelf, with your hands in Poole's pockets, and say nothing elegantly. You don't want no chest-notes; you don't want no action; you don't want no excitement. Why, my boy, if they was to offer me an engagement as a guest in one of them cuff-shooting plays, and ask me to go on in evening dress, I'm blest if I wouldn't 'throw up the part.' Trousers and white ties

cramp me. I wants a suit o' mail an' a 'alberd, a tunic and my legs free; a dagger in my teeth-not a toothpick; a battle-axe in my 'and-not a crutch. I likes to be led to victory, I does. I likes to storm castles and trampel on the foe, I does. I likes to hang our banners on the outward walls, I does. I'm a born

banner-bearer, I am, and I glories in it. No, my boy, none of your milk-and-water 'guests' and such for the likes of me! An' if I was the Lord Chambermaid I'd perhibit the modern drama altogether. Them's my sentiments. If he don't perhibit it, actin' ull soon be modden'd out of existence. . . . Good night, old

man."

THE ETERNAL MYSTERY.

- The years and the children of years from the womb universal that bore them
- Arise, gather strength and are spent like the inrush of waves on the foreland:
- And the new groweth old, and the past is renewed in the record of heroes.
- But, eternally shaping their course o'er the trail and the dust of the fallen,
- The ranks of the living press on, advancing in serried procession.
- And each in his place stands alone, the searcher, the questioning unit.
- And the question is great, and the soul of the seeker is vexed in the solving.
- Yet unblenched in the hum of the fight and the feverish ebb of its legions,
- He wrestles with God for a sign, with the consorts of God for an answer—
- With the terrible sea and the sweep of its reaches that rock with destruction;
- With the blatant, implacable wind; and the torrent that shakes his red pinions,
- Till the thews of the forest are girt with the withering fire of its onset.
- To the tenantless spheres that are swathed in the snows of a winter eternal,
- To the worlds that are cradled in flame, to the heights and their splendours abyssmal,
- He cries, and for ever his cry in the chaos of change unresponsive,
- Is "Whither?" and "Whence?" but in vain to the walls of the gulf everlasting,
- To the chasm that sunders the bournes of delight from the vision of mortals,
- Its echoes are borne—and are lost in the realm of the pitiless silence;
- For the voices are far that abound at the porch of the great Uncreated.

NORMAN A. HILL.



THE CONCIERGERIE

Drawn by H. L. Barker

TOM BRACE'S SCHEME.

ES! that's the Admiral in command down 'ere. the finest sailor afloat, an' a man every inch of 'im. Saved my life when we was both Jumped overboard in the Western Ocean, 'e did, when I'd fallen from the topmast 'ead into the main rigging, 'an from there plump over ther rail into the

But 'e seys I repaid 'im when I married 'im to Miss Kate O'Grady, ther then Port Admiral's daughter.

Yer see, it were this way.

Miss Kate (O lor, weren't she a beauty in them days) were in love with 'e, and 'e with 'er—in love, why 'e could'nt eat, nor smoke, nor chew, and when a sailor

can't smoke nor chew, it's 'orrible.

Now you must know that ther Captain (as 'e then was) were a brave man, but when it came to tellin' that ther little girl, Miss Kate, that 'e were dead gone on 'er, why he couldn't screw 'is courage up to ther point, 'an if I 'adn't a stepped in an' 'elped 'im out, why 'ed 'a' been single yet. Yer see my financy were maid to Miss Kate, an' 'er name were Kate likewise, an' I'm a namesake o' the Captain's (Admiral as now is): Thomas—Tom, for short.

Well, I went to my Kate an' seys:-

"Kate," seys I, "we must do somethin' for them poor young people," meanin' Miss Kate an' ther Captain.
"Yus," seys she, "but 'ow?"
"Kate," seys I, "I've got a scheme."

"What is it," seys she.
"Like this," seys I. "I'll write you a letter, an' tell yer I love yer fit to bust, and arst yer to marry me quick next week."

"Well?" seys she.

(I was took flat aback, for I were poppin' the question for myself like, at the same time.)

"Why!" seys I, "don't yer see? Yer'll write back, and say yus."
"Oh, will I?" seys she.

"Yer will if yer wants to please Miss Kate an' ther Captain, let alone me," seys I. Things some'ow did seem a trifle mixed.

"Oh, well! if yer puts it like that, of course I can't refuse," seys she blushing. (An' I kissed 'er.)

"Yer'll write an' say yus; an' your name is Kate, an' mine is Tom. Do yer twig now?" seys I.

"No, I don't," seys she.

"Why! ther letter I writes to you, asking yer to marry me, an' signed Tom, must find its way into Miss Kate's ands, see? an' the answer yer writes to me, signed Kate, will find its way into ther Skipper's. Savey de rat, seys I.

"Lor' Tom!" seys she, "what a lovely idea! But your

writin'—'ow about ——?"

"I'll get the purser to write it for me, pertending I've 'urt me 'and; an' you, ther kid's governess to write your answer. So's ther Captain won't suspect anything, anyhow," seys I.

"Then when they meet, if ther 'Cap' don't fix things

somehow, I'm a bloomin' Dutchman."

Shure enough the next day I gets a sweet-scented little "billy dew," addressed to plain "Tom," with "To be delivered private" writ in ther corner.

Just then ther Skipper passed ther word for ther "Code" Signal-book, an' I slips ther note 'twixt ther leaves an' carried it up on ther bridge.

"Mornin', Tom," seys ther Captain.

" Mornin', sir," seys I.

"What do you make them signals," seys 'e, an' 'e opens ther book an' out falls ther little "billy dew."

"Come ashore at once, sir," seys I.

All of a suddent 'e gives one jump an' yells out-"Pipe away the gig's crew, Bo'sun! tell 'em to look smart."

"Tom," seys 'e, "I've 'ad good news, my lad."

" I wish yer joy, sir," seys I.

An' with that 'e jumps down the side-ladder into ther gig an' sings out for 'em to give away. "A sovereign if yer do it in twenty minutes," seys 'e.

About three hours after 'e comes aboard lookin' down-

right good and cheerful, an' I heard 'im say-

"Pass the word for Tom Brace to tumble aft." When I gets into ther cabin 'e were writin' like mad. "Tom Brace," seys 'e, without lookin' up from 'is writin', "you will be spliced on Wednesday ther 25th o' March, says'e. 'E paused a bit, then continued "the same day as Miss Kate O'Grady an' myself."

An' I was.

MONT. ST. LO.



Illustration to "TOM BRACE'S SCHEME"

Drawn by H. A. Hogg





AT THE WINDOW

Drawn by Gilbert James

immeasurably superior to their inane prettiness and painful attention to detail, that it suggested the work of another man.

"Tell me," he said curiously, "who was your model?" Arrofel hesitated a moment, though not from a motive of delicacy, and helplessly shrugged his shoulders. "I can't be sure of her name—it was Agnes, I think—Agnes—Oh! Agnes something or other."

"A French girl, I suppose?"

"No; English, I believe, or American. She wasn't the ordinary sort; that is, not a professional model, you know; only a little art student I knew years ago in Paris."

"And she posed for you—like that?"

"Well, she had to do something. She was clever in a way, but untaught, and quite without money to pay for

"Well?" queried Mundaugh, with his eyes on the

tender, appealing face in the picture.
"Oh! it's the old story. We lived on the same etage, the fifth I think or the seventh, and got very friendly. I was awfully sorry for the poor little thing, I was, really, and well-you understand, after a bit she posed for that."

"Poor little girl," muttered Mundaugh, too softly for

the other to hear.

Arrofel went on: "She was pretty, you know, quite pretty; but with a failing your pretty woman seldom has; her conscience made life a burden to us both. I can stand a woman with scruples-one gets accustomed to them after a bit; but fancy cutting up rough because I wanted to send that picture to the Salon. I can remember even now the row she made, raking up some absurd promise of mine not to exhibit it; and actually she bolted the day it went to be judged."

"What happened to her afterwards?"

Arrofel pulled at his moustache a moment before answering. "Well," he confessed at last, "I concluded I was well rid of her, and never made any enquiries."

Mundaugh, repressing an inclination to swear, looked from the "Youth" to the student's almost completed

study.

"Pardon me," he said courteously, "but may I ask why you are so altering the face in the copy you are doing? In the original the expression is that of a grieving child; you have made it that of a woman who has known much sorrow."

" I am painting her as She paused before answering.

I knew her," she said at length.

"You knew her, then? Were her friend, perhaps?" queried Mundaugh.

" Yes; years ago, in Paris."

"Where is she now?" broke in Arrofel eagerly. "Gad, but I'd like to paint her."

The woman went on with her work. "Why?" she

asked presently.

- " She must have developed into a superb beauty. Jove! but I'd like her to pose for that picture of Magdalene I've had in mind for the past ten years."
 - "Is that the only reason?" she asked, and to Mun-

daugh her voice sounded unsteady.

"Isn't that reason enough?"

"Then, sir, your picture must go unpainted."

"She wouldn't be so absurd as to bear malice all these

"You wrong her, she is beyond malice. She is dead." "Too bad, too bad; just my luck," grumbled Arrofel

as they moved away.

After a little the woman went feverishly on with her work, but instead of the dark, shadowy hair of the wonderful "Youth" of Arrofel's picture, that which she painted was thin and streaked with gray; the beauty and freshness of the girl were gone, and the student's own face, drawn and haggard and grief-stricken, yet still strangely like, looked out from the canvas instead.

For a moment she stared at her work with tear-filled eyes, then burying her head in her hands, sobbed softly, "Thank God, thank God, he didn't know me."

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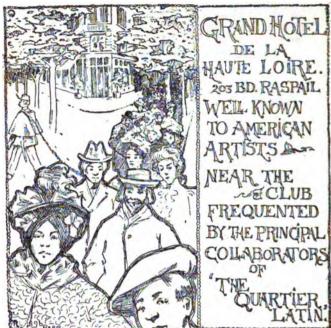
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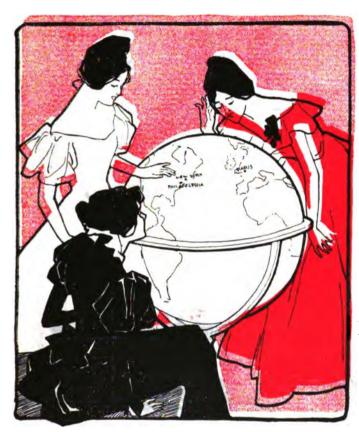
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London.



Designed by H. A. Hogg





The Quartier Katin

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H. Foley

ABLE OF CONTENTS.

| Cover | A. CAMPBELL CROSS |
|--|--------------------|
| Frontispiece. | |
| | |
| The Côtier | |
| (drawing) | A. ROUBILLE |
| Marie Bashkirt- | |
| seff in Paris. | J. J. CONWAY |
| Illustrated from | |
| Photographs | |
| Art Gleanings . | "Nosana" |
| A Street (drawing) | |
| At the Boulevard A | MAUDE STERNER |
| *** | |
| | A. CAMPBELL CROSS |
| Love, the Pilgrim (poem) | ff. A. Robinson |
| Albumblatt | AL. HUMPHREYS |
| Moonrise (drawing) | W. E. WIGFULL |
| Albumblatt | CONSTANCE COMPTON |
| Iford Church in the Rain (droming) | A DACKUAM [MADETON |
| Here in the Dust, O God (poem) | MARY KENT DAVEY |
| Here in the Dust, O God (poem) | ALFRED GARTH IONES |
| Oueer Story | ff. A. ROBINSON |
| The Farm under the Hill (drawing). | I. I. GUTHRIR |
| A Ballade | w. |
| | |
| Art on the Stage | G. O. Onions |
| Paris from the Church of Sacré Caur | d. O. Ontons |
| (poem) | A. MACKERETH |
| Desame | MARY KENT DAVEY |
| Martin Para (lines) | WM TUPODORE PETERS |
| Dreams | U I DANUER |
| | |
| Evening (drawing) | J. J. GUTHRIE |
| A Misty Evening (drawing) | CHARLES PEARS |
| Notes | 7 4. |
| Portrait of a Child | F. ANGER |
| On the Old Stone Pier (drawing) | A. CAMPBELL CROSS |
| Croquis | J. P. P. |
| Alfred Humphreys, with reproduction | |
| of "La Nuit". | |
| Sketch of Mrs. Patrick Campbell Seekers after Treasure (panel) | WILLIAM SHACKLETON |
| Seekers after Treasure (panel) | J. J. Guthrie |
| List of Designers of Advertisements | |
| In tials and Tailbieces by H. Foley, F.A., etc. | |

In tials and Tailpieces by H. Foley, F.A., etc.



MARIE BASHKIRT-SEFF IN PARIS.

HOSE who have not examined the facts of the case, frequently express surprise why Marie Bashkirtseff, a young Russian girl who died at the age of twenty - three, should still continue to be much talked about in Paris and should have so associated herself with certain studios and streets as to induce American and other tourists to make pilgrimages to them. The reason is not to be sought altogether in her actual achieve ments, though these were wonderful for a girl of her tender years. One sometimes hears it said that the appreciative articles of Mr. Gladstone and François Coppée account for the fame

personality of this marvellous young girl. But these critical tributes were consequences rather than causes, and were based upon many excel-

lencies with which the young woman was endowed. Pious people make pilgrimages to the places hallowed by St. Agnes and St. Calixta, not because these young women had achieved a long series of heroic sanctities, but because they did much for their years, and because they showed the promise and potency of vastly more. So with Marie Bashkirtseff. She was a female Admirable Crichton. It is said that Russian children have no childhood. Marie Bashkirtseff was certainly very precocious. She knew Greek and Latin, she spoke five living languages, she sang with all the art of a finished singer, she played six different instruments well. We read with astonishment of the marvellous memory of Lord Macaulay, who used to test and train that mental faculty by repeating Milton's "Paradise Lost." Marie Bashkirtseff performed feats of memory almost as wonderful. Often after having returned from a long visit to the Chamber of Deputies she amused her companions of the studio by repeating one of the seances. Taking the part of each speaker, she would reproduce not only his speech, but also his gestures and attitudes and mannerisms, the inflections of his voice and the various tricks of his oratory, to the uproarious delight of her fellow-students.

The fact that she belonged to the old nobility of Russia lent her an air of attraction in France, where, notwithstanding its professed Republican equality, the lines of

social demarcation are very clearly drawn.

Her personal appearance was decidedly attractive. After making due allowance for French gallantry, it is still remarkable that a veteran like François Coppée should write of her: "I saw her once; I saw her only for an hour; I shall never forget her." When Coppée saw her she was twenty-three, but she looked much younger. She narrowly escaped being *petite*; her proportions were as symmetrical as those of Cleopatra. Her round face was exquisitely modelled; her hair was mildly blonde; her eyes were dark, and flashed with thought. They expressed a devouring ambition and a thirst for knowledge. They said in eloquent expression: "I desire to know and to be known." Her mouth, though firm, was gentle and dreamy. She conveyed, says Coppée, the rare sensation of will in sweetness, of energy in grace. Under her feminine charm, one felt the strength of iron. Her delicate and distending nostril bespoke gentle blood; her rosy cheeks suggested almost rude health; her high cheek-bones told of her Tartar descent; her full-busted form was such as sculptors love to portray in cold and passionless marble.

Notwithstanding her abnormally strong powers of intellect and the versatility of her genius, there are evidences that Marie Bashkirtseff was not without the excusable vanities peculiar to her sex. It is held that intellectual women are often careless of their appearance.

Marie was always neat and well-gowned. Her singularly small feet were usually encased in open shoes with high heels, which her envious companions said she wore in order to make her appear taller. She whose library shelves groaned beneath the weight of ponderous classics, and who wandered freely through the flowery fields of French, Italian, English, German, Latin and Greek literature, did not disdain to be comforted by the admiration of the sterner sex. In one of her letters she tells triumphantly of a group of young men who, within her hearing, gave expression to their admiration of her. But no recognised standard of judgment can be applied to a vivacious young beauty who was given to deep intro-spection, who preferred to stay at home rather than go shopping, who said that dancing is one of the exercises which go to demonstrate the decadence of the human family, and, when speaking of money, asked, "Who the devil invented the vile thing?"

It is difficult for a professor in one of Julian's studios to remember the qualities and capacities of the pupils who pass under his direction, because they are very numerous. Marie Bashkirtseff is an exception here, as she is in so many other cases. Her professor was Robert Fleury. In a chat with him recently, he proved to me

that he still retained a vivid recollection of his pretty and promising young Russian pupil, and

this after a lapse of fifteen years. He said: "Marie Bashkirtseff had a high order of intellect, and had great powers of application.

She was better as a draughtswoman than as a colourist. I cannot now recall any pupil who made so much progress in the same length of time. When she came to the studio in the Passage des Panoramas she was only seventeen years old and scarcely knew how to hold a pencil. Her progress from the very first was remarkable. She could catch the expres-

sion of a model as quick as lightning. Her industry and talent were backed up by a strong will and extraordinary concentration. She gave much promise for a great future.

She gave much promise for a great future.
She was very proud, even haughty, which, however, did not hinder but rather helped her in her studies. She could not bear the thought of others approaching her in intellect."

I asked the distinguished professor how he accounted for her desire to change from one branch of study

Floury

to another? The characteristically French shrug of his shoulders and the eloquent expression of his face spoke

far more than his few quiet words of reply:

"There was something in her life which made her crave for change," said M. Fleury. "Shortly before her death she went from painting to sculpture. The impression was that Marie Bashkirtseff had had a love affair, and that it left a strange impress upon her proud spirit. Yet it does not seem to have been a disappointment in love which sent her to study art as a distraction. Were distraction the impelling cause, she could never have succeeded so well. She loved art for art's sake. She had an exquisite voice, which somehow became impaired, and then she gave a more undivided attention to her art. The girls at the studio used to gossip about an unhappy love affair, and because of it, they played the rôle of the magnanimous, and pretended to overlook what they called rudeness, but what was in reality the eccentricities of genius. One of the reasons why her fellow-students revelled in a little feminine tittle-tattle about her was because she did not think women sufficiently intellectual, and preferred the company of men. Another reason was because the nude model used to have to take up attitudes at her orders, given in frank and fearless fashion, perfectly intelligible to a mind thoroughly imbued with the artistic spirit, but slightly shocking, perhaps, even to the average girl student. The name of Bastien Lepage is sometimes mentioned in connection with hers. There is no evidence that she was in love with him. The fact that he was extremely ugly would not have deterred her from loving him, for she liked extremes, and her artistic eye could see in superlative ugliness the point where it meets beauty. commonplace man she could never love; an unqualifiedly ugly man, yes! The truth seems to be that she admired the talent of Bastien Lepage, and for this reason she liked to work with him. At all events she knew him for a short time only; and four weeks after her death poor Lepage followed her to the grave. Nor is there any evidence whatever that this young girl was really capable of feeling the influence of the Blind Deity in favour of Her intellectual development may have crushed the ordinary tendency of the young woman to have some hero of her heart. She was sought in marriage, but the wooing seems to have made no impress upon her further than to gratify a vanity. When a prince asked her for her hand she rejoiced, forgetful of the fact that Paris is the happy hunting-ground of all

the European princes who are bankrupt in morals and in purse. Another evidence of her incapacity for romantic attachment is that when on a certain occasion two young and wealthy suitors presented themselves, she wrote to her father for advice, disclaiming all personal preference, and saying that both were the same to her. The woman who has outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or the man who has passed his time amid the gay heartlessness of a dissipated life could not have been more apathetic to amorous attachment than was this lively young girl."

to amorous attachment than was this lively young girl."

A hitherto unpublished anecdote told to me by one of her professors throws more light upon this aspect of the character of Marie Bashkirtseff. Her mother suggested marriage to her. She consulted her teacher, and the latter coincided with Madame Bashkirtseff, whereupon the young woman said: "What, you also! Can anyone find a husband to suit me? He ought to be my equal in rank, in fortune, in talent, in knowledge, in ambition. More than that, he ought to be my superior. Where can you find such a man?" The professor, evidently subdued by this sublime torrent of self-appreciation, meekly admitted that he did not know where such matrimonial timber existed. "Quite true there is Gambetta," he continued, "but you would be an ill-assorted pair. You are a delicate and refined creature; you would be disgusted by contact with this gross man, who, doubtless, will one day be President of the Republic."

I. I. CONWAY.





By F. A.

ART GLEANINGS. GARNERED BY "NOSANA."

Nature's is the only book in which to learn Art.—Benvenuto Cellini.

The true mission of Art is to endow the very walls with life; but for practice, the artist should never paint a picture larger than the palm of his hand.—Puvis de Chavannes.

The Realists believe that they have Nature in their power, and do not see that what they have in their power is no more than the mean inheritance of the greater part of mankind.—Conrad Fiedler.

A work of Art must be like Nature, for it is her glorified image; it should not be easily comprehensible in its entirety by the deepest, most scrutinising glance, yet even to the merest contemplation it should yield something, and, indeed, something important. Whoever creates something that signifies nothing to the intellect of the common human herd, but is only explicable after long, deep, and anxious reflection, has, perhaps, happily fitted a philosophical problem with a poetical exterior, but he has not built a work of Art.—Franz Grillparzer.

If we listen to S., we shall believe that every one of our old witnesses to Art are absolutely worthless, if for no other reason than that they are old. Art is, then, no better than Fashion, and it is not worth the trouble to speak earnestly concerning it. If in Art nothing is immortal and eternal, then to the Devil with her! In science, in mathematics, you perhaps consider Euler, Laplace, Galileo, or Gansz as settled people? Not entirely; but you are willing to recognise their authority. But Raphael and Mozart, these are fools in your eyes, and led by—you rebel against their authority. The laws of Art are more difficult to discover than those of Nature—I admit it—but they exist, and he who denies their existence is blind.—Ivan Turgenieff.

As Art once bound herself in the service of Beauty and Idealism, so she now bends beneath the more crushing burden of Realism. Her tasks cannot therefore be otherwise than slow and painful, and their accomplishment is equally penible for those who elect to serve beneath her banner. Must not all who have ever given any attention to the results of modern realism feel that the much-vaunted freeing of Art from conventional shackles and turning her loose in the pastures of Life and Nature is only a false pretext, and that as she bends beneath the yoke within the narrow limits assigned her by modern realism, so the only effect she produces upon men is to make them painfully conscious of the traces of repression and servitude visible in her expression.—A Modern Painter.



A STREET

Drawn by Charles Pears



"He shut himself in the studio, posed Berenice Bellett to his satisfaction, and accomplished the best thing he had ever done in his life."

AT THE BOULEVARD A ----



Ď. C

STUDIO No. III.

HERE have been many things wise and unwise Illustrated said concerning the married artist.

They are all generalisations, and for that A. C. Cross reason absurd; but the curious fact which attaches to the subject and forces itself with a persistence grimly proving its existence is that the supremacy of the Goddess Art is questioned, nay, rivalled, with poor success by the Eternal Feminine.

Rivington was a good painter and a very good illustra-That is, he made and paid his way by illustrating, and longed to paint, with a longing which amounted to a

positive passion—at times.

But he liked the good things of this earth also, and because he was not a great man he liked them more. When you are a bachelor with a studio in Paris, you do pretty much as you please. If you find your money giving out, you send in some of the work you should have finished months ago, and dun the publisher for a cheque; or if you don't, you borrow; or something happens, and you never worry.

But when you are married, it is, of course, different. You don't mind meeting the man who has lent you money, but the man who is helping to keep your wife iswell, an unpleasant reminder that you are a fool not to do

it better yourself.

When Rivington fell in love with Miss Bellett, and signified his intention of marrying her, his friends solemnly treated him to the formula which had been used in the case of every man who had gone and done likewise Rivington, who hadn't much sense of before him. humour, replied in exactly the same terms employed by the dozen or so other men who had fought valiantly and fell upon the battlefield of matrimony. He was firmly convinced that his experience was to be the exception which proved the rule.

Miss Bellett was an art student—a dear, sweet, charming girl, who had a genius for arranging flowers. She criticised Rivington's work freely, and he used to

talk about "her natural insight into art matters" with a contradict-me-if-you-dare air which told its own tale.

Not that Miss Bellett wasn't a perfect sort of girl. She insisted upon being married quite simply in a studio, and she and Riv went honey-mooning to Barbizon, because it was cheap. She told the boys she wanted Rivington to paint. When they came back they went on living in the studio, just as in his bachelor days, except that it was cleaner and better-smelling, and altogether more comfortable. Mrs. Rivington posed for him nearly always herself, and after the sittings were over she sometimes invited Van Camp, and Beryl, and Castillion, and the others over for tea, which she made with her own white hands in a wonderful brass kettle. You see, there wasn't a doubt as to her perfect tact and charm and economy.

And sometimes Beryl chanced to look across from his solitary and ill-arranged meal, in the summer-time, and watch the Rivingtons at their pretty candle-shaded table. He could see the flutter of her white gown, which looked blue where the gleam of light had not touched it, the movements of her hands amongst the flowers and silver. and then he felt that, after all, marriage has its compensations.

But with Beryl this was only at meal-time, when his

work was done.

Rivington went about in an absurd way, advising everybody to marry, and he set to work illustrating more than ever. Candle-shades and silver, and glass and flowers, cost money; but, then, so do garance rose,

and costumes and models and things.

They hired a funny, antique Pleyel piano, at which Mrs. Rivington sat, in a graceful attitude, playing old world sonatas, and inspiring Rivington to paint great pictures that somehow never got accomplished. Then she would turn on the stool, with her face in the shadow, and talk (Van called it "gassing") in a low voice about the things she meant him to do in the years to come.

It was all very pretty and Arcadian, and stereotyped, but nobody took it seriously except Mrs. Rivington and

Rivington himself.

The rest of the courtyard looked upon his "Gondoliers" of the year previous to his marriage as his death song, where pigment and canvas were concerned. sent in little figures of his wife to the exhibitions, and more little figures of his wife adorned the walls of the studio, but they were never talked about or counted; and then finally he ceased to think of it at all, and settled down into the business of—being "happy ever after," as they say in the fairy tales.

Then something queer happened. You've heard of war horses dying on the field of battle roused to action at a

bugle note. It's instinct, they say.

Mrs. Rivington's sister came to Paris. She was an utter fool, but so wonderful to look at, that men turned, open-mouthed, in the street and stared at her. She had the eyes of a devil, the nose and chin of a saint, the brow of a goddess, and hair the colour of copper when the sun shines on it; and, as I said, she was stupid. But she shared the family talent for clever dressing, and knew how to keep her mouth shut, so that the men who adored her could but consider her profound, with a face like that.

It was just the most obvious sequence in the world that Rivington should want to draw her. From the moment she entered the studio he kept seeing her in attitudes, artistic, inspiring, marvellous; and, of course, only as a model; a beautiful piece of statuary; the

thing of perfect lines.

One day when she came forth in a ball-dress for his inspection, a flimsy arrangement, all white with touches of red at the waist and where the shoulders drooped—the war-horse reared! Rivington, poor old Rivington, who had been illustrating for candle-shades, and rent, and pianos, went paint mad!

He shut himself in the studio, posed Berenice Bellett to his satisfaction, and accomplished the best thing he

had ever done in his life.

He never knows to this day how he did it. He couldn't tell you if he tried. It just arrived. Beryl looked at it,

and was angry that he hadn't done it himself.

Not that he was jealous; but simply because the portrait was so much finer than anything one does in the ordinary way.

The perfect face of Miss Bellett stared at him from the canvas in its vacuous fashion, the head thrust back,

the eye smiling unintelligently—everything.

Rivington seemed to have caught the inner essence of the woman—her shallowness, her vanity, her cold soul; and sealed one's lips with the wonderfully moulded contour.

He stood by, watching Beryl's expression of involuntary

admiration with a grim smile.

"You thought I couldn't do it," he said, stroking his chin. "Damn it, none of them can say I haven't done it this time."

"No," assented Beryl conclusively, "they can't."

Then he went up, in his usual hearty, bearish fashion, and slapped Rivington on the back, told him the thing was sure to get a medal; and was genuinely glad on the whole, because he couldn't help it, being the best fellow in the wide world.

After he had got Beryl's opinion, which he valued beyond everything, Rivington took his wife by the hand, and led her into the studio. He was just as enthusiastic, and keen, and joyous about it as a baby; and he knew—that is, he thought he knew—exactly what Mrs. Rivington would say, and how proud she would be of him.

Most of all, he was glad to be able to show her that her

trust in him, her faith, had not been misplaced.

So, with a beating heart—absurd in a married manhe rolled the easel, the portrait upon it, into the best light, and waited. At first, when Mrs. Rivington did not speak, he buoyed himself lamely with the hope that her prolonged silence was due to the fact that she was considering the best words to convey to him how much it meant to her.



He experienced a moment of ecstatic happiness, in which he believed that his wife, the woman he had married with the idea that she was simply a charming

young person, had risen to heights unattainable by the ordinary mortal. Only for a moment.

When Mrs. Rivington turned her head, her face was drawn, hard, and lined with passionate, unmistakable

protest.

And though for a few painful seconds she did not speak, Rivington knew that he couldn't be ecstatic any longer. It was as if some tension had snapped, and the ideal of his wife, who was to crown a triumph with her approbation, had realised, maddeningly, as an angry sullen creature, who not only discouraged, but actually antagonised the best in him. Now, when the best—the real, great, rarely attained best—is antagonised in a man, he pursues one of two courses. He fights like the devil, or he dies—and this is the test. Whether Rivington, under other conditions, would have fought, could never be discovered. As it was, there were Circumstances and Reasons and Consequences involved, so he did what any man on God's earth, except a brute, would have done—he figuratively died.

Mrs. Rivington had conceived a mad, preposterously ridiculous notion that, because he had painted a wonderful portrait of Berenice Bellett, he must necessarily be in love with her! It was wholly feminine, and argued from no premise whatsoever, but nevertheless she clung to it with a tenacity that made it hopeless and futile for Rivington

to reason with her.

When he told her that she was crazy, she enquired obstinately whether he had ever done anything so good before.

Rivington laughed a bitter laugh, and said, "No."

"Then," cried Mrs. Rivington in a tone of triumphant anger, "is it likely that I am going to stand by, and hear the world say that you soared above yourself, surpassed yourself, outdid yourself—inspired by another woman? Don't you see that everybody standing before that thing will say, 'Here is a man who never did anything wonderful in his life; he must be in love with the woman'? Don't you see?"

"No," said Rivington, "I do not."

"Oh! because it's true," wailed his wife illogically. Her voice came in little hysterical gasps, and she threw herself into a chair, and leaned her head, with a gesture of despair, upon the edge of the table.

The train of her long wrapper-like gown made a jutting line along the polished boards. There was a splash of Chinese white on the floor close by, and Rivington watched it, fascinated with intense fear. Every movement

she imade, she advanced nearer the spot. Then her

gown would be stained. Then-

When he looked up his eye met the smile of Berenice. On her left cheek was a patch which made her skin stand out marvellously. She was so beautifully, obviously stupid, so imbecile—and he had painted it realistically -as he had always wanted to paint; as he had never painted before.

Mrs. Rivington, at the table, went on sobbing heart-

brokenly.

"Do you think I could face it? Do you think I could stand having people say my husband was faithless. Oh! yes-I know they do. But-they-they're horrid French-If you have no respect for me, at least think ofthe child who is soon to-to-

"What is it you would like me to do?" asked Rivington in a gentle voice, presently. It was full of a kind of weariness, and he did not touch or go near to her.

He was weighing within himself the Circumstances and

Reasons and Consequences.

AMPRELL CROSS

"Oh, anything!—anything," shrieked Mrs. Rivington acontrollably. "I can't bear to see it—oh! I hate it. uncontrollably. Only take it away, and never let me see it again," etc., etc.

Rivington did the only thing he possibly could-after weighing the circumstances. He walked slowly to the paint table, filled his palette knife with colour, and, turning to the easel, deliberately smeared over and ruined the classic features of Berenice Bellett.

Then he felt his wife's arms round his neck. She half laughed, half cried, and clung to him, asking him to forgive her—to forgive her for being so jealous. She loved him-and

would he forgive her?

Rivington said, of course he would. He made her go and lie down, because he felt she must be tired, and then he walked back into the empty studio, and finished some illustrations, which he should have been

doing whilst he was painting Berenice. But he always does them promptly now, because he has put all that nonsense about painting out of his head.

MAUDE STERNER.



LOVE, THE PILGRIM.

"Maybe, perhaps—ah! who can tell?
Maybe, Love is not dead," said she;
"Not dead, though he lies there as he fell,
With his broken wings at the feet o' me;
But he cannot indeed be quite, quite dead
(Love, the Pilgrim, lying so still!)
I will kiss him back into life," she said
(And the shrill wind piped o'er the purple hill).

So she knelt by him, and into his ear
Whispered the words he used to know—
Tender words; but he did not hear,
Nor stirred at all when she kissed him so.
"And O!" she sobbed, "if he be quite dead
(Love, the Pilgrim, so still, so still),
How shall I live my life?" she said
(And the wild wind whistled around the hill).

O! she held him close to her breast,
Laid her lips to his eyelids white;
"Lord, thou knowest I love him best,
Give these eyes again to my sight."
So she pray'd with drooping head—
(Love, the Pilgrim, lying so still)—
"Give him back to me, Lord!" she said
(And the wind shrieked back to her over the hill).

"This is a dream—I shall soon awake
And find the world as it used to be;
Love, that has lived alone for my sake,
Cannot, I know, have died for me.
What have I done? alas! "she said
(Love, the Pilgrim, lying so still),
"What have I done that he should be dead?"
(And the wind sigh'd over the twilight hill).

Darkness fell, and the fire waned black;
Cold he lay at her heart—so cold;
The moon look'd in, and her arms grew slack,
The straining fingers relaxed their hold.
Praying no more, for hope was fled
(Love, the Pilgrim, lying so still)—
Well for her if she too be dead!
(And the sad wind wailed o'er the eerie hill).

ff. A. ROBINSON.

ALBUMBLATT.

(LEAF FROM AN ALBUM.)

I .-- TWO CHARACTERS.

HIS one—the first time you met, how brilliant he was. You were dazzled—content to listen and admire: fortunately, for you could not have got in a word if you had tried. Next time he came, you looked in vain for the brilliancy—it had been like fireworks: and there was nothing left but "the stick."

The other—like a flowerbud hiding timidly in the shadow of the leaves. Not beautiful at first, but gradually unfolding itself to you day by day—each petal a new revelation, until, full blown and perfect, you stood lost in admiration. Then, when through storms and age you saw them fall one by one, there was still left "the heart."

II.-IN LOVE.

I am in love! My lady love lives in the Rue Bréa. Every day I see her at the window of a perfumery store. She always has the same pleasant look, yet has never actually smiled at me. None have lips of richer red than she; and her complexion, although a little sallow, is redeemed by a rosy blush. Decollette, but only modestly so, and with a magnificent coife of black hair—in fact "a model girl"—she never abuses her neighbours, nor talks back to me. If she dared, she would give me a "melting glance," but she dares to do nothing "melting"—for she is only wax.

AL. HUMPHREYS.

£



MOONRISE

Drawn by W. E. Wigfull

517, St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada, 31st October, 1898.

The Editor of THE QUARTIER LATIN.

Dear Sir,—I am sending you a little sketch, "A Study in Hysteria." It has long been a belief with me that really good women, from a certain overactive sense of duty, do much to spoil their own future as well as that of their husbands by making unnecessary confidences, instead of acting on the comfortable theory that "any woman is better than every man." I don't believe in the angelic woman, much less in the foolish one, and I think I could rest quite satisfied if I were the means of inducing just one member of my sex to realise that women, like peaches, are best with a semblance of the bloom left on. I wonder if it's a hopeless task?

I am, smcerely yours,

Constance Compton Marston.

A STUDY IN HYSTERIA.

Woman is the lesser man, and her passions, matched with

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine.

N obedience to the man's low-voiced order to efface himself, Pierre backed out of the room with smiling acquiescence and a last admiring look at the

Your wide-awake waiter has opportunities undreamed of by the generous dispenser of shilling tips, for it falls to his lot to see more of raw humanity in a month than the average mortal ever learns even in the allotted years of three score and ten. The mere physical acts of eating and drinking serve in some occult way to turn back the product of modern civilsation to something approaching first principles; to loosen the close-meshed mantle of hypocrisy, and reveal unexpected glimpses of a being as God, instead of Society, made him.

The true philospher of the table-cloth is an excellent judge of mankind, and classifies his patrons unerringly as he hands the menu or settles a chair to his liking. Pierre of the "Trans-Continental," though a person of rare discernment, who gauged his man at a glance, was compelled to confess himself beaten as he closed the

door of numero dix.

The dessert stood neglected on the little round table before the fire; a handful of roses, half withered by the heat, nodded languidly over the fluted rim of a low silver dish. The soft, shaded light of the candles filled the room with a delicate glow, tinging even the shadows in the distant corners with warm, delightful colour. man, idly balancing a spoon on the edge of his halfempty coffee-cup, was big and muscular and unmistakably English, with just a trace about him perhaps of too

His hair, somewhat thin about the temples, much fat. was sprinkled with grey; beneath his dark eyes, as he turned slightly towards her, the woman opposite, for the first time caught sight of that faint puffiness and sagging of the muscles which suggests a life that has embraced every opportunity. Studying him carefully from between her half-closed lids she compared him, with the odd conceit of a fanciful mind, to the frost-touched foliage of autumn; brilliant, glittering with a hundred charms of which the young spring knows knothing, yet, none the less, surely well past the summer of life. Sighing involuntarily, she lifted the long-stemmed glass before her and drank till the wine brought a flush to her face, and her grey eyes sparkled unnaturally.

The man glanced up at her from time to time as he puffed at his big cigar. Physically she was perfect, tall and straight and stately-looking, with well-poised head and magnificent column-like throat that rose blue-veined and white from her simple, square-cut gown. There was something repressed, he decided, in her appearance which he had never noticed before; something that promised immunity from nerve-jangling outbreaks and womanish tears. "My happiness took long to come," he said presently, exhaling a cloud of fragrant smoke, that floated lazily on the rosy air; "but I've got it now, sweetheart, and I mean to guard it for ever."

Mrs. Atherton looked up, with a quick indrawing of her lip, expressive of distaste or annoyance, or both.
"The patience of Job was as nothing to yours," she said

"Isn't it strange?" he went on, with all the average man's inability to steer clear of the breakers when a woman's eyes cry "danger." "Isn't it strange that, after that youthful friendship of ours, and your flying off to marry Adair, that the Fates should bring us together at last? They're kindly old ladies, the Fates, and known for improvident mortals. By Jone after all, what's best for improvident mortals. By Jove though, Margaret, I can hardly credit my own good luck! but I'm awfully happy, dear girl"; and he smiled at her brightly, almost boyishly, across the disordered table.

The pulse in her throat beat madly—beat till every nerve in her body vibrated in unison; but her hand was steady as she drained her glass, and refilled it carefully from the decanter beside her.

"Somehow," he went on, trying hard to smother a yawn as he spoke, "somehow you don't seem yourself to-night. I suppose the excitement has tired you out."

A look of decision settled down on her face, and two straight little lines disfigured her forehead. "We've been married three hours," she said, slowly sipping at her glass as she spoke. "Isn't it almost time we began to understand each other?"

Atherton smiled uneasily, with a sense of impending trouble; for, in the forty odd years of his life, he had learned as much as it is meet for man to know of woman and her ways. Since his first flirtation, at the age of seven, with a much be-pigtailed young person of five, he had made things feminine his daily study. While still under twenty, he ran the gamut that transforms raw boyhood into finished men of the world-entered into its mysteries with ardour, and ran it with zest; the gamut that begins so discreetly with a blue-sashed ingénue, in the season of holidays, and ends-unless one is luckyafter a piquant flavouring of demi-mondaine, and the joyous friendship of barmaids, with the disastrous publicity of the divorce court, and the wife of one's bosom friend. Like most men, till harvest time comes, he held himself none the worse for his reckless sowing. He could tell a good woman when he met her, and if she was plain, respected her goodness by avoiding her Fair game in open field, with an hour of presence. poaching now and then, had been the sum of Atherton's creed more years than he cared to count.

At forty, finding his imagination in need of a fillip, he declared for matrimony, and the middle-class virtues that are caviare to his kind. As co-partner in the domestic Eden he proposed setting up at Grosvenor Square, he selected a woman he had known in the school-girl stage—a woman who was placid, correct, and ungiven to the vulgar display of emotion. A woman, in fact, on whom, in the fashionable jargon of the day, he felt he could

safely bet.

He smiled at her now across the roses, in the soothing way he found so effective when a woman grew restive or unpleasantly mindful of her conscience or that absurdly brittle seventh commandment. "Why, Margaret," he said, with a much-injured air, deeming it safest in war to assume the defensive, "why, Margaret, I thought there wasn't a shadow between us."

She turned her head slightly to hide her tears, and peered down into the deep-red, heart of the blazing fire. He watched her admiringly, with all a man's pride in a new possession, whether horse, or dog, or gun, or woman. Without doubt she was lovelier even than he had imagined; her ear was so delicately pink, the baby-like

curls of soft brown hair lay so tenderly against her white neck. His heart beat quickly, and his hand was unsteady as he lifted the coffee cup and drained its lukewarm contents at a gulp. Throwing his cigar on the table he half-rose to his feet. "Margaret," he said, questioningly, "Margaret!"

She took no apparent notice, but laying her head against the rough velvet of the cushion, sobbed quietly to herself. "Margaret," he said again, with an impatient note in his voice, for tears invariably disturbed his digestion. "Margaret!" he repeated, and pushed back

his chair.

At the gliding sound of the casters, she turned quickly and faced him, the tears still wet on her cheeks. "Don't," she entreated. "You must stay where you are till I tell

VOIL.

Muttering a curse, he dropped heavily back in his chair. "So," he thought dully, with a grim appreciation of retributive justice, and guessing, man-like, at the worst. "So, I'm fooled after all. She's only like the rest of 'em, no better, no worse; just a woman of fashion

instead of a saint."

Margaret, with her eyes fixed intently on his face, spoke sternly and as one sitting in the seat of judgment. "It began long ago when I was a girl at Duneaton; that summer you spent with Robert, and idled about, and fed me with bon-bons and teased me unmercifully. Next year you came down again, but bon-bons and teasing were things of the past—I was too old for either, you said—so you gave me kisses instead. Has your life been so full that you have forgotten how the sun shone down through the leaves that day when you told me you loved me? Shone in a slanting little path of yellow that gilded my life as it folded us round with its soft, mellow light. You laughed and declared that a sybil was speaking, and kissed me again, and swore that you loved me, and with a child's unquestioning faith I believed you." Atherton, who had forgotten it all, stared gloomily at her and played a devil's tattoo with his fingers. "Next day you were summoned to town and sent off to Russia as something or other in the Diplomatic service." Leaning forward in her chair she stretched out her beautiful arms on the table. "Did you ever think of me then?" she asked softly.

Before he could answer she went rapidly on, her voice rising slightly. "I can remember even now how the hours dragged on through that maddening summer; how deserted the trees looked with their naked, wind-kissed branches stretching up to Heaven; how I envied the earth when the snow hid it softly from prying eyes.

She paused for a moment, and passed her hand wearily over her forehead. "The evenings, I think, were the worst, with their horrible sameness. I was embroidering some violets for mother that winter, on strips of linen, and stitch by stitch all the good that was in me went into my work. Even now a whiff from the violets in a flower-girl's basket brings back all the dull, throbbing ache and the horrible pain. Oh! those intolerable evenings, with the dogs stretched out on the hearthrug, and father deep in his chess, while mother sang Claribel's songs in a thin treble voice, or played Schubert's 'Serenade' on our old-fashioned piano. Sometimes," she went on, passionately, "I think the 'Serenade' will haunt me till I die—that, and the odour of violets."

Atherton watched the smouldering cigar on the table eat slowly into the damask till an ever-increasing brown spot disfigured its snowy surface. As a coal dropped noisily on to the hearth he started to his feet, and, crossing to the window, looked out at the lights reflected in long yellow streaks on the slippery asphalte, at the slow crawling cabs, and the hurrying throngs of people.

slow crawling cabs, and the hurrying throngs of people.

Margaret, with her face half-shaded by her hand, went mechanically on with her story. "I was utterly mad that day when Robert asked me to marry him. I'd have married the devil, I think, to escape from the life I was leading. Six weeks later I left my girlhood behind me with nothing to bind me to the future but the hall-mark of respectability which shone on my finger. very kind in his grave, quiet way, and left me alone after a little, and stopped tormenting me with useless protesta-tions of love. God! How I've stretched out my arms in the night and longed for you; how I've prayed, with the feeble strength of my soul, to see you again! then, when morning and reason came to my aid, battled with my self and triumphed as long as the daylight lasted. But when darkness crept on again, my madness came with it. I craved for the presence, not of you as you are, but as you were when I loved you."

"Margaret," he interrupted, with a dawning perception that things, perhaps, were not so bad after all. "Margaret!"

But she warned him back into silence. "After a little, as the days passed on, I dreamed once more that it was summer-time and August, and you again what I believed

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summer-time and August, and you again what I believed you—when I was seventeen. But dreams don't last for ever, and I learned at last to know myself, an unworthy

woman, an unfaithful wife, in thought at least fallen low as the lowest."

Her voice sank to a whisper, and her eyes were blinded with tears. "Then after a time that seems like a nightmare, a kaleidoscopic succession of horrors, poor Robert died. And I, God forgive me! was glad; so horribly glad to be free that I laughed aloud, laughed till I grew afraid of myself, and felt more wicked than ever."

"Margaret, don't," he interrupted, irritably. "Why terment me—and yourself—with things that are past

and gone?"

But she went on without heeding, impelled by growing hysteria, and the morbid desire for self-dissection that is latent in every woman. "Then you came into my life once more, that day at Lady Beston's, when Pontiawski was playing Schubert's 'Serenade,' because some fool had asked him. Soon, urged on by caprice or a sudden inclination to marry, you begged me to be your wife, and to-day, though you haven't a failing I do not know, a weakness I havn't probed, I promised to honour and love you. I married you because the curse of inherited social instinct compelled me; married you to be less like a creature of the pavement and more like an honest woman. Now," she went on, with a pitiful break in her voice as the stimulating effect of the wine she had taken began to pass off—"now you know the truth of what your wife is. Twice forsworn and grossly unfaithful, yet loyal through it all to a foolish ideal, true to what you were, or I thought you, ten years ago, in the woods of Duneaton."

Atherton sighed, with the full-grown conviction that the wildest vagaries of the most extravagant mistress were less nerve-destroying, because less lasting, than the overstrained conscience of a wife. Being a man, however, and fortunately a man with a large past experience to draw upon, he did a thing worthy of much-married Solomon, and took his wife in his arms. Worn out with excitement, and still sobbing faintly, she nestled against him like a tired child. "Forgive me," she whispered, "for hurting you so, but I couldn't be happy till you knew."

He smoothed her hair softly as he marvelled at her stupidity. "Margaret," he said at last, convinced that a woman and a wife were two distinct entities; the woman, a being all glitter and sweetness; the wife, a monster who throws away tact in exchange for a ring, "Margaret, let us make for ourselves an ideal Duneaton."

Flinging a last inward curse at the honourable estate of matrimony and its binding fetters, he bent and covered her mouth with kisses.



IFORD CHURCH IN THE RAIN

Drawn by A. Packham

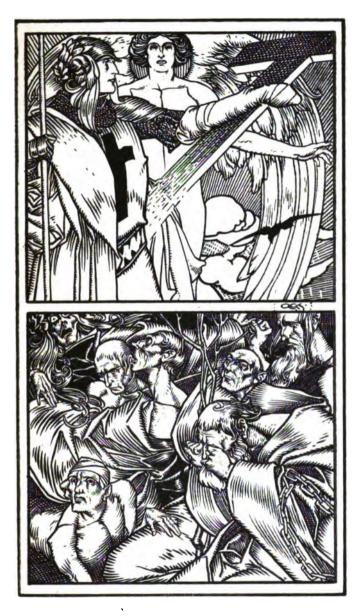
bere in the dust, O God, thy! creatures crawl.

Dere in the dust, & God, thy creatures crawl. Sin, with distorted face, and Jgnorance, Blind daughter of misguiding Chance, Leading them all.

And they, unbeeding or unknowing Thee, Grope in the darkness to eternity, Stumble and fall,

When, if they would but raise their eyes and read, Or stand erect like men, not idly list To siren voices from the mist,
Ab, then indeed,
Out of the wondrous pages of Thy book,
bealing and comfort would they find, who look,
Act empty creed.

MARY KENT DAVEY.



Alfred Garth Jones

QUEER STORY.

HO was the author of the immortal observation that "women are kittle cattle"? I wish I knew. It is not given to many to succeed in condensing such a profound, far-reaching reflection in so idiomatic and so finely expressive a form. If he wrote nothing else, those four words should win him fame, or, above many volumes, stand out in letters of gold. As is doubtless apparent, I have lately had a convincing proof of its veracity. So curious, that it were almost incredible, if one had not learnt by virtue of repetition that truth goes one better than fiction; always and always.

Let me tell you my quaint experience.

I am a writer of minor verse. Naturally I think it has higher claims than the title suggests; but so my excursions into poesy are classified. For the present I accept the

adjective.

When one considers how few the readers, and how much fewer are the buyers of poetry, the continual increase of minor poets must be a thing to marvel at. Yet so it is; almost daily a new and yet a newer appears, and the slim volumes, with wide-margined page, through which meanders a slender trickle of verse, indifferent as to moral, and doubtful in quality, have nearly ceased to excite comment. So decadent have we become, that it is only the ultra-decadent who win a hearing or a hooting at all. By a patient minority I am heard, and hooted by the soulless majority, and a certain mede of notoriety is mine. It is then hardly necessary to say that my fantasies are of the most modern, and are clothed in language which, I hope and believe, is away from the beaten track.

It was my misfortune one day last week to be present at one of those most dreary entertainments, a suburban afternoon at home, with music, etc.—music of the agonising, amateur class which is fast dying out in cities, but lingers still in the suburbs, and flourishes with growing vigour in the country. On this occasion recitations—amateur also—varied the programme, and the reciting was just one degree worse than the music. You may ask why I was there, enduring the knotted horrors of a boredom which demanded an amiable, accommodating expression, and forbid even that last solace of a small conversation. My hostess, however, had made a very particular point of my presence. It seems some roaring lion had failed her, and she had written me "an

urgent appeal," to which I could not say no, despite that I am convinced she never read a line of my works, being an absolutely illiterate woman. My name, however, was sufficiently well known; hence her great desire. The people she had assembled in her bedecked shrine that June day were exactly what one would expect. All sober, eminently respectable, middle-class folk. Matron and maid, and a rare young man or two—in short, a typical gathering of your English people, taking their pleasure sadly but respectably.

A heavenly June day it was, the sort of day that mounts to your brain. And here we all sat stolidly in the stuffy drawing-room, redolent of continuous tea and cake, while within a few feet a fragrant garden stretched away down to the river. The sky like a sapphire, and the red and pink roses out on the lawn under the hot sun drooping their heavy heads, and we listened the while to a ballad about "Golden lilies, lilies golden," in a bower of

art muslin and printed wall-paper.

Was there nothing beautiful to distract the senses? Yes, there, with her back to the window, was a girl in a nimbus of red hair, white-frocked, cool, and very good to look upon. More bizarre than beautiful, however—a little slip of a woman. "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair," with a celestial nose and the kind of red-brown eyes that go with that right shade of hair. Silent she sat, apparently listening devoutly like the rest, but ever and anon she would stray in spirit (I could see) down the scented garden—only to be recalled by the last triumphant whoop of the accomplished singer and the

usual, murmurous appreciations.

By and by my hostess trundled over to her, and entreated her, in italics, to amuse the company—how I could not make out, and in any case I felt furious at my harmony being disturbed. The Harmony remonstrated in a sincerely serious and explanatory manner, which the other waved airily away—"Oh, it doesn't in the least signify! I am sure it will be charming." And finally the Harmony, consenting, followed her affaire hostess leisurely across the room. How slight and diaphanous she looked by contrast with that burly, bedecked matron; how ostentatiously simple her muslin gown, her creamy bare hands how attractive! But what was she about to do? Yes, she was going to spoil it all and recite!——Her name was: Moriarty. Flight I meditated. Such an infliction was more than I could tolerate. It was time to go, but ere I could carry out my resolve fate interposed.

She had begun. The first lines, delivered in a penetrating, deep voice, set my heart suddenly and violently beating. It was one of my own poems, and moreover one of the very most advanced in a pioneer volume. I half-rose, my first, instinctive feeling was to stop her at all costs—"Not that one," was trembling into speech. But the next moment my whole mind was concentrated—strained with the anxiety to know how the precious lines would fare, if she would say them as they must be said. Would she lay the right stress where it should fall, thrill where thrill was essential; had her voice the passion, the range of music demanded by the poem? But directly I was at rest, and gave myself entirely up to the joy of hearing that wonderful recitation.

Of her audience she had apparently no thought—that audience whose restlessness betokened the quickening fear that all was not well. At first they had listened complacently, amiably, ready to be pleased. But—well, what I have written, I have written, and am no whit ashamed of it—but—unquestionably the lines were amazingly—almost impossibly out of place on that occasion. She slurred not, she left not out, but went straight and very beautifully on. You would have thought the beauty might atone for the unusual, were atonement needed, which I strenuously deny, but it was manifestly otherwise.

One could see that they were listening with all their ears, but the manifold expressions—the wrath of the mammas and the interest of the maids, and all the rest of it, would take a humourist's pen to describe. I, alas! am not a humourist, but none the less I marked it all and made merry in my heart. Securely certain that none knew I was the awful author, I enjoyed it to the uttermost; surely a novel sensation. When it was over there was a brief, ominous pause, broken almost immediately by the ladies spreading their pinions to fly the tainted house. In other words they were saying their polite farewells. But through the bustle I could see my hostess acrimoniously thanking the damsel, who alone looked self-possessed and unconscious. And the same moment her leave-taking was effected.

I hastily did likewise, to catch my train home, and to see if by any chance the recitress and I could manage to meet. I had naturally a consuming curiosity to talk with her. Fate was kind. She was London bound, too, for there, a few yards ahead of me, on the dusty country road leading to the station was the white gown under a white sunshade. Regardless of convention I hastened



Drawn by J. J. Guthrie

after her. She met my salute with a slightly severe expression. My ardour was chilled; what did an introduction avail between two such unfettered souls! However, she appeared to think differently, and was distinctly haughty, not to say snubby. But as I hardly could drop back now without a loss of dignity I persisted. Great, too, was my desire to know why she had recited "me," and if she knew me in the flesh. The rural station loomed near, and the silence was oppressive. Hastily I plunged out of it into the subject at heart. I began awkwardly enough.

"Your recitation this afternoon was very striking, such

a great contrast to all the others—ah——"
"Did you think so?" with a small show of interest;

"I wasn't sure if it was liked."

"Well," I said cheerfully, "I'm really not sure if it was liked; you see, so unexpected; they like something popular, pathetic, about a little news-boy being run over and killed, or else the broadly humourous, like the story of the old woman who plucked her geese when they were dead drunk, and made them red flannel jackets when they came to life again; and, of course, your choice was so exceedingly other." She looked sad.

"But I thought you began by saying you liked it."

This massing of me with the general was too provoking, and I answered with a touch of acerbity:

"Yes, I liked it very much indeed, but-" here again words were inadequate; I looked at her feebly to see if the situation did not gleam on her intelligence. Apparently not, she gazed straight ahead with luminous eyes, and seemed not anxious to pursue the subject further. We drew very near the sleepy little station; I grew desperate.

"May I ask, at least, what influenced your choice; do you, perhaps, know the author, or anything of that sort?"

It sounded horribly rude and crude; I have not the gift of happy speech. This time, however, after a scarcely perceptible pause, she smiled and answered:

"Yes, I know the author intimately."

Amazement deprived me of speech, but seeing her

tranquil after such a statement, I began:

"And when had we the pleasure of meeting before? It is extraordinary, but I cannot recollect the occasion." I murmured this hazily and indistinctly. Indeed, I was lost in mists of wonder at this impossible She. looked an interrogation with lifted brows. My one idea now was to get from the centre of the labyrinth regardless of aught else; we were just at the station, so I spoke out boldly.

"Will you tell me this, I really want to know, who is the author that wrote those verses?"

Thus directly appealed to she answered, at the same time looking straight in my face for the first time—

"Certainly, since you are so anxious about it, I wrote them myself. It was my own composition; now, is there anything else you would like to be told?"—we were on the platform by now—"because I want to secure a compartment to myself."

I could only take off my hat and bow in silence, and not until the train was well in motion did I recover sufficiently from the effect of her monumental words to

try and account for them.

ff. A. ROBINSON.



A BALLADE,

Which sheweth that ye Impressionistic school is become slightly out-of-date and over-done, and no longer attracteth ye rich buyer.

Four years he toiled, four years he moiled, A hopeful, hungry martyr, O! With naught inside but empty pride, All in the Latin Quarter, O!

Ah me, poor fool, against the school Romantic his face set he; Manet, Sisley—he swore by they, And went in for confetti.

Then sailed he home across the foam, To win both name and lucre, O! But alas and alack! we have him back, And he's studying under Bouguereau.

I see and a celebrated French
The Paradox
I the Tree him to PerIt describes him to PerIt describes him to Per-ART ON THE STAGE of Actors. It describes him to per-terior. He conformals his critics; up-fection. He conformals in with the per-sense there to attack him with the per-terior there is attack him with the per-terior there is attack him with the per-terior there is a with some income of the per-terior there is a with some income of the per-terior there is a with some income of the per-terior there is a with some income of the per-terior there is a with some income of the per-terior there is a per-terior the per-terior there is a per-terior there is a per-terior the per-terior there is a per-perterior there is a per-terior there is a per-perterior the per-perterior there is a per-perterior there is a per-perterior the per-perterior there is a per-perterior the per-perterior there is a per-perterior there is a per-perterior the per-perterior there is a per-perterior the per-perterior the per-perterior there is a per-perterior there is a per-perterior the per-perterior the per-perterior the per-perterior the smarry into these to attack him with more with equal unconscious.

The single line with equal unconscious of art.

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Drawn
by
G. O. Onions

BEERBOHM TREE AS D'ARTAGNAN

ART ON THE STAGE.

By

BEERBOHM TREE.

I once heard a celebrated French painter call Mr. Tree "The Paradox of Actors." It describes him to perfection. He confounds his critics; upsets their theories; often unwittingly leads them to attack him with more

ferocity than justice, and as often, with equal unconsciousness, compels them to repent their reckless conclusions by some unexpected and Whistlerian stroke of art.

This shows him to be an artist of quality and resource. Besides, his magnetism is evidenced by his success, his versatility by the variance of his Rev. Robert Spalding, Falstaff, Svengali and Hamlet, and his service to the stage is written in every production of his managerial career, which may be said to be still in its youth.

The series of Monday night performances which Mr. Tree inaugurated in 1890 for the purpose of rendering plays of a high literary order, was suspended, unfortu-nately, through no fault of his. When interrogated upon the subject he said sadly, but not quite hopelessly, that man must square his artistic conscience as he squares his bank account." This would imply that the experiment cost him many a heart-pang and probably only requited him with those unpleasant experiences usual to high art endeavours, but which, if hurtful to the sensitive soul, are certainly of incalculable utilitarian advantage to the actor-manager. The actor-manager, nowadays particularly, is compelled, unfortunately, to keep an inartistic

eye on the box-office.

To regard Mr. Tree's work from an academic point of view would be as ridiculous as to look at electricity from an artistic standpoint. His acting is never academic, and yet it reaches, nay, surpasses the best result of academic intention. To get a glimpse of his methods one must first understand what constitutes good art in acting. It is not only to give life to a written character by dressing the part, walking and talking according to the book, but to absolutely create, mind, body and soul, the feeling, the disposition, the very heart of the person represented. When Frédéric Lemaître interpreted Ruy Blas, Victor Hugo wrote that "Frédéric made the part not a performance but a transfiguration." This, says Coquelin, is "the supreme effort of the actor's art." One actor reaches this goal by close analytical mental application, another by force of temperamental activity. Mr. Tree's course is almost entirely the latter. No English actor of



Drawn
by
G. O. Onions

BEERBOHM TREE AS D'ARTAGNAN



our day, nor I believe of any time, possesses or has possessed a greater abundance of acting temperament than Mr. Tree. Note him as Antony in "Julius Cæsar"the vindictive look with which he follows Brutus, Cassius and the rest when they leave him alone with the corpse of Cæsar. Or in the great Forum scene, that triumph of stage composition, standing dogged and apparently resigned under the jeers of a wild mob, his attitude, his whole expression denoting the working of some deep plan, a silent determination to conquer, twist, and win it Observe him as Svengali, giving over to himself. Gecko a patronising, egotistical little side kick, or as D'Artagnan, throwing a kiss to his Constance, which being interrupted by the entrance of the King, he dexterously turns off into a stroke of his moustachio. Then realise that these effects are not intently studied, laboriously resolved, but are achieved by his intuitive sensing of the characters, and the wealth of his inherent talent may, in a measure, be grasped. If, by relying on his intuitions, he often for moments appears to drop entirely from his characters—caused, possibly, by a relaxation of vigilance—he is, by that same reliance, enabled to mount to relatively greater heights. His work is a mixture of subtlety and obviousness, of careful art and daring caprice. The exact proportion of each matters little. The prescription as he concocts it produces a very fine art—nothing one can compare to any other-because it is the result of the individuality of "The Paradox of Actors."

Gesture is not, as one would suppose, an important study at the Paris Conservatoire. Frenchmen naturally use correct gestures. Fencing, suggestion of character, pure pronunciation and articulation constitute the main studies.

It is interesting to mark the distinction in the manner of the conquest which La Loïe Fuller made of Paris and London. Commercially there is little difference: the coffers of the Folies Bergère or our own music halls and theatres overflow whenever she appears. La Loïe unmistakably "draws," and will continue to do so for an indefinite period. But one has only to glance at the artistic illustrations of this wonderful skirt dancer in the Parisian Journals and compare them with our own banal prints to understand that, to us, La Loïe partakes of the nature of a novelty; to the Parisians she is a unique and gifted artist.

La Loïe's Art is phantasmagorial, mystic, obscure. It defies human scrutiny whilst it enthrals human interest; La Loïe herself is mystified by it. In her laboratory at Paris she experiments with chemicals and the elements, probes nature for effects of light and colour, and as these reveal themselves, she grasps what satisfies her sense of beauty, and subserves it to her purpose. Where her researches will lead her none can say; she herself can only wonder. Her work is in a scientific dreamland. It is aweinspiring. It is grand. To-day it suggests the dawn, the lily, the butterfly, flame, and the angels; to-morrow it may suggest the sea, the sky, chaos, eternity, everything, nothing; and that is why the artists of Paris, Gérôme, Le Rolle, Chéret, Benjamin Constant, Jean Paul Laurens, and a legion of others, appreciate and rave about La Loïe.

In France, the social standing of actors is much beneath ours in England. The badge of the Legion of Honour is a distinction refused to the French actor. Coquelin has done much to modify this prejudice. He is an enthusiastic upholder of the dignity and usefulness of his art. "A strike of actors," he says, "would make a somewhat similar reversal of the order of nature, as Sully-Prudhomme's 'Revolt of the Flowers.'" When the theatres cease to be, the winter of society will have truly set in.

A frontispiece illustrating a pamphlet published in 1824, and entitled Shakespeare and Honest King George versus Parson Irving and the Puritans, is a drawing by Cruikshank. King George is represented as standing in a Royal box erected upon the stage. In front of him is a bust of Shakespeare, on whose shoulder the King lovingly rests his hand. Opposite is a pulpit in which Parson Irving and a colleague, the latter just beneath him, are angrily storming. On the pillars of the Royal box are inscribed on one side "Religion," "Hope," "Faith," "Charity"; on the other, "Hamlet" "King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," "Merchant of Venice." On the pulpit appear the words Hatton Garden Puritanical Gasometer Exploded. From the bust of Shakespeare a ray of blinding light is shed on the vituperative, gesticulating preachers. Parson Irving is yelling "Ye followers of Shakespeare, you'll all be damn'd!" His brother below, "Yes, you'll all be damn'd because you are not of the elect!"

The impression a good actor can make upon his audience is not easily effaced. When M. Provost played the part of the villain, Sir Hudson Lowe, at the Porte Saint Martin, he was such a convincingly black villain that every night, after the performance, he had to escape from the theatre by a back door in disguise.

Mr. Tree "makes up" very quickly. His D'Artagnan takes but a few moments. Falstaff, which appeared to be a stupendous work of disguise, only required twenty minutes.



MOULIN ROUGE.

(Fragment adapted from the French.)

Moulin Rouge! Moulin Rouge!

Why do you grind and grind your grain?

Is it for pleasure, is it for pain?

Is it for bliss or for despair?

Is it for loss, is it for gain?

O red windmill of Cythère!

Moulin Rouge!

WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.

DREAMS.

OHN and I had been discussing the stuff that dreams are made of, he advancing the old theory that the partially disembodied spirit actually participates in the action of the dream. With more common sense than poetry, I contended that dreams were but cases of mental indigestion, mal-assimilation, as it were, of brain food.

As I unfolded the Figaro the next morning, while waiting in the omnibus at Saint Germain-des-Prés, my

eye fell on the following paragraph:—
"Her Majesty, the Queen of England, accompanied

by the Court, leaves London for Windsor to-day."

In a flash my thoughts reverted to one lovely September day, when a merry party of Americans journeyed down from London to see the grey old castle perched on the rock.

I could not fix my attention on the usually interesting columns of the Figaro, the incidents of that day's journey and the jolt of the lumbering old omnibus

effectually aided my lapse into day-dreams.

Once more I wandered through Burnham Beeches, with the September sunshine filtering down in warm patches of golden light on the late blooms of purple heather. And then the ride through the still, still air, with the soft blue haze in the distance, to the quiet churchyard at Stoke Poges, with its towering yew tree, and the simple grave of him who wrote the immortal

I distinctly remember crossing the Place du Carrousel, and reading the sign on the Pavillon de Rohan, and then I seemed to be back in my room, on the other side

The morning mail had just been brought up, and among the letters was one in a bulky envelope, which I mentally concluded must be a wedding invitation of regulation French size.

I turned it over and saw the monogram "V.R.," sur-

mounted by a crown.

"Victoria Regina," I murmured; "wonder what Vickey can be writing to me," mentally chiding myself for my uncalled-for familiarity with the good Queen's name. (I had been re-reading the "Journal of our Life in the Highlands.")

The Queen commands your presence at dinner this

evening at Windsor Castle," I read aloud as I sipped

my café au lait.

Nonchalantly, I glanced at my watch—"9.15; I can just make the 10 o'clock train," I murmured, and without more ado, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to be commanded to dine at royal castles every day, I walked downstairs. Three flights down I suddenly remembered that I had no hat on. Retracing my steps, I commenced the search for a hat, looking in all the unlikely places, even to peering up the chimney place, whence I re-appeared with a vast smooch of soot on face and hands. (The chimney - sweeps had been "yoy-hoying" down the chimney the day before.)

Finally, a discarded, old, white sailor hat deigned to make its appearance, and then commenced another search for hat-pins. Not one to be found, and a compromise with a knitting needle was effected, the end of a blue wrister attached thereto seeming to offer no impediment to its usefulness as a skewer of hats.

"Might as well take an evening waist," said I to myself. "She's awfully particular." Whereupon I fished out of the work-basket a black lace bodice in process of repair, and calmly sat down to get it into

shape for court use.

"Tiens! Half after nine, I must set the sun back." Whereupon, with calm assurance I walked to the window, apostrophising the orb of day in the words of Joshua, "Sun, stand thou still in Gibeon," (the day before was Sunday, and that was the lesson), and then calmly sat down again with an inward chuckle over the discomfited individuals awaiting my arrival in the Gare St. Lazare.

Finally, as the hands of the clock slowly reverted to nine, I started once more—the white sailor hat, cocked jauntily over one ear, in a way that would have been the despair of Tommy Atkins, the dangling blue wrister slowly unravelling, trailing behind me like the tail of a comet, the evening waist in a state of disrepair pitiable to behold, bursting at every hook (I had it on over a street jacket), on my feet a pair of Trilby slippers, over a pair of thick white woollen stockings, such as I have not seen even in dreams since the days my sainted grandmother used to set me an afternoon "stent."

On the way downstairs I encountered the *concierge*, to whom I airily remarked that I was dining with the Queen that evening, and should not be in till late.

"Amusez-vous bien," she replied, without moving a muscle.

"That woman never did have any sense of humour," said I to myself, as, like a ship under full sail, I continued on my way, leaving behind a wake of blue worsted.

Arrived at the street, I suddenly remembered that it usually rained in London, and was preparing to retrace my steps, when, glancing down, I found myself the possessor of an umbrella that would have made even Sairey Gamp herself blush.

Enfin, me voilà prête," said I, hailing a passing cab, after having carefully attached the blue yarn to the big brass knob on the street door. "Theseus might come while I am out," said I, in response to the concierge's inquiring gaze. (The previous day I had been looking up "Arianism" in the encyclopedia, and stopped to read, by way of diversion from the pros and cons of consubstantiation, the short paragraph treating of the

woes of Ariadne.)

The next thing I remember is of ascending the grand staircase which leads to the state dining room at Windsor. Painfully conscious of the sans-gene of my costume, I proudly held up my head as a "good American," when something impelled me to look back. Lo! a court train of enormous proportions swept the stairway behind me, I felt the white sailor transforming itself into a tiara, and was painfully conscious of a jar as Louis XV. heels were slipped under my feet. No chrysalis just transformed into a gorgeous butterfly ever fluttered its wings with more pride than I sailed

into the festal hall.

The Lord High Chamberlain, or whatever dignity it is who receives such guests as I, advanced to meet me, extending as he bowed low, a red velvet bag fastened to a long bamboo rod, which I recognised as the mate to one I had picked up in the park at Hampton Court some weeks gone

some weeks gone.

"Take this," he said, "and make a collection for the famished and plague-stricken ones of India."

In a twinkling the lights and the gaily dressed company had disappeared, and in the chrysalis costume I was wandering up and down the streets of foggy London, with side-trips to Stratford-on-Avon, Stoke-Poges and Eton, until I found myself standing on the old Coronation stone in the market place of Kingston-on-Thames, proclaiming, "Long live Edward the Seventh."

"Palais - Royal! Le Louvre! Descendez donc,

madame," cried the conductor, as the omnibus stopped with a jerk before the station in the Place du Théâtre-Français.

My dream had lasted, at the outside, two minutes. But John, man-like, though silenced, is still unconvinced.

MARY KENT DAVEY.





FRENCH FARM HOUSES

H. L. Barker

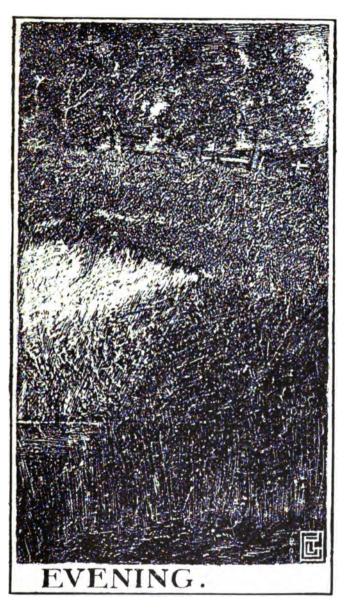
PARIS FROM THE CHURCH OF SACRÉ CŒUR

Paris, thou mighty city, in whose womb

All arts, all aims, all vices are contained;
Godlessly grand!—Pride's proudest daughter! stained
With hushed dishonours, and shadowed with a doom,
Like Nineveh of old, of dole and gloom,
Thou art. Within thy walls is Justice chained;
Faith fouled with intrigue; grand old chivalry waned;
And Chastity pale, weeping o'er her tomb.

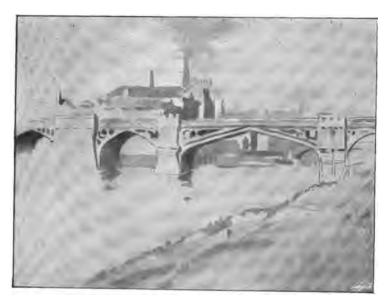
Wrapt in yon glorious sunset's gracious sheen
There liest thou, like harlot Babylon,
Lovely in degradation. Paragon
Of pomps! whose feet on martyrs' prayers have trod,
Lo! on its hill this prophet pile, proud Queen,
Appeals, high o'er thy shadows, unto God.

JAMES A. MACKERETH.



Drawn by J. J. Guthrie





A MISTY EVENING SKELDER GATE BRIDGE YORK

Drawn by Charles Pears

NOTES.

Paris has now definitely decided to adopt the Anglicism "smart." It has not quite dispossessed "shocking," but, although that is, of course, always amusing, it is no more in its first freshness, and mondains and mondains now swear by their "smart." The word was first introduced (after the advice of John Gray, author of "Spiritual Poems," had been solemnly required and received) in the Cri de Paris, and, as our American cousins say, immediately "caught on." Everything has been "le smart" in turn, and it is now the cravat that is honoured. The cravat is at present not only the thing, but the smart. Beware, however, of being too smart in this respect, for if to be bien cravate is infallibly a sign of rank and wit, so, undoubtedly, to be trop bien cravate is, like Dogberry, to write oneself down an ass. This sounds a trifle paradoxical, but we have only to accept Lombroso's theory of rachitique-ism and all is explained. Genius is allied to madness, and a too well-dressed neck denotes an empty head. The manufactured cravat is a horror—every lover of the æsthetic is agreed upon that. Oh, shade of Brummell! Oh, degenerate generation! which is capable of hooking or attaching a cravat in some unholy manner at the back, instead of in the Iront.

For twenty-five years Brummell wore no other cravats than those cut from the discarded gowns of Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire. He was the only person to whom this favour was accorded, and with a proper sense of the fitting, he invariably arranged them with his own hands. The incomparable arbiter of fashion during so many years delivered himself as follows upon this subject: "The cravat," he said, "must harmonise perfectly with the remainder of the costume. It should be, preferably, subdued in colour, but it must be rich, sumptuous, noble, of costly material. It should embrace the neck lightly, and lay in graceful folds, which"—and here is the crucial point—"should appear more natural than arranged, more careless and accidental than designed." A fine Byronic negligence, combined with a touch of Praxiteles' ability, is really all that is necessary.

The special attraction recently in Berlin was, of course, Cléo de Mérode, at the Wintergarten; but it must be confessed that the measure of applause accorded her was totally out of proportion to the audience she drew. It was, indeed, most lukewarm; after the first week even the claque, who are very industrious here, lost heart and let it alone. In the estimation of the crowd, poor Cléo was completely eclipsed by Saharet, one of the school of acrobatic and high-kicking dancers, who may, of course, excel in their genre of contortionist, but about whose performance there is certainly no suggestion of artistic merit. Cléo cannot dance, but she is an artist. The pity is



PORTRAIT OF CHILD

By F. Anger

that she is not a complete artist. She fails to do herself justice. Let me explain. To all those who could appreciate style and beauty, her first appearance was in itself a delight. She wore a Directoire gown of some soft white material, bordered with a Byzantine pattern worked in gold; a bolero of gold-coloured velvet and long Directoire sash of pale apple green and gold plaid; add to this Cléo's black hair set off by a gold chain, another long gold chain at her neck, and you have a charming and perfectly harmonious ensemble. When ten minutes later she appeared again in the banal fleshings and stiff tulle skirts of the ballerina, a chill 1an through me, and I went out. Her performance was received in silence, and I really believe everybody present was wondering how on earth she could do it. Cléo is not a woman of the Saharet-Otero type. One who could conceive and carry out the beautiful costume she wore at first, which was perfect in every detail, and accorded exactly in style and colour with its wearer, is certainly an artist capable of better things. She is out of place in such a setting as that of the Wintergarten. She is indeed, in my opinion, seen to the best advantage in her portraits, and would be well advised in future to appeal to the public through the medium of the dark-room, not before the glare of the footlights.

Here is a good story which is now going the round of German literary and artistic circles. It concerns a lady, notoriously absent-minded, who is fond of studying and sketchirg the proletariat in its native haunts. An admirer, who had been solemnly prohibited from interfering with her pursuit of knowledge, was in the habit of following her at a respectful distance, and could not retain his impatience as he remarked an insect upon the back of the bench in the park where she was intent upon her favourite occupation. "Excuse me," he whispered in her ear, "but there is a little beast behind you." "Good gracious," cried the startled damsel, breaking her pencil, "I did not know you were there."

Brighter—I might say, perhaps, more verdant—days appear about to dawn on Italy. A new industry has just been born in the most distressed country of Europe, and although we may feel inclined to deprecate its motive, we cannot help feeling pleased that it will allow the poor Italian, without much labour, to attain to no little profit—as it is thought. Of that Time must be the best judge. It appears that the origin of the commerce in question is directly traceable to a doctor at Turin, who, having extracted a nail from a child's stomach, remarked that the appearance presented by the iron exactly resembled the peculiar verdigris which covers ancient pieces of money when they are first removed from the earth. This unhappy observation was repeated in the neighbourhood as a bon mot, and led to results that may, likely enough, prove a good thing for the enterprising Italian, but a sorry jest for numismatists the world over; for the new industry which this medical gentleman has,



THE OLD STONE PIER

Drawn by A. Camfbell Cross

as it were, established, is no less than the making of ancient coins. A duck is forced to swallow a collection of coins, of the time of Trajan for preference; there being, according to authorities, a decided boom in "Trajans" at present. In about a week's time the bird is killed, and the coins are found to have aged a great many centuries, presenting such a perfectly disreputable appearance that even the most expert numismatists (in Italy) have avowed themselves unable to distinguish between the real and the counterfeit.

Herr Friedrich Schmidt, a well-known dilettante of Prague, has bequeathed 50,000 gulden (roughly about £1,500) to the "Society for the Promotion of German Science, Art, and Literature in Bohemia." As a mark of gratitude, the society has decided to place a portrait of the generous donor in their Art Gallery, and the commission has just been entrusted to Frau E. von Wagner, of Munich. The artists of Munich, by the way, appear to be carrying off the majority of the German art prizes and commissions. Heinrich Schlitt has just sold his famous "Gnome Painter" ("Der Gnomenmaler") to the Wiesbaden Gallery; Professor Walter Firles has sold his enormous canvas, which created such a sensation, "Forgive us our Trespasses" ("Vergib uns unsere Schuld"), to the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne, and Mr. Hans Augsmair, also of Munich, has accepted the commission for the new Kriegerdenkmals (War Memorial Statue), to be erected on the site of the old, in that town. The Munich schools are going ahead rapidly, and the artistic fame of the city, already great, bids fair to outrival that of the foremost Continental cities.

An exhibition of the historical and "story" paintings of the late George Cornicelius will be held in Hanover about the middle of February. It is intended to make the collection as complete as it can possibly be by borrowing and hiring in every necessary direction. The as yet unknown treasures of studies and sketches which are hidden in the many portfolios of his now deserted studio will also be shown, and it is expected that an unusual number of visitors will be attracted to do honour to the memory of the late master.





CROQUIS
By I. P. P.



I.A NUIT,
by
Alfred
Humphreys

ALFRED HUMPHREYS.

In most of the work of the younger artists of to-day one can plainly discern the influence of the men with whom they have studied or whose work has impressed them most strongly.

It is the absence of this that one noticed first at the exhibition of Mr. Alfred Humphreys' paintings, held recently at the Beaudouin Gallery, Rue St. Honoré. One was struck by the originality and very strong individuality shown in his sketches and nocturnes.

Painting with breadth and vigor, Mr. Humphreys has rendered, with singular sincerity and deep poetic feeling, those phases of nature that have appealed to him most.

those phases of nature that have appealed to him most. His most important canvases, "Le Soir," "La Nuit," "Le Brouillard," "Un Soir d'Été," are full of a certain mystery and charm, as are many of his smaller paintings—notably a "Notre Dame by Night," a view of the Chamber of Deputies seen against a stormy sunset sky, and a landscape in which rolling clouds overhang a low, flat plain—the latter painted with remarkable effect.

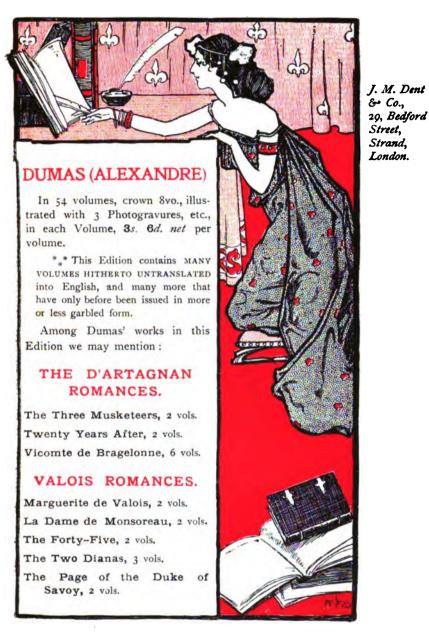
It is the work of such men as Mr. Humphreys that makes one hopeful for the future of American Art.

By the courtesy of the artist we reproduce "La Nuit."



Sketch of Mrs. Patrick Campbell by William Shackleton





Designed by Reginald Wells



Drawn by J. J. Guthrie

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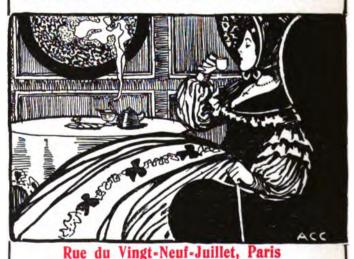
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